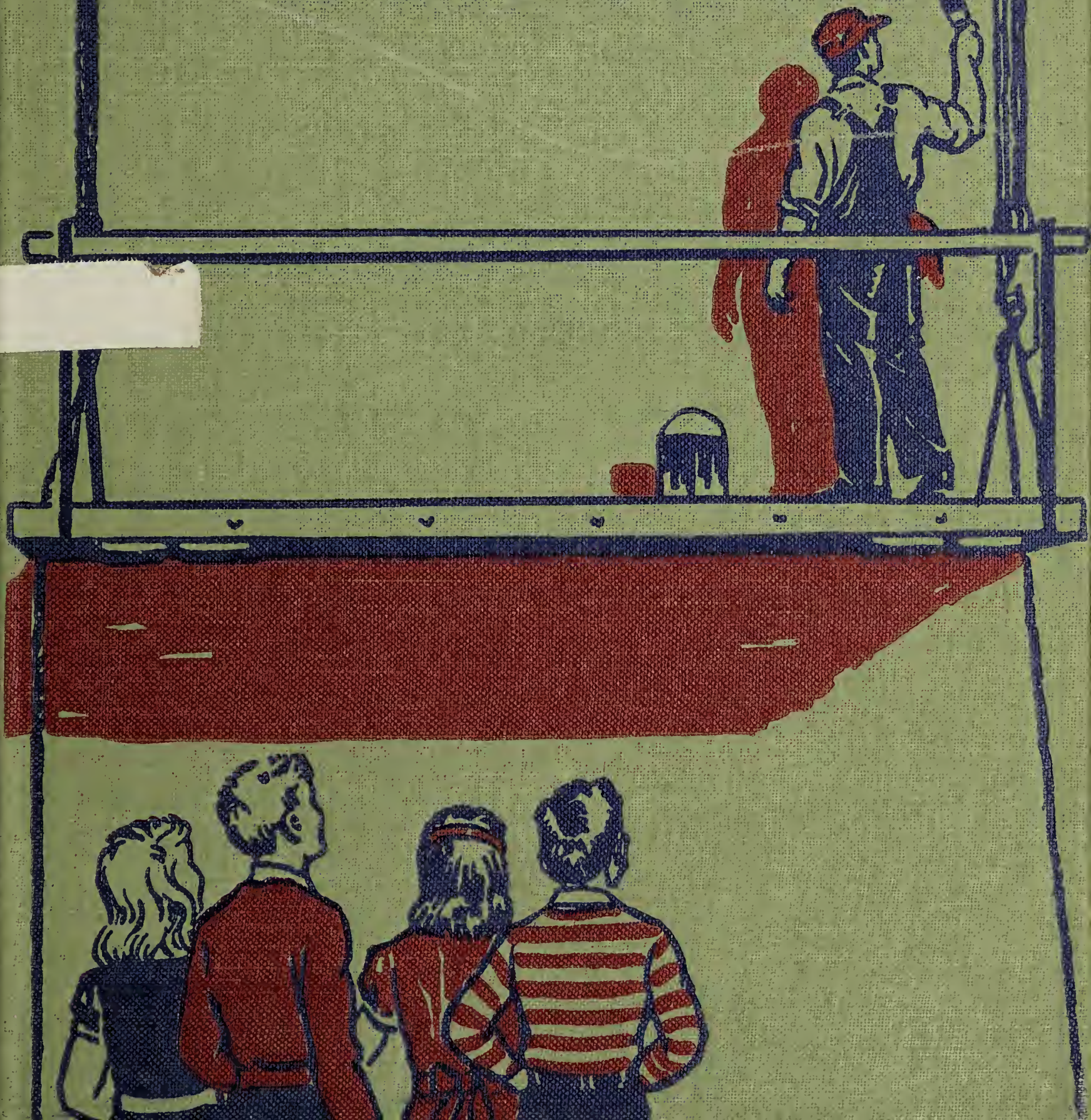


SCRIBNER SOCIAL STUDIES SERIES

BUILDING

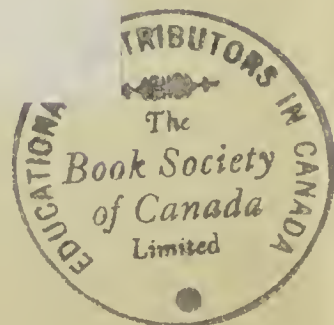
OUR TOWN



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SCRIBNER SOCIAL STUDIES SERIES

Building Our Town

CLYDE B. MOORE : GERTRUDE M. LEWIS

FRED B. PAINTER : HELEN M. CARPENTER



Illustrated by GLADYS PECK *and* ELEANOR EADIE

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

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Dear Girls and Boys,

Do you sometimes think about how your community began and how it grew? The children in this book lived in Tioga. They had a good time finding out about Tioga. They found that Indians once lived there! They found out how homes and stores and schools and roads began. They discovered some interesting things.

Your community is interesting, too. If you try, you can find out how important things got started. The stories in the book tell you how the children of Tioga found out. You will get some good ideas from them. Perhaps you will think of many more. You may even want to make a book about your community.

Anyhow, we hope you enjoy reading the stories about Tioga.

THE AUTHORS

To the Teacher:

It is well recognized that the home and small community are the basic sociological units of American life. It is important that concepts of responsibility to the home and the community be developed while children are young. This book presents simple aspects of community emergence and development which can be understood by eight-year-olds.

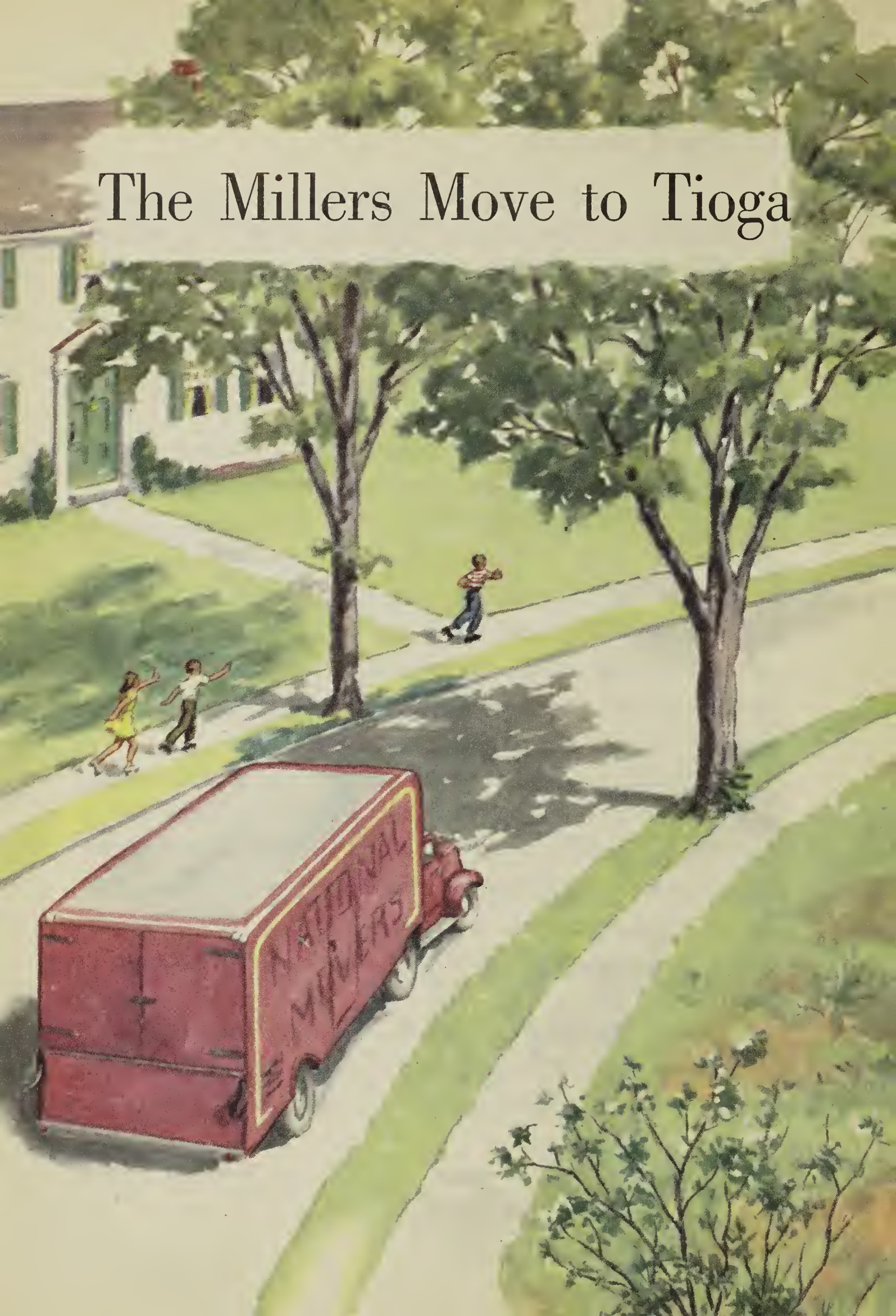
The teacher will recognize that the book represents five stages of development in American community life: (1) primitive Indian life in the Northeast; (2) life among the early white settlers; (3) the rise of small industries; (4) the coming of great inventions; and (5) modern life. This analysis is not of interest to children of this age, and it has not been made apparent to them. It will serve as a framework to help the teacher guide the children to understand changes in our culture.

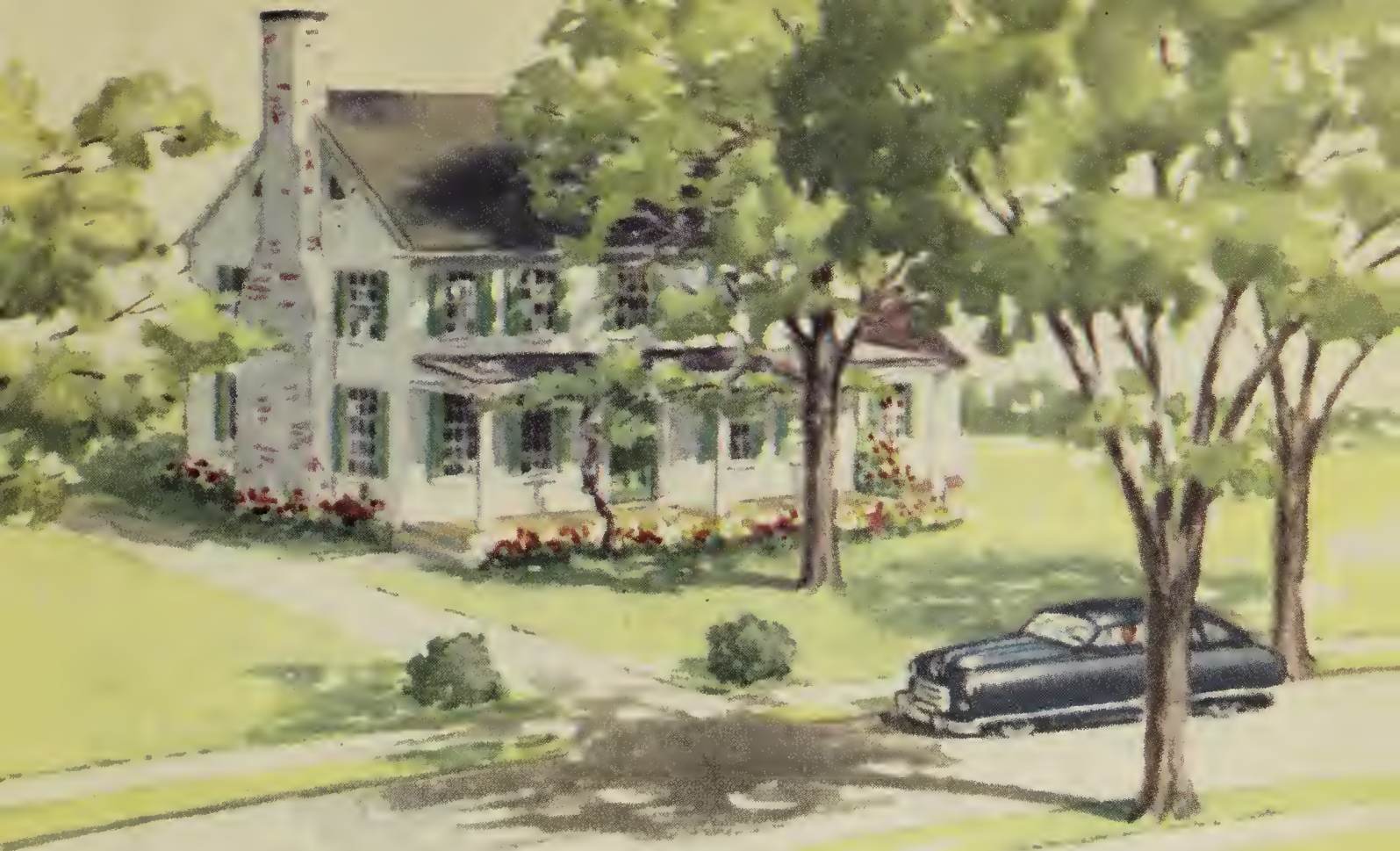
What the children will note is the gradual development of a community. They will see individual initiative and group planning used as means to secure social improvement. Such knowledge will gain significance if the children relate what they learn to their own experiences, and accept their own responsibilities as community members.

It is the hope of the authors that this book will guide the teacher and her pupils in the study of their own community, and that it will lead to child-participation in community life.

THE AUTHORS

The Millers Move to Tioga





Moving Day

One bright, sunny day, a truck came up Spring Street. The truck was filled with furniture. It stopped in front of a big white house. Some children were playing next door.

“Oh,” cried one of the boys. “New neighbors! I am going to tell Mother!” Away the boy ran.

Just then a car stopped behind the truck.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller were in the front seat. Their children, Cal and Betsy, were in the back seat. A small white dog was sitting in the back, too. His long red tongue was hanging out. He panted and panted.

Cal patted his dog. "Here we are at last, Terry," he said.

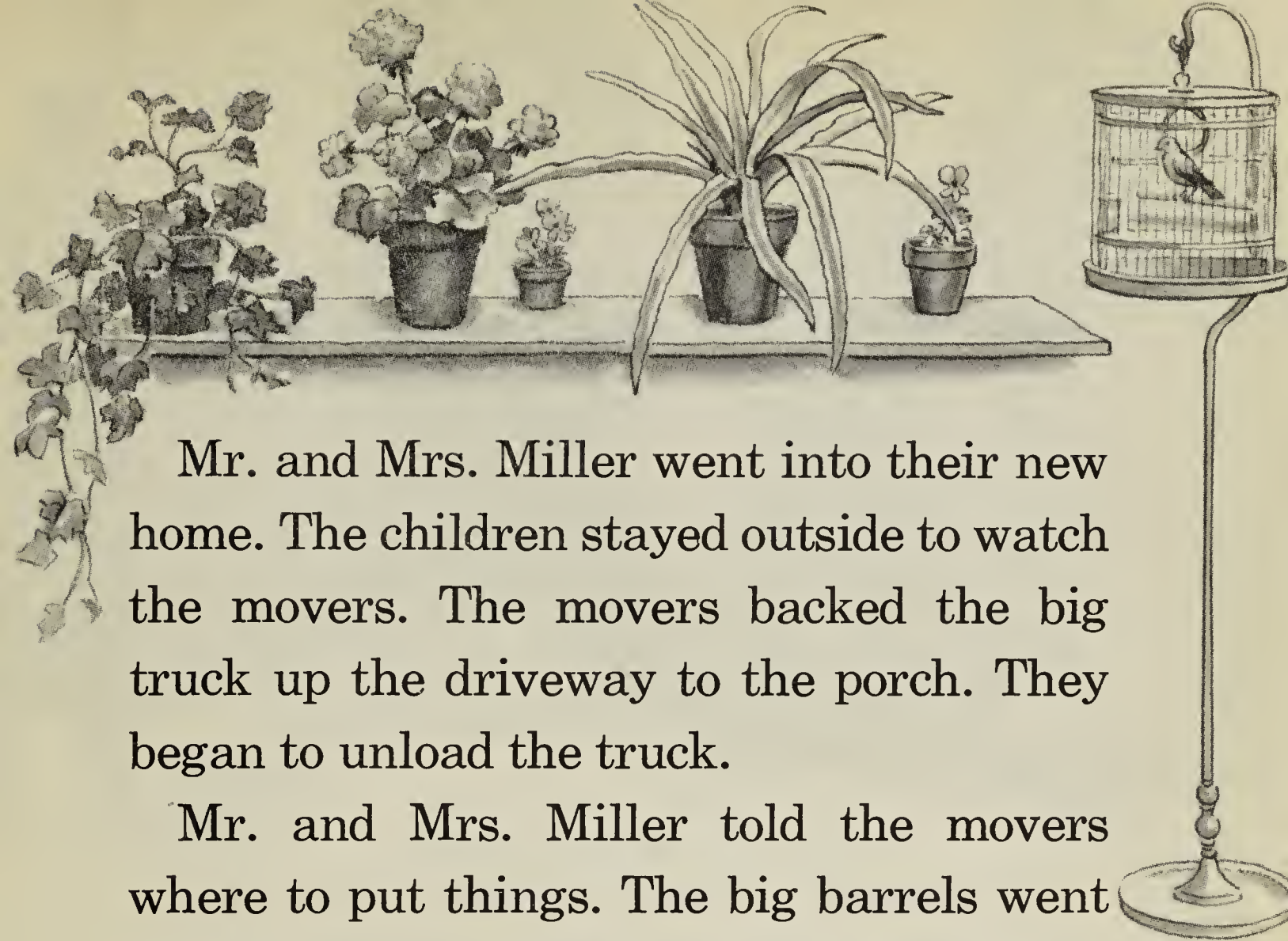
Smoky, the kitten, did not like to ride. Betsy had held her all the way.

The Millers stepped from their car. "Whew!" said Mr. Miller, wiping his face. "Why did we have to move today? There are so many cooler days."

"It is warm, George," said Mrs. Miller, "but don't mind the heat. We are here at our new home."

The big white house was back from the street. The green grass and some bright flowers made it look pleasant. A tall maple tree shaded the front windows.





Mr. and Mrs. Miller went into their new home. The children stayed outside to watch the movers. The movers backed the big truck up the driveway to the porch. They began to unload the truck.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller told the movers where to put things. The big barrels went to the kitchen. The bird and the potted plants were put there, too. All the bedroom furniture was carried upstairs. The sofa, the big chairs, and the floor lamps went into the living room. A cupboard, the dining table and chairs were set in the dining room.

The movers pushed the piano onto the porch. "I hope the piano will go through the door," said Bill, one of the movers.



Bill measured the door. He measured the big piano. The Millers stood on the porch and watched. Then Bill measured the door again. “Well,” he said, “it will just go through!”

“Oh, I am so glad,” said Mrs. Miller. “We wouldn’t be happy without our piano.”

“Meow!” said Smoky, rubbing against the piano. Everyone laughed.

At last everything was in the house. The movers had gone.



Making Friends

“Hoo-hoo!” called someone from the back door.

Mrs. Miller went to the door. Terry and Smoky followed her. Two friendly, smiling women, a boy, a girl, and a brown collie dog stood there. Terry wagged his tail. Smoky dashed away.

The women were holding trays. Tall glasses were upside down on one tray. There were sandwiches on the other tray.



The boy carried a big pitcher. The ice in it tinkled. The girl carried bright paper napkins.

“I am Mrs. Anderson,” said one woman.
“This is my son Harry.”

“I am Mrs. Riley. This is my daughter Patricia,” said the other woman. “We thought you must be warm. We have brought you a cold drink.”

“Thank you very much,” said Mrs. Miller. “We are warm. We have been working. Won’t you come in?”



“Thank you,” said Mrs. Riley. “We know you were working hard. A cool drink will help you.”

“Our name is Miller,” said Mrs. Miller. “This is my husband, George Miller. These are our children, Betsy and Cal.”

“This is my dog Sandy,” said Harry Anderson. Sandy wagged his tail.

“This is my dog Terry,” said Cal.

The children uncovered some chairs, and they all sat down. Mrs. Miller poured the lemonade. Pat passed the sandwiches.

Everyone had a sandwich and a cool drink.

Harry said, "Cal and Betsy, we'd like to show you our playground."

Cal and Betsy looked at their mother. "Yes, you may go," she said. "You can help when you come back."

The children dashed away. Terry and Sandy ran after them.

"We are planning a picnic this evening," said Mrs. Anderson. "We want you to be our guests. Will you come? We'd like to have our families know each other."

"I would like to meet Mr. Riley and Mr. Anderson," said Mr. Miller.

"We'll all be pleased to come," said Mrs. Miller. "Thank you for asking us."





Fun at the Playground

First, Harry took Cal to his house. “We’ll get my bat and glove,” he said. “We can use yours some other time.”

“We’ll see you at the playground,” called Pat. She and Betsy ran on.

A little log cabin was at one end of the playground. Inside, some girls were working at tables. A woman smiled at Betsy.

“Miss Shoemaker,” said Pat, “this is Betsy Miller. She has just moved to Tioga.”



“We are glad to have you,” said Miss Shoemaker.

“Thank you. I am glad to be here,” said Betsy.

Pat said, “Girls, this is Betsy Miller.” Then she told Betsy the names of the girls.

“Perhaps you would like to make something,” said Miss Shoemaker.



Betsy looked around at the things the girls were making.

“I am making a leather belt,” said Pat. She showed the belt to Betsy.

“I am learning to weave,” said Louise.

“I am making things out of clay,” said Mary. “This is a cream pitcher for my mother’s birthday.”

“It looks like fun,” said Betsy, as she watched Mary working.

“It is fun,” said Mary. “I am learning how to make the clay stick together.”

“I don’t know what to do first,” said Betsy. “I think I’d like to make a belt. May I, please?” She was working busily when Cal came.

“We had a good game, Betsy,” said Cal. “What are you making?”

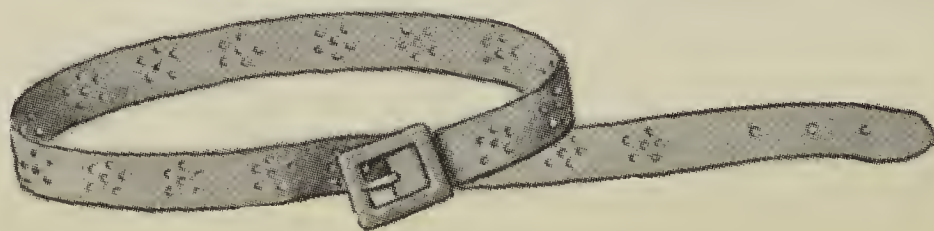
Betsy showed him her leather. “I am making a belt,” she said.

“I think we ought to go home,” said Cal. “Mother and Father need our help.”

“Betsy, you may put your leather in the big drawer,” said Miss Shoemaker.

“We’ll come for you tomorrow,” said Pat.

“We’ll be watching for you,” said Betsy and Cal. And they ran away home.





In the New Home

When Betsy and Cal reached home, their mother was busy. The beds were up. She was getting them ready for the night.

“Mother,” said Cal, “we had a good time. Harry and Pat are our good friends now.”

“We will make the beds, Mother. We want to help,” said Betsy.

“Good,” said Mrs. Miller. “Mrs. Riley and Mrs. Anderson have invited us to a picnic this evening. You can take baths.



The water has been turned on. I will find our clothes to wear to the picnic.”

“Has the electricity been connected?” asked Cal.

“Yes,” said Mrs. Miller. “We can use the lights. The stove is connected. So is the refrigerator. Tomorrow morning we will have breakfast in our new home.”

Betsy and Cal made the beds. Mother laid their clean clothes on their beds.

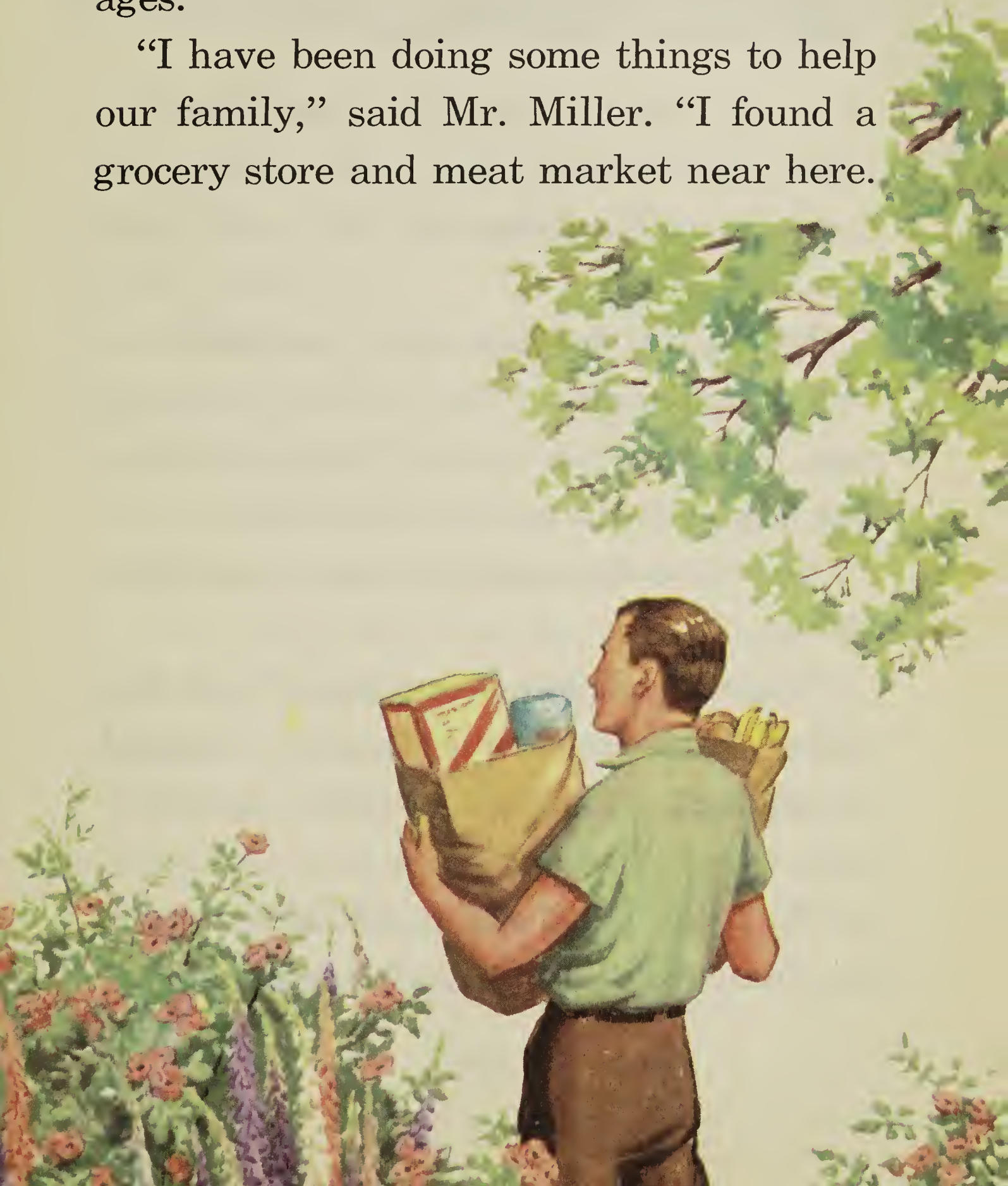
“Where is Father?” asked Cal.

“He has gone to get groceries,” Betsy said. She was at the window. “Here he comes. He has a lot of things.”



Cal and Betsy went downstairs to meet their father. His arms were full of packages.

“I have been doing some things to help our family,” said Mr. Miller. “I found a grocery store and meat market near here.





The fruit, the meat, and the vegetables are fresh. The owners will be glad to have us trade there. The dairy will send milk right to our house.

“I went to the post office and left our names and address. Mail will start tomorrow. Then I went to the telephone office. The men will put in a telephone soon.”

“You have done many things,” said Mrs. Miller.

“I think we’ll like living here,” said Mr. Miller. “This community seems to be well planned. It is just about right in every way.”

“How did Tioga get to be such a good community, Father?” asked Betsy.



“Well,” said Mr. Miller, “it started to grow long, long ago. Many people have lived here. All have worked to make it a good community.”

“I wish we could find out how it grew,” said Cal.

“We saw a library as we drove into town,” said Mrs. Miller. “You might find a book about Tioga there.”

“You may talk to older people who remember how Tioga used to be,” said Mr. Miller.

“Perhaps there is a museum in Tioga. Museums often have things of long ago,” said Mrs. Miller. “We must hurry or we will be late for the picnic.”



Making Another Friend

The next afternoon, Pat and Harry came again.

“Pat,” said Betsy, “will you take us to the library? We want to get a book about Tioga.”

“We have a good library,” said Pat.



“We’ll take you to it. We can go to the playground some other time.”

The library was a pretty gray stone building. The windows were large. Sunlight shone into the rooms. It shone into a room where some children were reading. Miss Ethel Morris, the librarian, was putting many books back on the low shelves.

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Tioga Public Library19.....

I hereby apply for the use of the Children's Room of the Tioga Public Library. I promise to obey the following rules:

R U L E S

If you move report to the Librarian at once the new address.

Books may be kept two weeks.

Books may be renewed for two weeks.

A fine of two cents a day is charged for every book kept longer than the time allowed.

Books lost must be paid for or replaced. For injury to books a fine is charged.

"I am glad we have such good books," she was thinking.

Just then the door opened. "Good morning, Pat and Harry," said Miss Morris softly.

"Good morning," they said.

"Miss Morris," said Pat, "this is Betsy Miller, and this is Cal Miller. They have just moved to Tioga."

"Good morning," said Miss Morris. "We are glad to have you. We hope you will join our library."

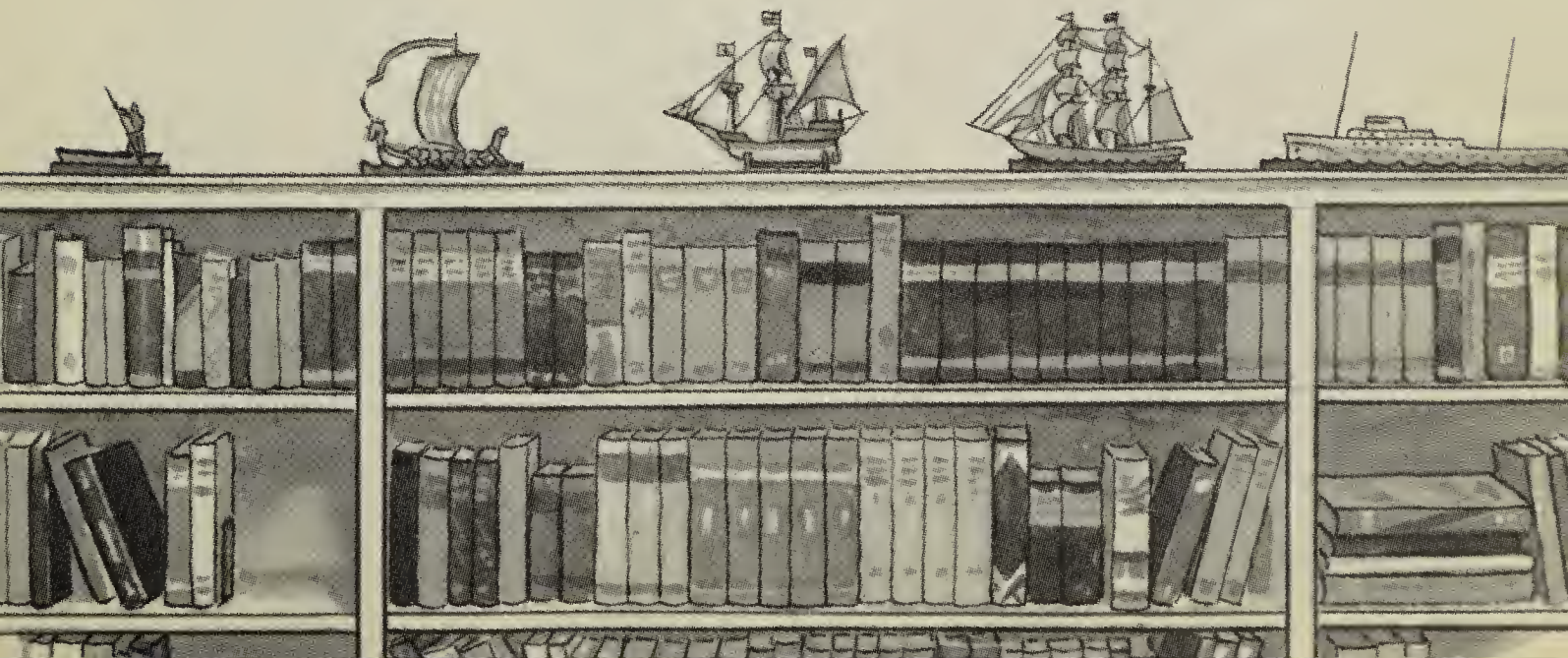
“What must we do to join?” asked Cal.

Miss Morris went over to the desk. She gave cards to Cal and Betsy. “Sign your name here,” she said. They signed the cards and returned them.

She gave Cal two more cards. “Take these cards home and have your father and mother sign them.” Cal put them into his pocket.

Then Pat said, “We want to borrow a book about Tioga. We want to learn what Tioga was like a long, long time ago.”

“We have some very good books,” said Miss Morris. She took the children to some nearby shelves. “Here are some books.



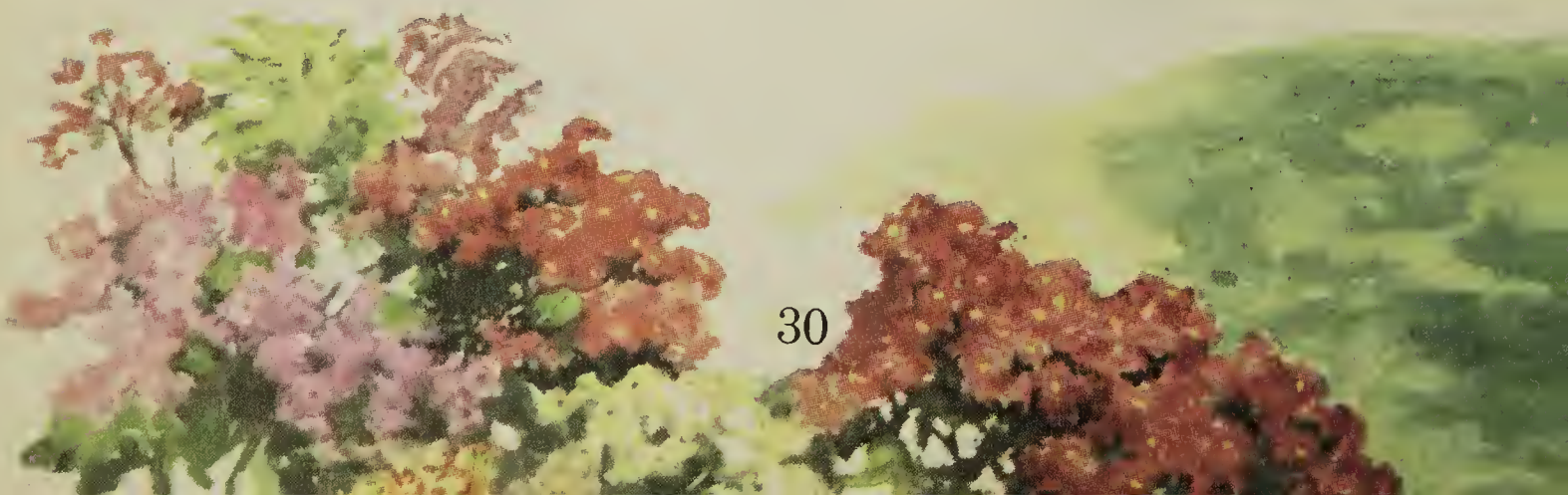
They tell about things that happened in Tioga long, long ago." She gave the children a book. They thanked her.

Then the children went out into the sunshine. "Let's read for a while," said Harry. "We can take turns reading aloud. We can meet under our big oak tree."

Cal and Harry hurried away. Betsy and Pat skipped along. They met in the yard behind Harry's house. Here a great oak tree spread its branches wide.

"The tree makes a house of leaves," said Betsy, as they settled down to read. "The sun is all around us, but it is cool and shady here."

"You're the oldest, Harry," said Pat. "You read first."



“The first story,” said Harry, “is about the Indians who once lived here. That should be a good story. The name of it is *Tioga, the Indian Village.*”



Thoughts to Talk About

A good community is a place where people help each other.

- a.* How did people in this story help their new neighbors?
- b.* How do the people in your community help each other?
- c.* How do the people in your school help each other?
- d.* How do you help each other in your home?

Learning About Your Book

1. Read the name (title) of this book.
2. On what page is the Table of Contents?
What can you learn from the Table of Contents?
3. Who wrote this book? Who are the artists?

Things to Do

1. Practice making introductions.
2. Pretend a new child has come to your school.
Dramatize things you could do to make him feel that he belongs to your school.
3. Have you ever moved to a new community?
Tell how you felt. What would have made you feel better?

4. Play “Find My Story.” Open your book to the Table of Contents. The one who is IT names a story. The other players look in the Table of Contents for the story named and the page on which it begins. Then they look for the story. The one who finds the story first may name the next story to be found.

Learning About Your Community

Think of things you want to know about your community. Ask your teacher to list them on the board. Make plans to find out what you want to know.

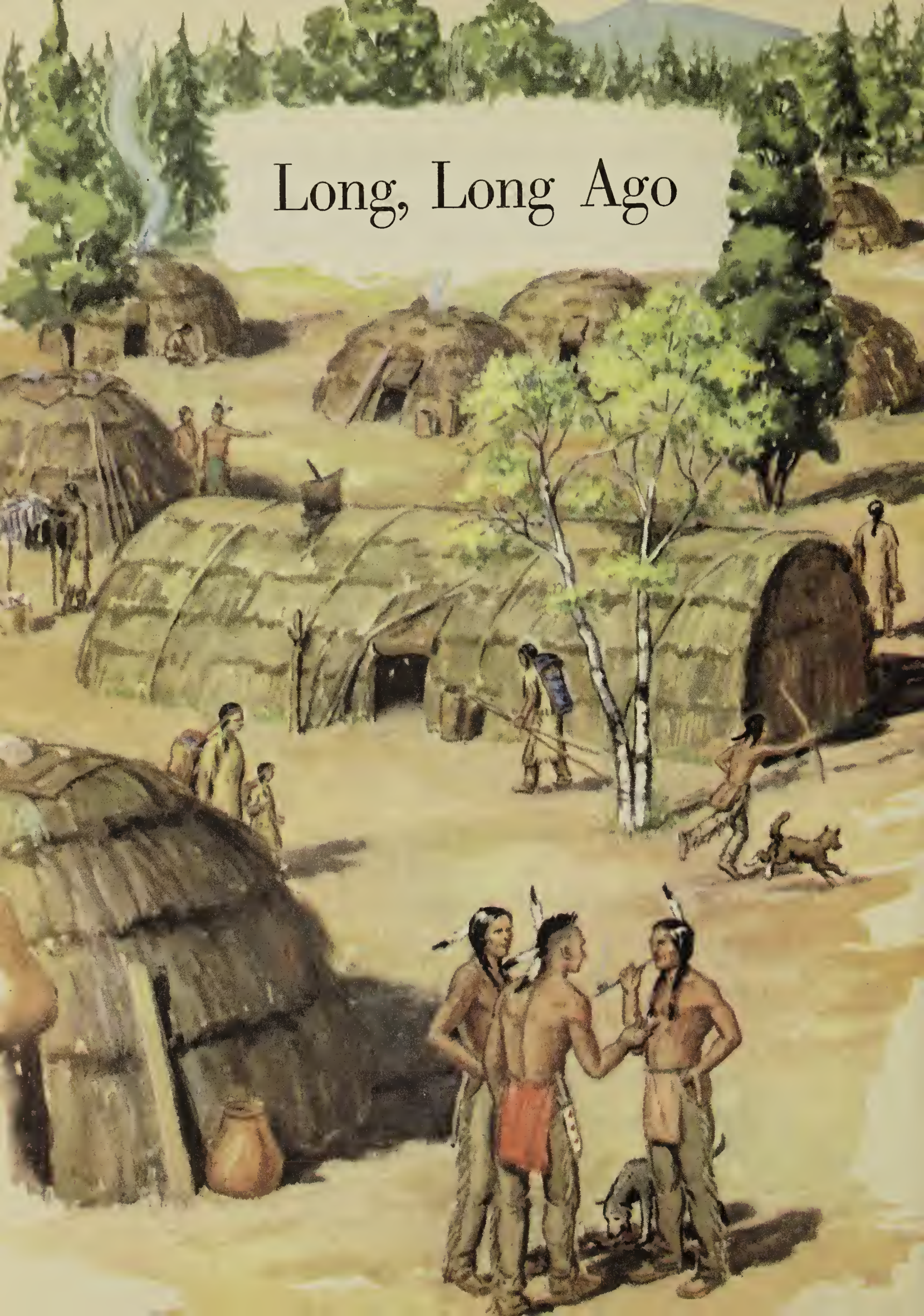
Fun with Words

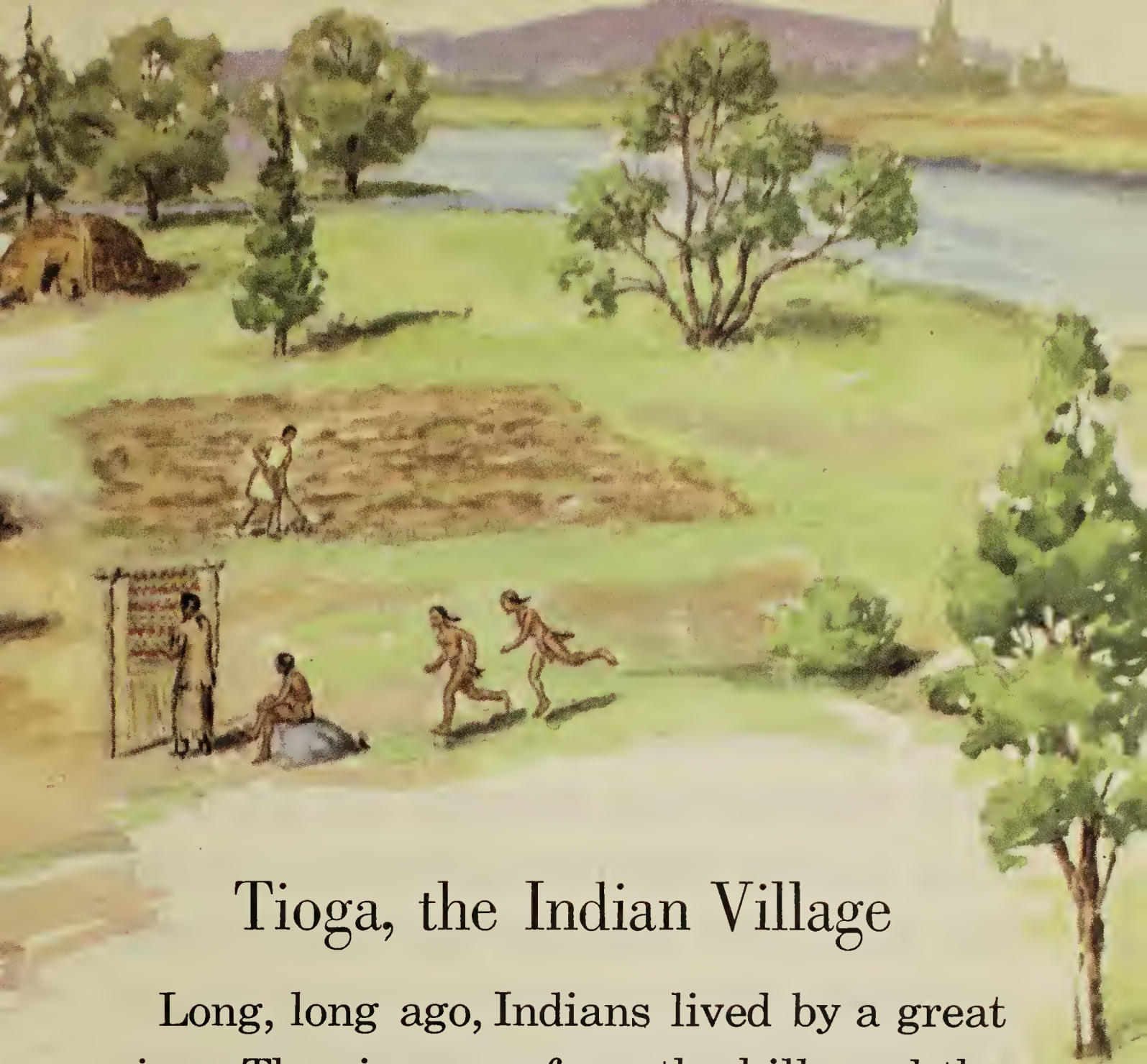
Working together, see how many words you can find in the story that tell what people are doing. (Example: watching.) Act out each word, and have others guess what the word is.

Making Pictures, Stories, or Poems

1. Draw three pictures of some people in this story showing things they did.
2. Tell a story about a boy or girl who helped to make a better community.
3. Make a poem or story about moving day.

Long, Long Ago





Tioga, the Indian Village

Long, long ago, Indians lived by a great river. The river ran from the hills and the woods to the ocean. Near the Indian village, there were many rocks in the river. The water rushed over and around these rocks. The sound of the rushing water was always in the village. Tioga—Rushing Water—the Indians called their village.

The Indians who lived there were the Algonquin Indians. In their village, there were many girls and boys. One of the boys was named Light Foot. His friend was Woods Boy.

These Indian boys lived near the woods. Almost everything they had came from the woods. They liked the woods very much. They liked to go there to see the trees. They liked to watch the birds and animals. They watched the birds build their nests in the spring. In summer, they enjoyed the cool shade. They gathered nuts and bright leaves in the fall. In winter, they liked to track animals in the snow.

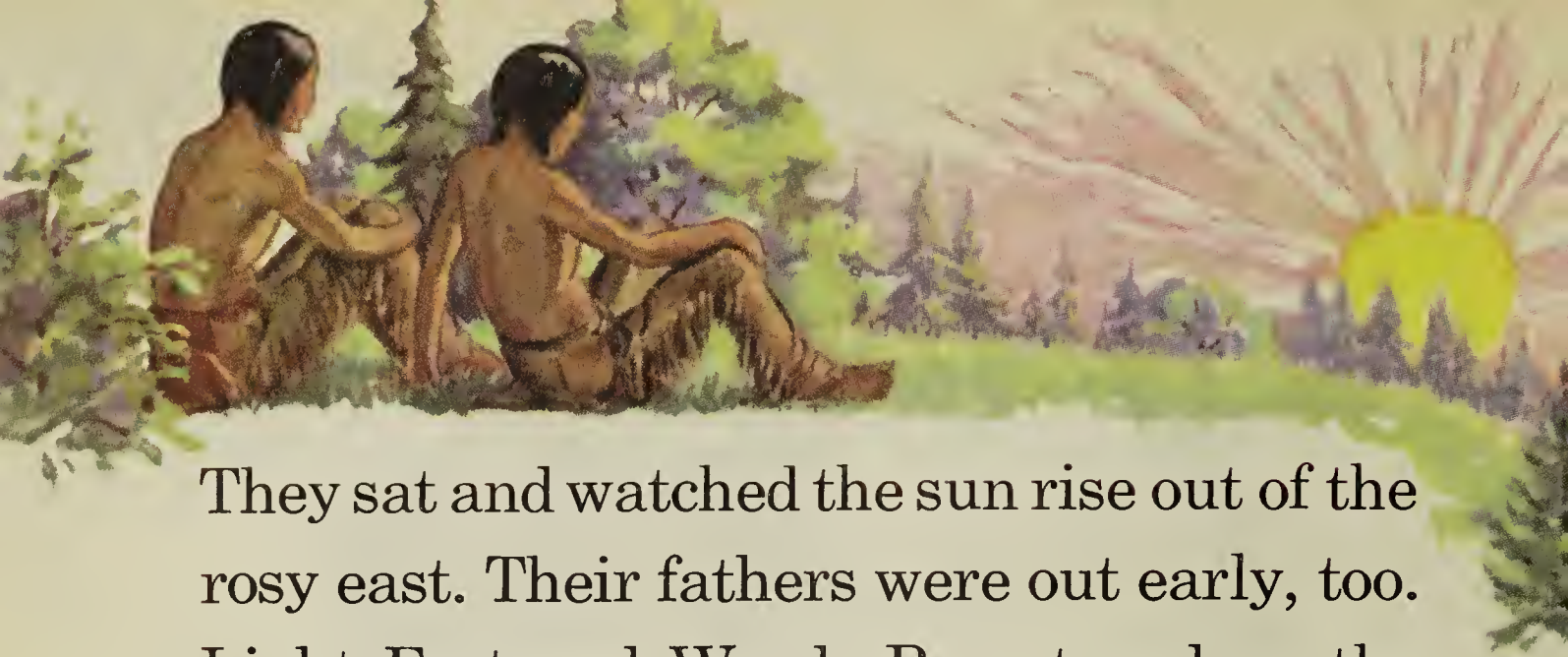
Their home was a round wigwam. Two families lived in it. They were Light Foot's family and Woods Boy's family.

A wigwam was easy to build. The Indians cut small trees and made them into poles.



They stuck the poles into the ground in a circle. They bent the poles over. They tied them at the top with strong grass. This made a round frame. The Indians wove mats of grass. They tied them over the frame. A hole was left in the top to let out the smoke. Two openings were left for doors. One was on the north side, and the other was on the south side. Deerskins hung over the doorways. The families slept on grass mats inside the wigwam.

One morning, very early, Light Foot and Woods Boy ran to the top of a high hill.



They sat and watched the sun rise out of the rosy east. Their fathers were out early, too. Light Foot and Woods Boy stayed on the hill until they saw their mothers moving about. Then they ran home.

This morning the sun shone into the wigwam. The hard earth floor gleamed in the sunlight. A fire burned in the middle of the floor. The boys had scraped the hole for the fire. Light Foot watched the silver smoke curl above the fire. At the top of the wigwam, it curled out into the air.

A table was over the fire. It was made of small, green poles. A big wooden cooking dish was on the table. Light Foot's little sister stood beside the fire.

"What are you stirring, Dark Eyes?" Light Foot asked.

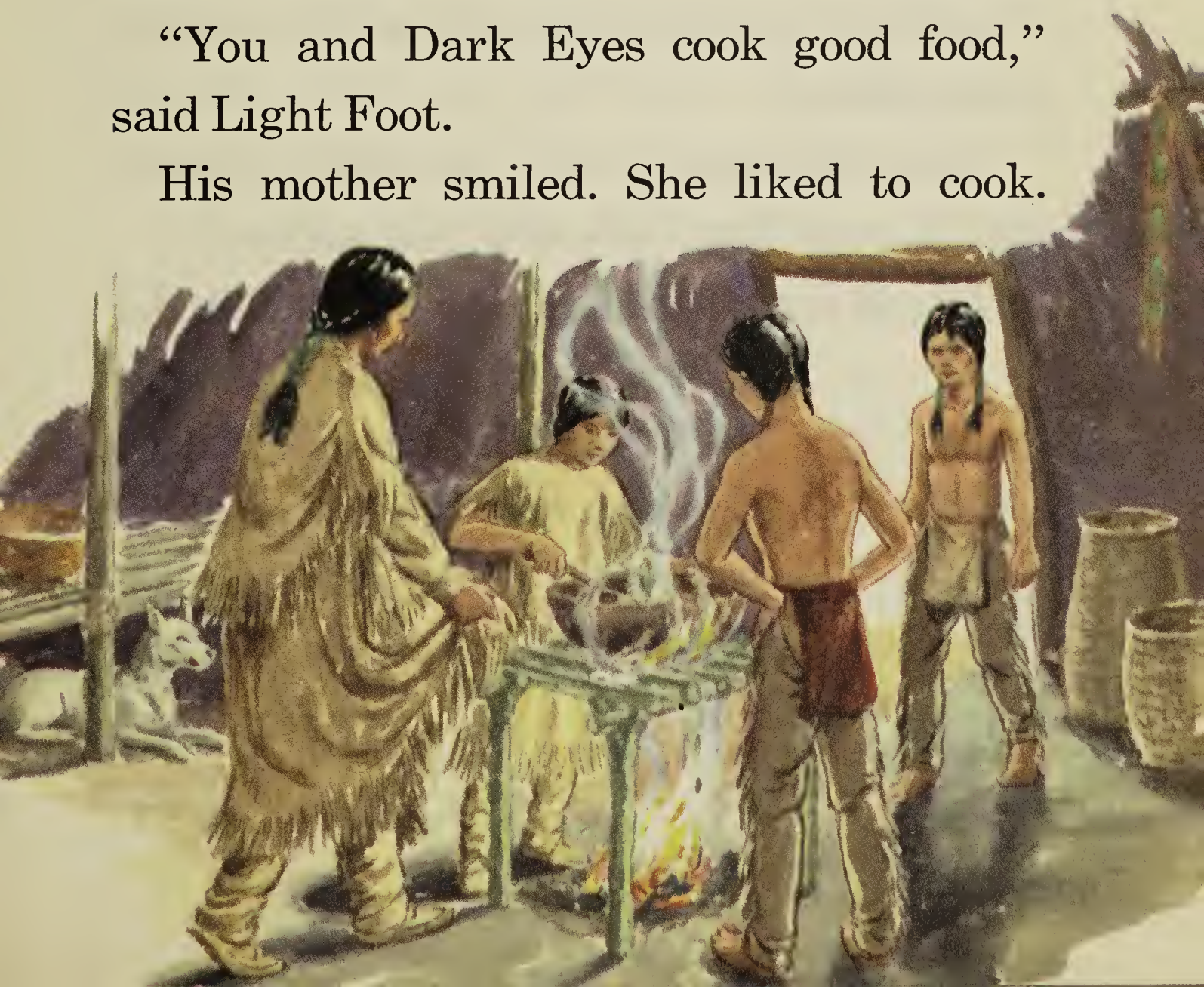
“It is deer-meat stew,” she said.

“It smells good.” He sniffed at it. “The bowl is burning!”

Their mother came quickly. She took up a corner of her deerskin dress. She pulled the bowl away from the fire. “The bowl must not burn too fast,” she said. “New ones are not ready.” She put beans into the bowl.

“You and Dark Eyes cook good food,” said Light Foot.

His mother smiled. She liked to cook.



She liked to teach Dark Eyes. She was happy that her son enjoyed the food.

“The meat baskets are empty,” she said. “We can have no more deer meat until your father hunts.”

Light Foot looked around the wigwam. Grass baskets and wooden bowls stood against the walls. Light Foot and Woods Boy lifted the lids and looked into them. Dried corn was in some. Dried fish was in some others.

“The fish baskets are not full, either,” said Woods Boy. “We will fish today.”

Woods Boy’s mother sat on a mat on the floor. She was feeding her black-haired papoose. Woods Boy watched her. When the baby was fed, his mother tied him in his crib. She put the crib against the wigwam.



An Indian baby's crib was made with a board. Soft moss was put on the board. Then deerskin was put around it.

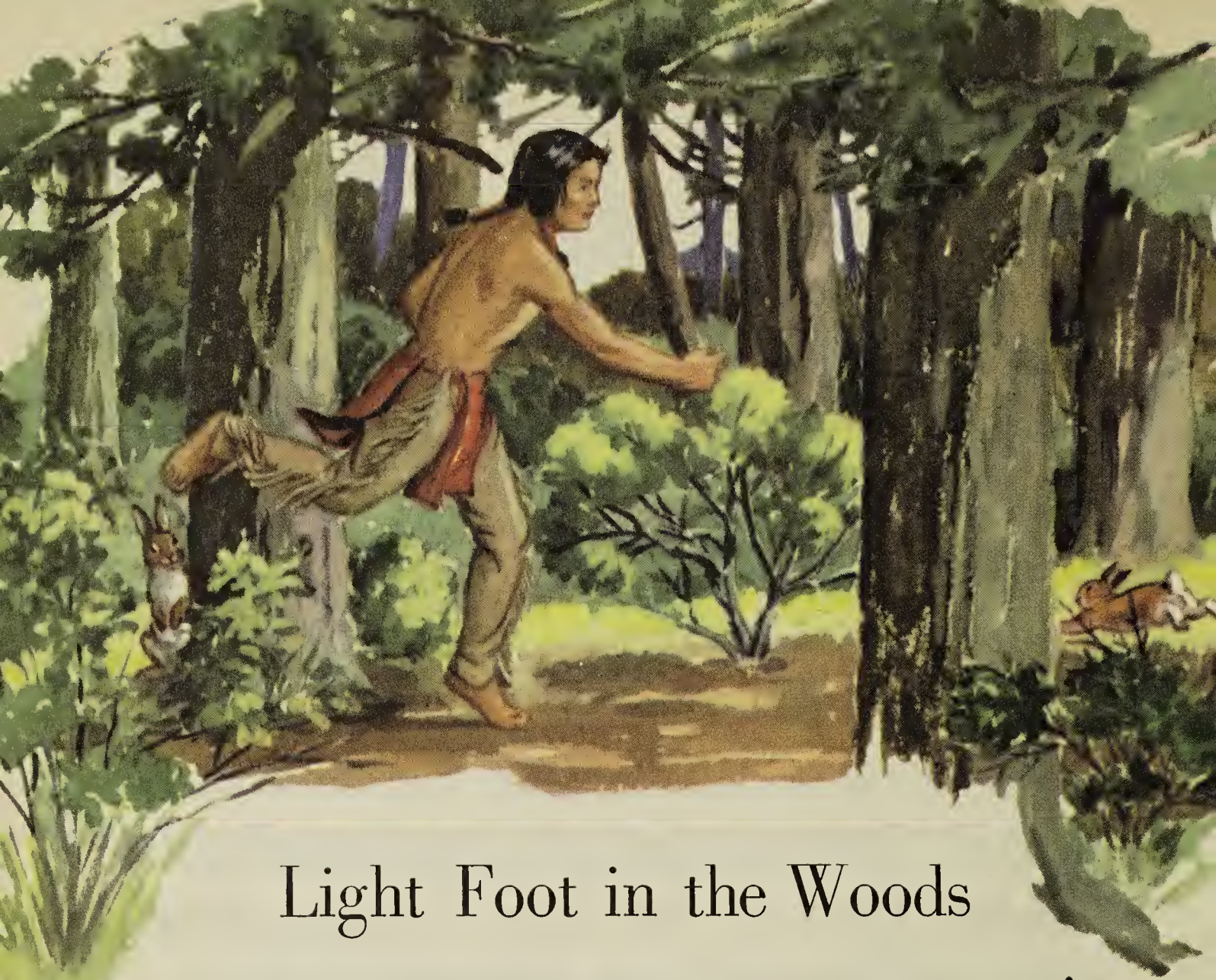


“Food is ready,” said Light Foot’s mother. “We eat now.” She moved the hot wooden bowl to the floor. The families came and sat on mats around the bowl.

Fast Runner was Light Foot’s father. He dipped his wooden spoon into the bowl. “Good,” he said.

Bear Hunter was Woods Boy’s father. He dipped his wooden spoon into the bowl. “Good,” he said.

After the men and boys had eaten, the women ate.



Light Foot in the Woods

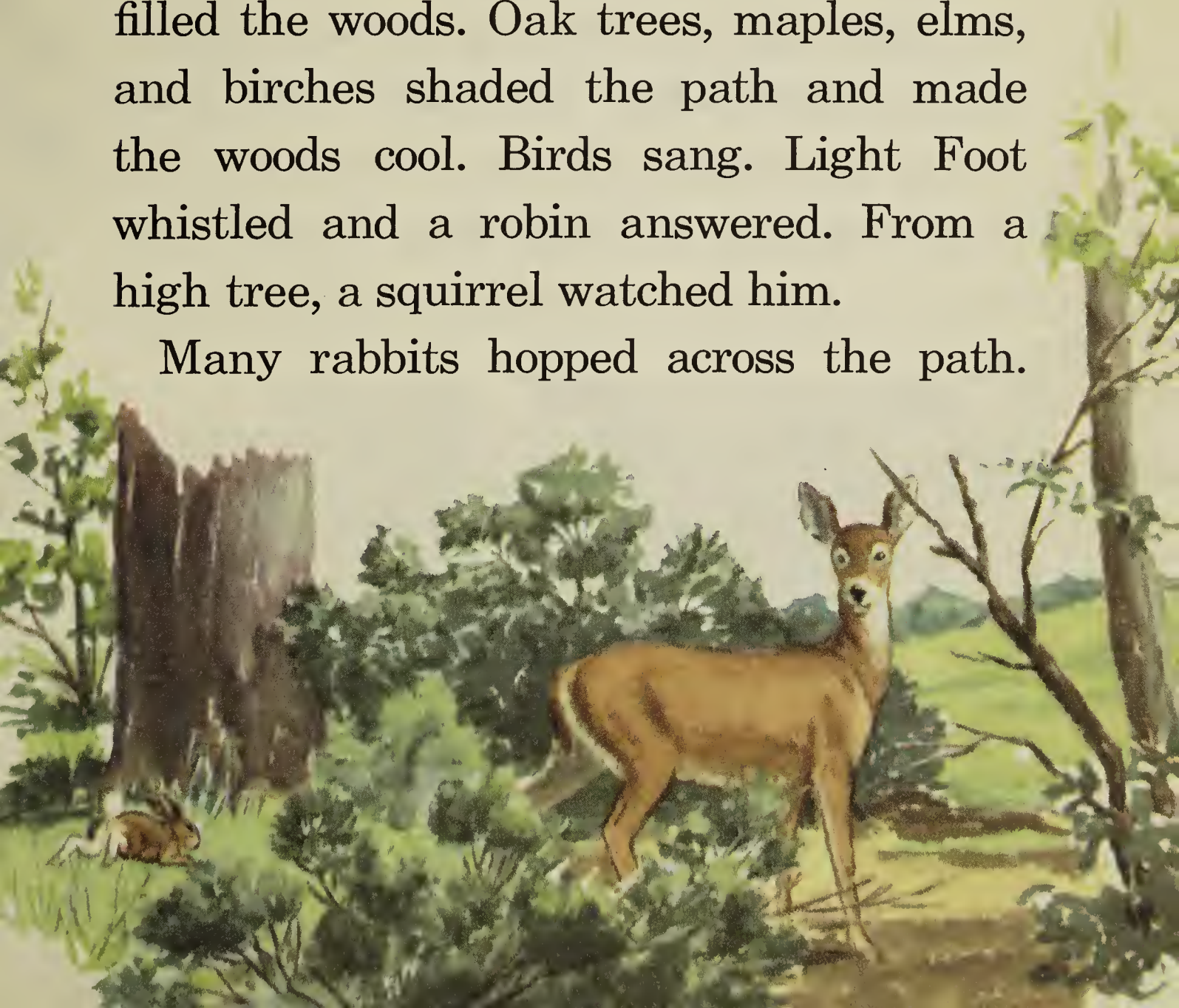
Light Foot went to the door. “The sun is bright,” he thought. “I can smell the warm earth. Summer will soon be here.”

He took deerskin leggings from a peg. He put the soft deerskin on his legs. The deerskin kept his legs from being scratched. “I will not need my moccasins,” he thought. “The path is clear and smooth. The men burned it clean yesterday.”

Light Foot ran into the woods. He ran lightly—lightly—on his toes—without a sound. Fleet Foot, the runner, had taught him how to run this way. He did not frighten the animals. He ran swiftly—silently.

The warm sun shone through the tall trees. The odor of pine and spruce trees filled the woods. Oak trees, maples, elms, and birches shaded the path and made the woods cool. Birds sang. Light Foot whistled and a robin answered. From a high tree, a squirrel watched him.

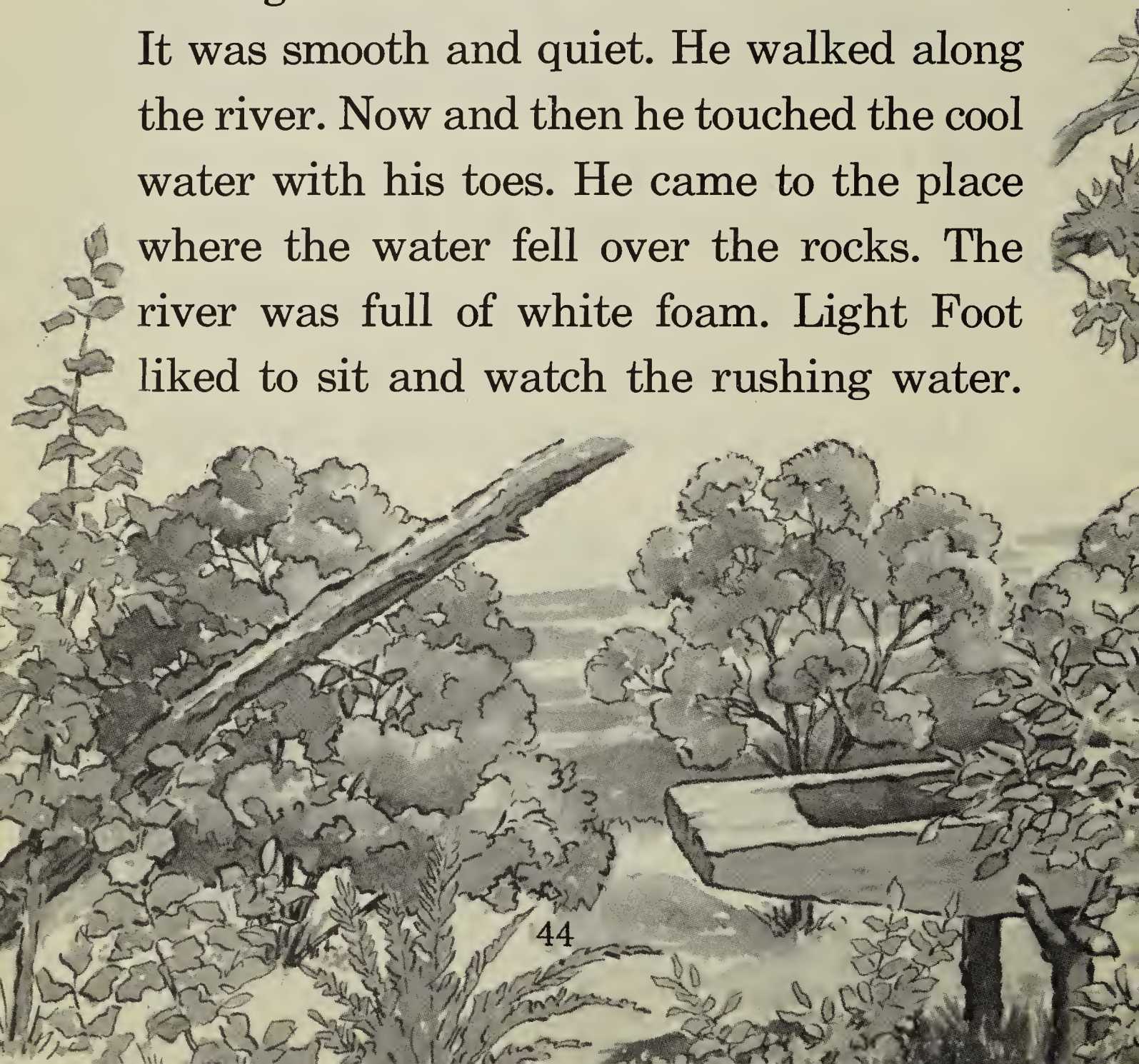
Many rabbits hopped across the path.



A frightened deer stood ready to run. Light Foot stopped suddenly.

“Do not run, deer,” he said. “I will not hurt you.” His voice was soft and kind. The deer went on eating.

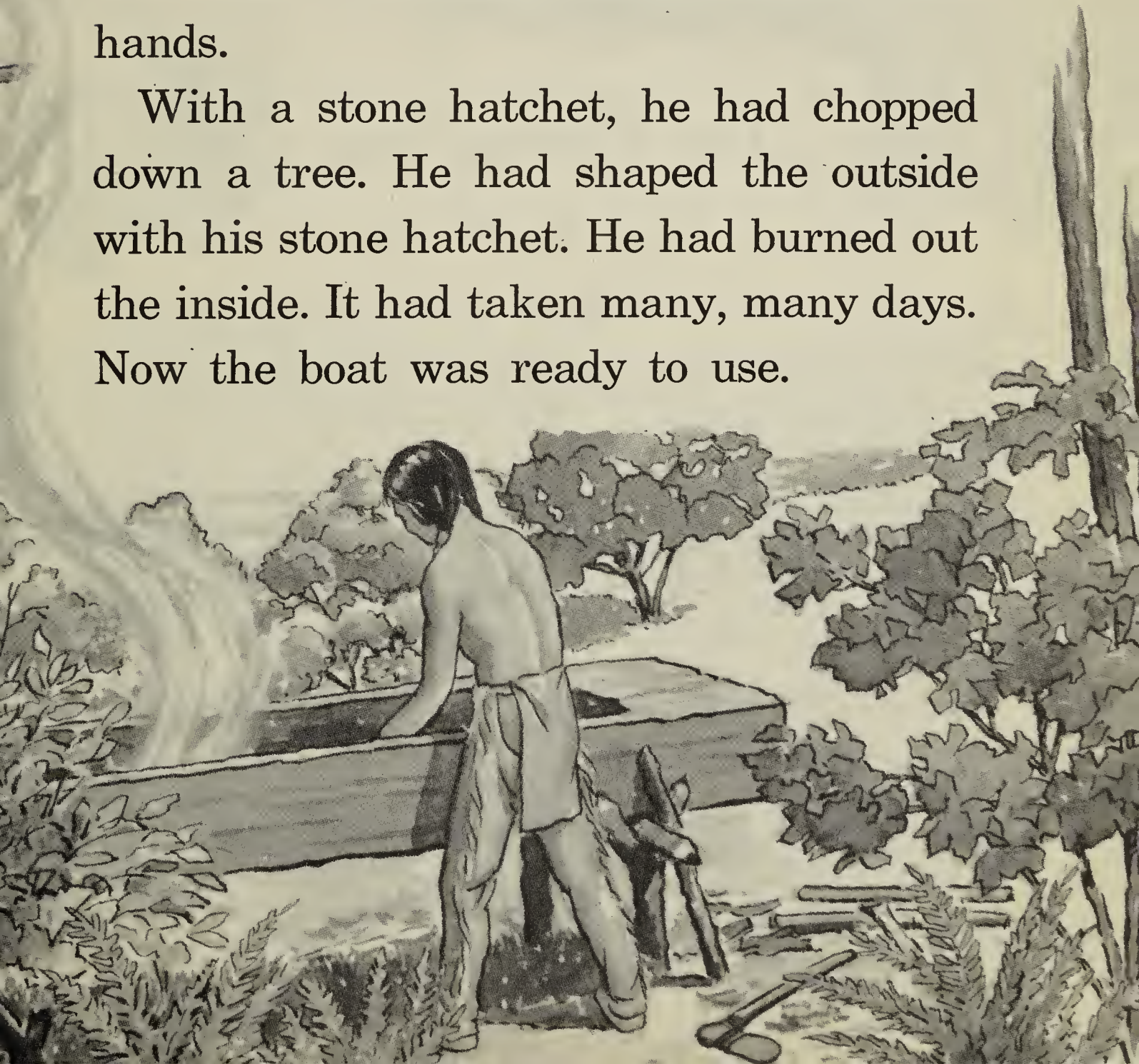
Light Foot went toward the river. Through the bushes he could see the water. It was smooth and quiet. He walked along the river. Now and then he touched the cool water with his toes. He came to the place where the water fell over the rocks. The river was full of white foam. Light Foot liked to sit and watch the rushing water.

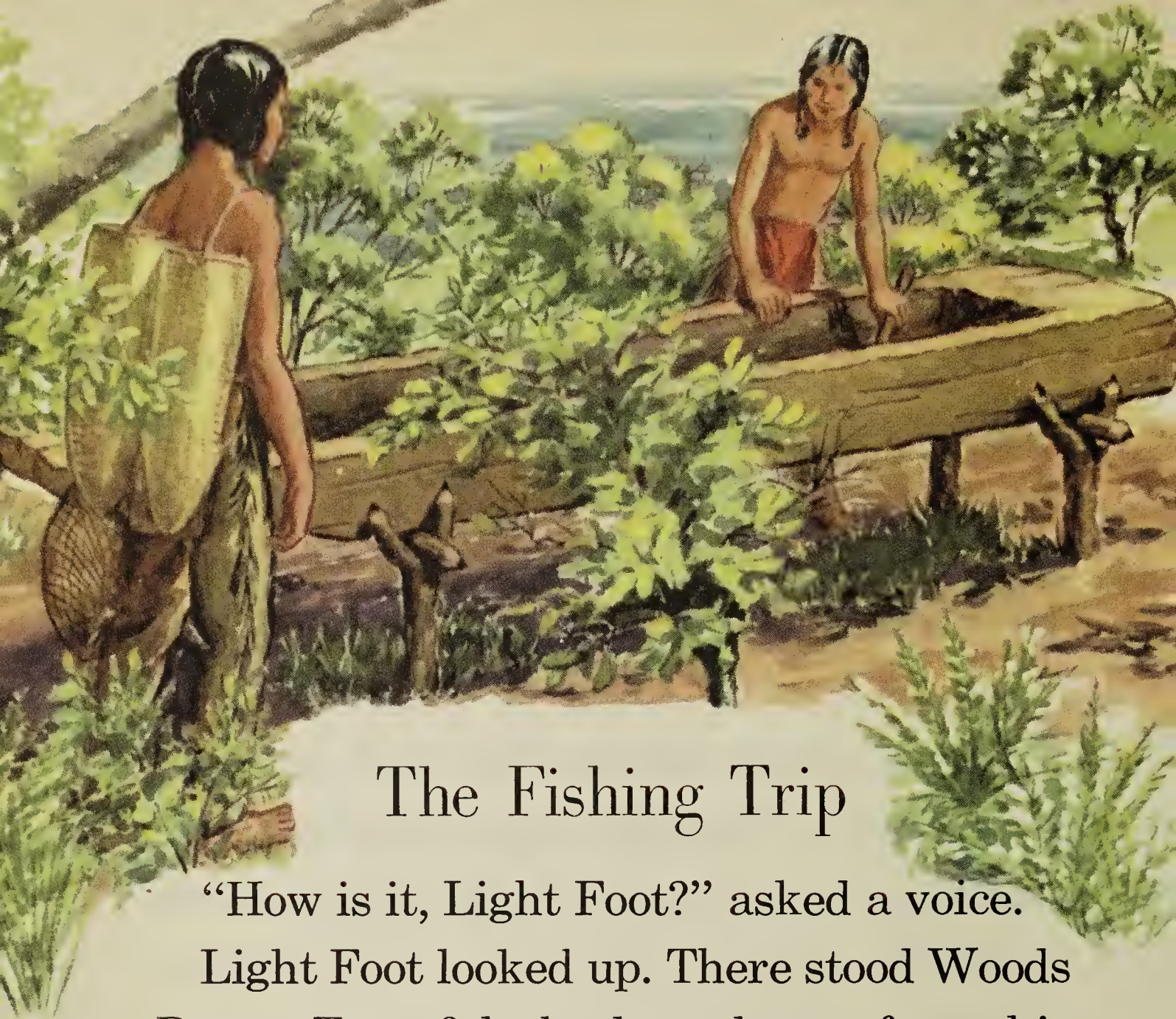


He liked the smooth water, too. He walked and walked along the river's bank.

"This is the place," he said. He looked through the leafy branches. There it was! His own boat! His first dugout canoe. His father had showed him how to make it. But Light Foot had made it with his own hands.

With a stone hatchet, he had chopped down a tree. He had shaped the outside with his stone hatchet. He had burned out the inside. It had taken many, many days. Now the boat was ready to use.





The Fishing Trip

“How is it, Light Foot?” asked a voice.

Light Foot looked up. There stood Woods Boy. Two fish baskets hung from his shoulders.

“The canoe is finished,” said Light Foot.
“I hope it is good.”

From a tree above him, Light Foot took down a long pole. He had trimmed off its leaves and scraped it. He ran his hand up and down the pole. “It is smooth,” he said.

“Everything is ready. I am going to try the canoe. Will you help me, Woods Boy?”

“Yes, I’ll be glad to help. I am going to fish. Will you fish, too?” asked Woods Boy.

“Let’s take the canoe to the island. We can fish there,” said Light Foot.

The boys pulled the canoe into the water. They put the fish net and baskets into the canoe. Woods Boy stepped into the canoe and sat down. Then Light Foot stepped in.



He got down on his knees. He pushed one end of the pole against the sand. The canoe moved out into the river.

“The pole is good,” said Woods Boy. “It cuts the water smoothly. And it makes no sound.”

“No water comes into the canoe,” said Light Foot. “It is good.”

Light Foot poled the canoe down the river to a small island. The boys pulled the canoe up on the shore.

Light Foot broke a thin pole from a young willow tree. He tied a grapevine to one end of the pole. Woods Boy took a bone fishhook from his leather bag. He tied the fishhook to the other end of the grapevine. Then Light Foot reached into the water and caught a tiny fish. He put it on the hook for bait. He threw the baited hook into the river. Then he waited to catch a fish.



Woods Boy dipped his net. When he lifted it, it held many wiggling fish. He saved the small ones for Light Foot to use as bait. He put the big ones into the baskets in the canoe.

The stream was full of fish. It was easy to catch them. When the sun was high, Woods Boy said, "The baskets are full. Let us take our fish home."



Clever Trader Comes to the Village

The boys were ready to start home when Woods Boy looked down the river. “Look!” he said. “A canoe!”

Light Foot looked. Far down the river he saw a birch bark canoe.

“Let’s wait and see who is in it,” he said.

As the canoe came nearer, Woods Boy said, “It is Clever Trader. He has been away all the winter moons.”

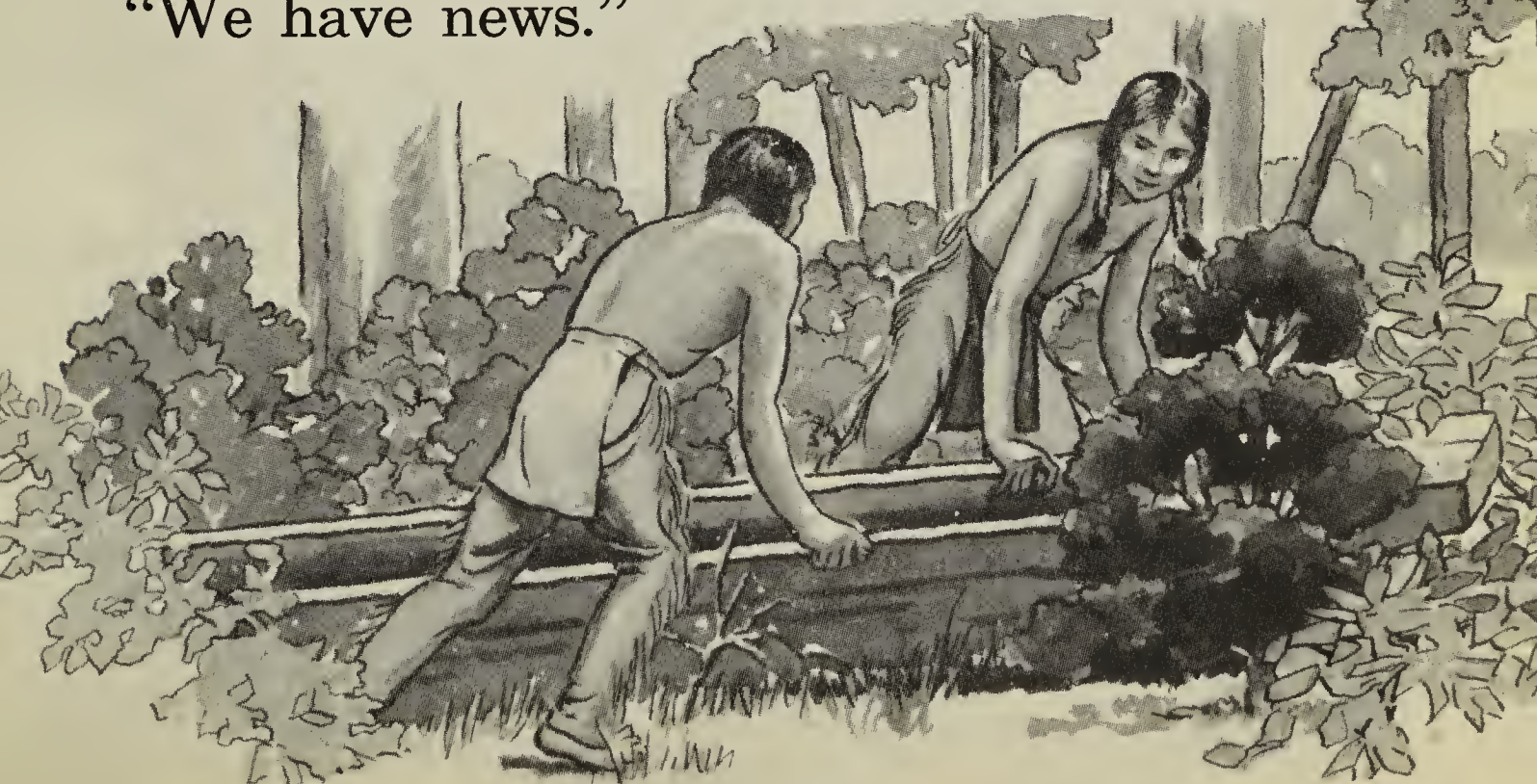
“Let’s hurry home,” said Light Foot.

“We must tell our fathers.” Swiftly, he poled his canoe up the river.

Soon the canoe reached the shore. The boys pulled their canoe up on the bank. They hid it in the bushes. They hid the pole high in a tree. They hung the fish baskets over their shoulders. Then they hurried home through the woods.

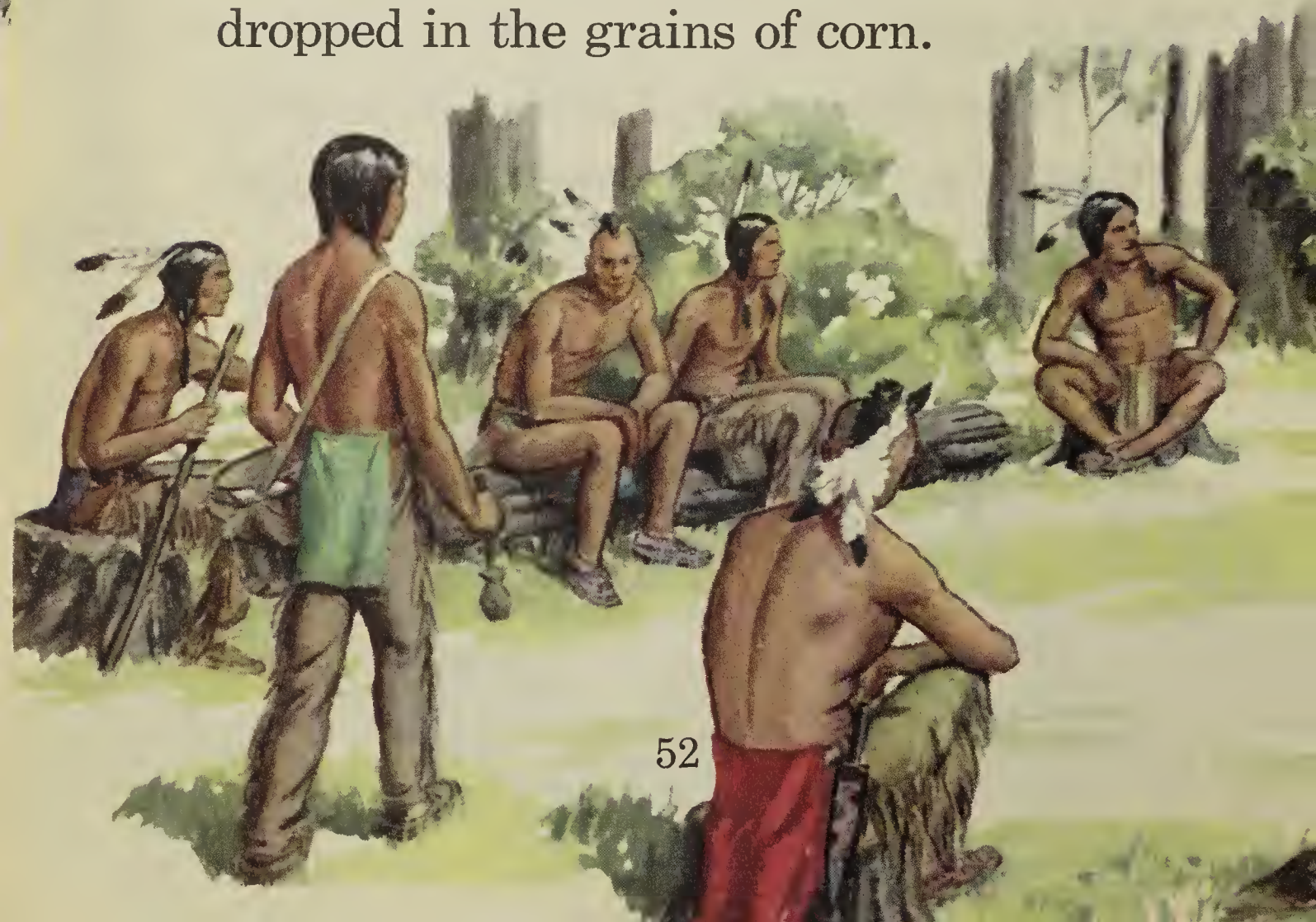
When they reached the wigwam, Warm Heart, Light Foot’s mother, met them. “You have brought many fish,” she said. “That is good. Dark Eyes and I will clean them. We will put them in the sun to dry.”

“Where is Father?” asked Light Foot. “We have news.”



“We have all been planting our corn,” said his mother.

The boys saw their fathers near the woods. They went to join them. The men sat on tree stumps. A basket of fish stood near. The women were digging holes in the earth. They were using large bones as tools. With the bones they dug the soil. They piled the soil into little hills. Then one squaw dropped pieces of fish into the holes. This made food for the seeds. Another dropped in the grains of corn.



“Put in a squash seed, too,” said Fast Runner. “I like squash.”

Warm Heart picked up a bone. She began to dig a hole.

Light Foot turned to his father. “Father,” he said, “we have news. Clever Trader has come back. He is coming up the river. He is near the village.”

“Clever Trader is coming,” Fast Runner called to the men.

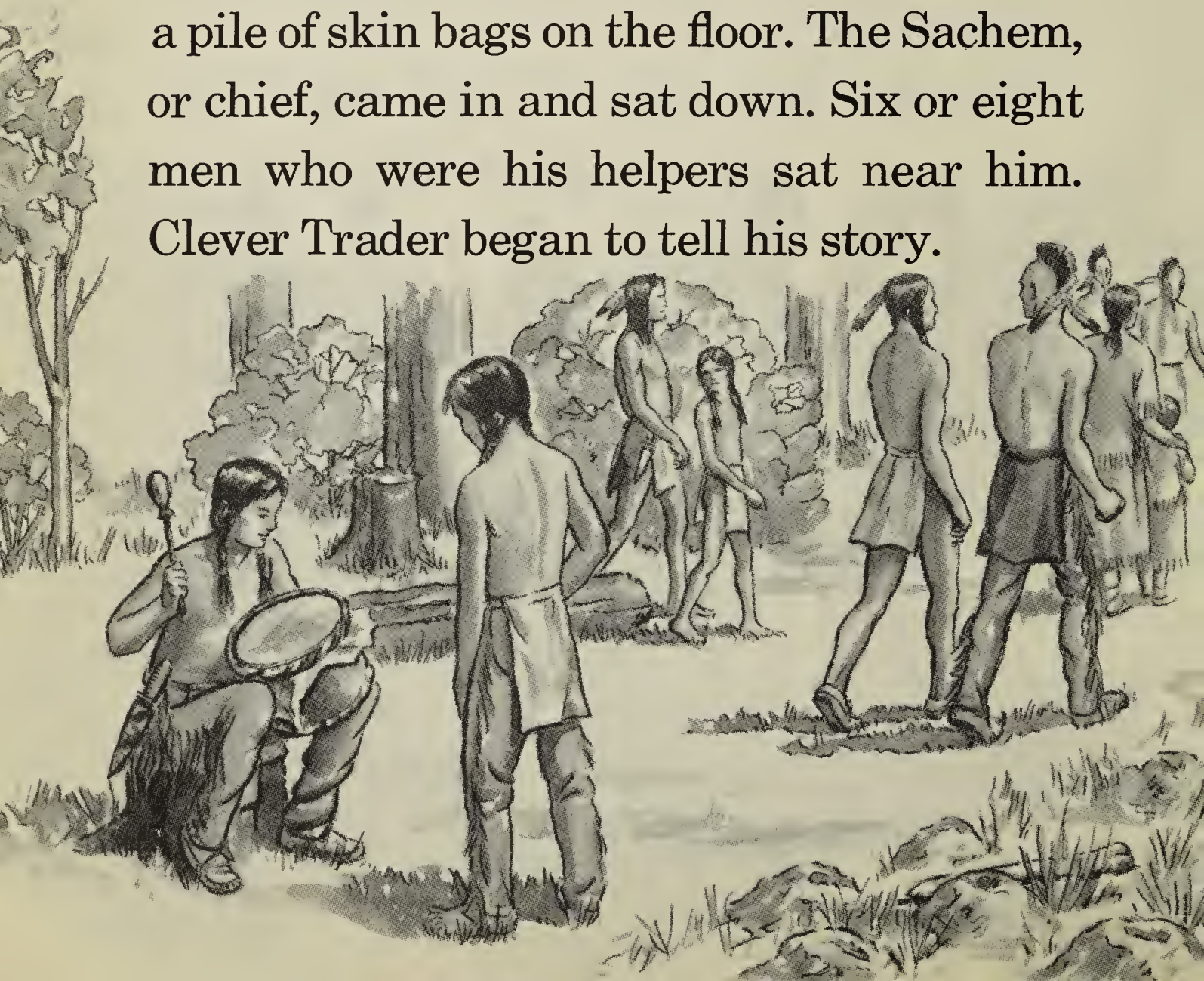
Drummer Boy began to beat the drum.

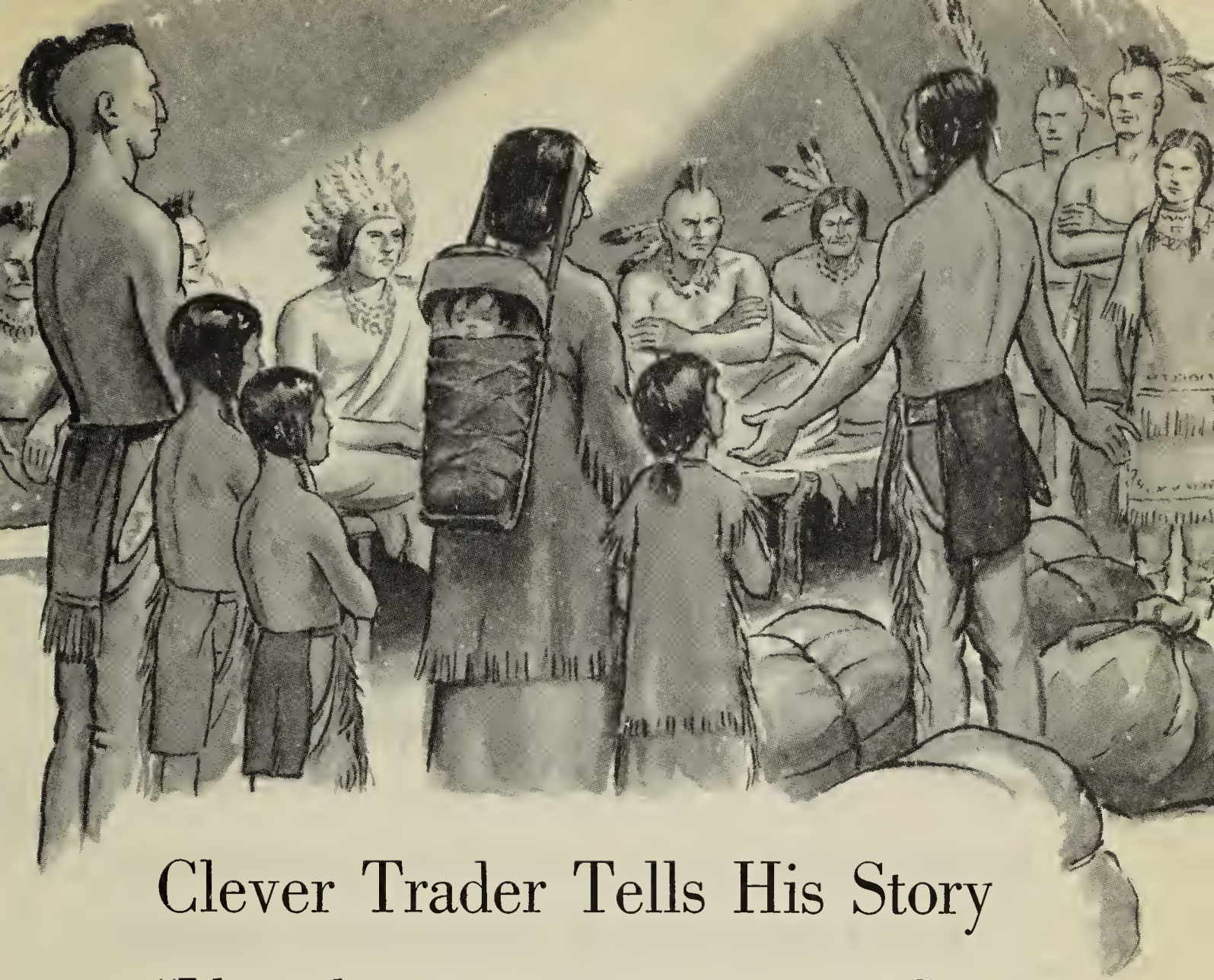


The drum was a hollow log with animal skin stretched tightly over it. Boom—boom—went the drum. Boom—boom—boom.

Soon everyone was at the long house. This house, too, was covered with grass mats. It was big enough to hold eight or ten families.

By and by, Clever Trader came. He put a pile of skin bags on the floor. The Sachem, or chief, came in and sat down. Six or eight men who were his helpers sat near him. Clever Trader began to tell his story.





Clever Trader Tells His Story

“I have been gone many moons,” Clever Trader said. “I went far, far down the river to get wampum and many things for our people. There, where the river runs into the sea, I saw strange things. I saw strange men. Men who are pale are with our Indian friends. Some say they came from the sunrise across the big water. Some think they are people like us but with pale skins.



Others think they are spirits from the sky.

“I had many skins. I traded my beaver, raccoon, wolf, and deer skins for much wampum and many other things. One pale chief took all the skins.” Clever Trader opened some bags. Out fell red cloth and shining pans. He opened another bag. Bright beads poured out on the ground.

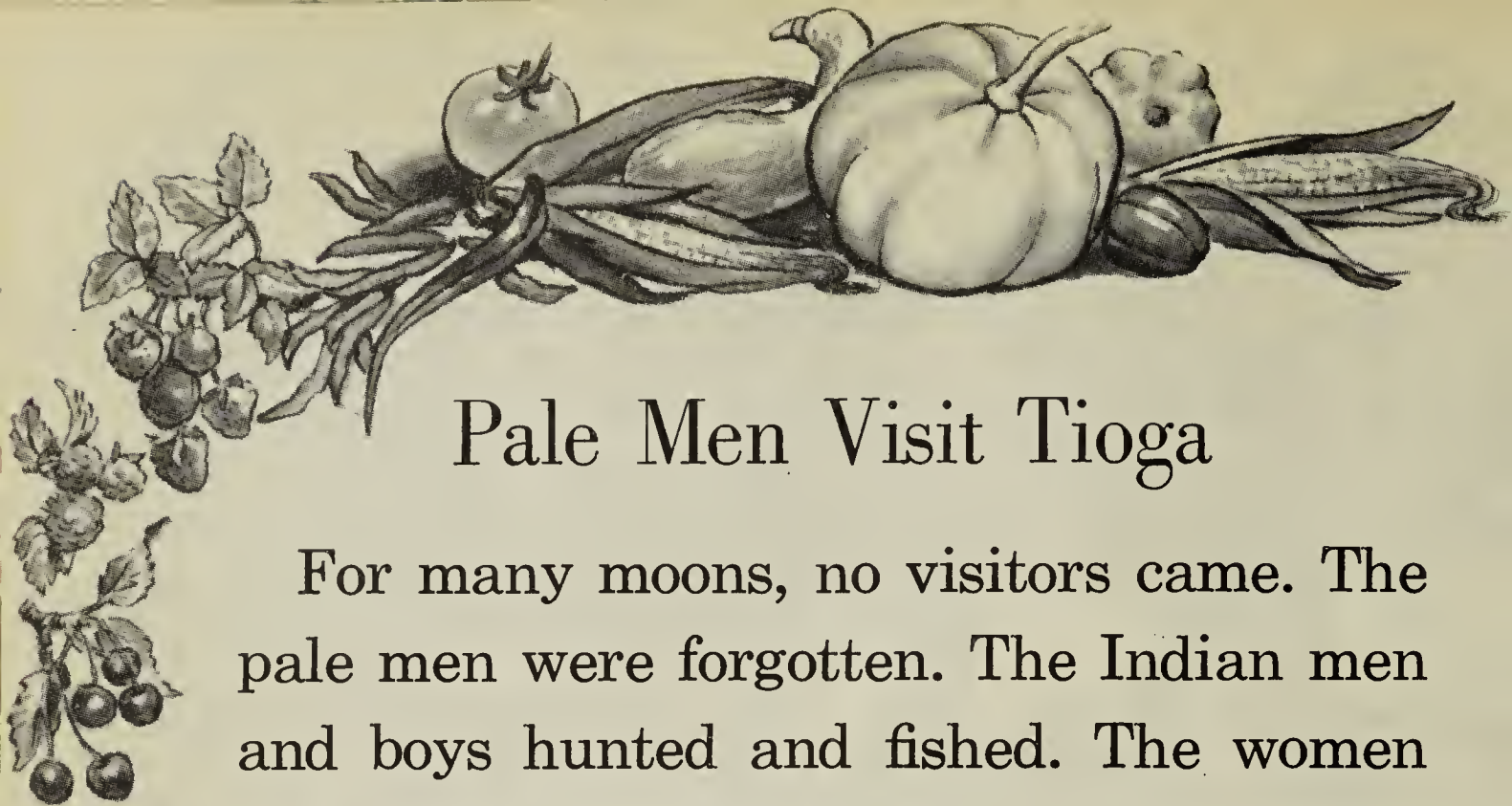
“Go on,” said the Sachem.

“That is all,” said Clever Trader. “I know no more. Now let us begin our trading.



In the time of snows, was hunting good?
Do you have many furs for me?"

The women and children went back to the garden. The men and boys talked and traded. They talked about the pale men. They traded many furs for shining pans, red cloth, and wampum. Clever Trader was fair and wise. He would come to Tioga again. All the village people would be glad to see him.



Pale Men Visit Tioga

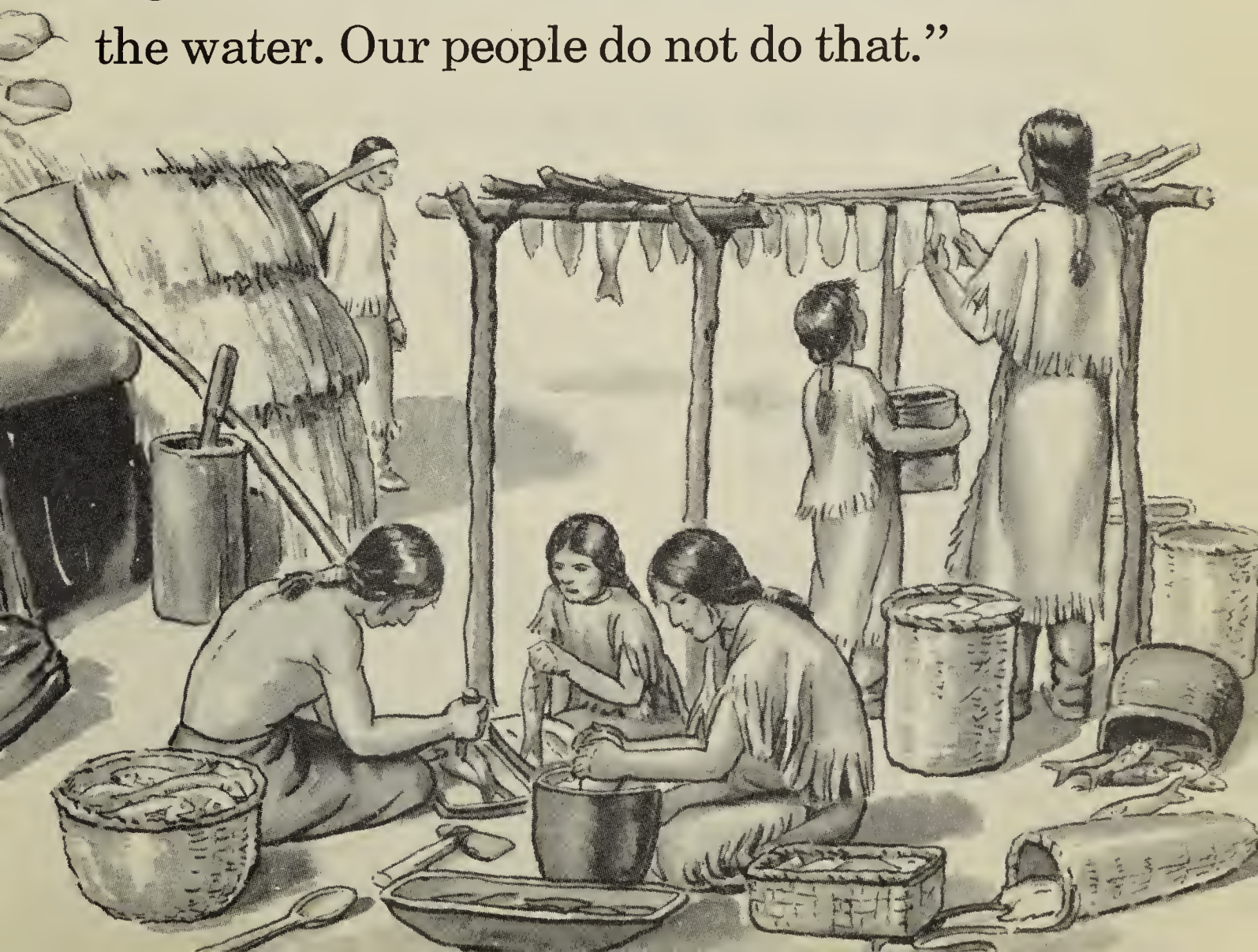
For many moons, no visitors came. The pale men were forgotten. The Indian men and boys hunted and fished. The women and girls worked in the gardens. They raised corn, squash, pumpkins, beans, and many other vegetables. They raised some tobacco, too. They picked berries in the woods. Wild strawberries, raspberries, cherries, and other fruits made summer meals good. The food that was not eaten was dried for winter.

Light Foot, Woods Boy, and other Indian boys fished many days. The women and girls cleaned the fish. Then they hung them on racks to dry. They filled one basket after another with dried fish. They set them all away.

One day, Light Foot and Woods Boy were on the island. Their baskets were full of fish. They were ready to start home. Woods Boy's sharp eyes again saw something down the river.

"It is a canoe," he said. "Two men are in it. They are paddling their canoe to the shore."

"The men do not paddle as we do," said Light Foot. "They lift the paddles out of the water. Our people do not do that."



“Strange things are on their heads. Perhaps these men are pale men,” said Woods Boy. This thought made the boys afraid.

“They are not our men,” said Light Foot. “They are not from the Indian tribes who visit us. We must tell our people that strangers are near.”

The boys watched the strange men pull their boat onto the shore. They watched them hide their boat and lie down to rest. Then the boys hurried up the river.

They quickly hid their canoe. “We can go faster without our baskets,” said Woods Boy. “Let us leave them. We can come back for them.”

They put the fish baskets high in a tree.





There animals could not reach them. Then they ran to the village.

Their fathers were sitting on the ground smoking. Fast Runner's pipe was clay. It was a figure of a bird. Bear Hunter's pipe was stone. It was a figure of a bear sitting on a log.

"Father," said Light Foot, "we saw a canoe coming up the river. Strangers were in the canoe. Now they are sleeping on the river bank."

"How do you know they are strangers?" asked Fast Runner.



“They do not paddle as we do. They wear strange-looking things on their heads,” answered Light Foot.

“Keep watch. Bring us word if they come near,” said his father.

The boys ran back to the river. The men went to the Sachem. When they told him the news, he said, “We will meet and talk about this. We will not beat the drums to call the braves. Instead, Fleet Foot will run and tell everyone to come to the long house.”

Fleet Foot was the swiftest runner in the tribe. He ran from one wigwam to another as swiftly as a bird flies. Soon all the village knew that strangers were coming. Everyone in the village came to the long house.

“Strangers are coming here,” said the Sachem to his people.



“Our boys have never before seen men like them. They may be pale men. We do not know. Let us make a feast to welcome them. Do not go far from the village. The boys will tell us when they are near.”

Everyone helped to prepare the feast. Women strapped their little papooses in their cribs. They hung the cribs on low trees. Girls took care of the young children. The women got ready to cook the food.

Holes were scraped in the earth. The women built fires in the holes. They put wooden racks over the fires. They filled wooden kettles with water. They put them high over the fires. Some kettles had fresh bear, deer, or moose meat. Other kettles were filled with wild duck, turkey, goose, or dried salmon and shad. Succotash, beans, squash, chestnuts, and acorns were also cooked over the fires.

Corn meal mixed with dried strawberries was made into cakes. The cakes wrapped in leaves were baked in hot ashes. Everywhere was the smell of good food.

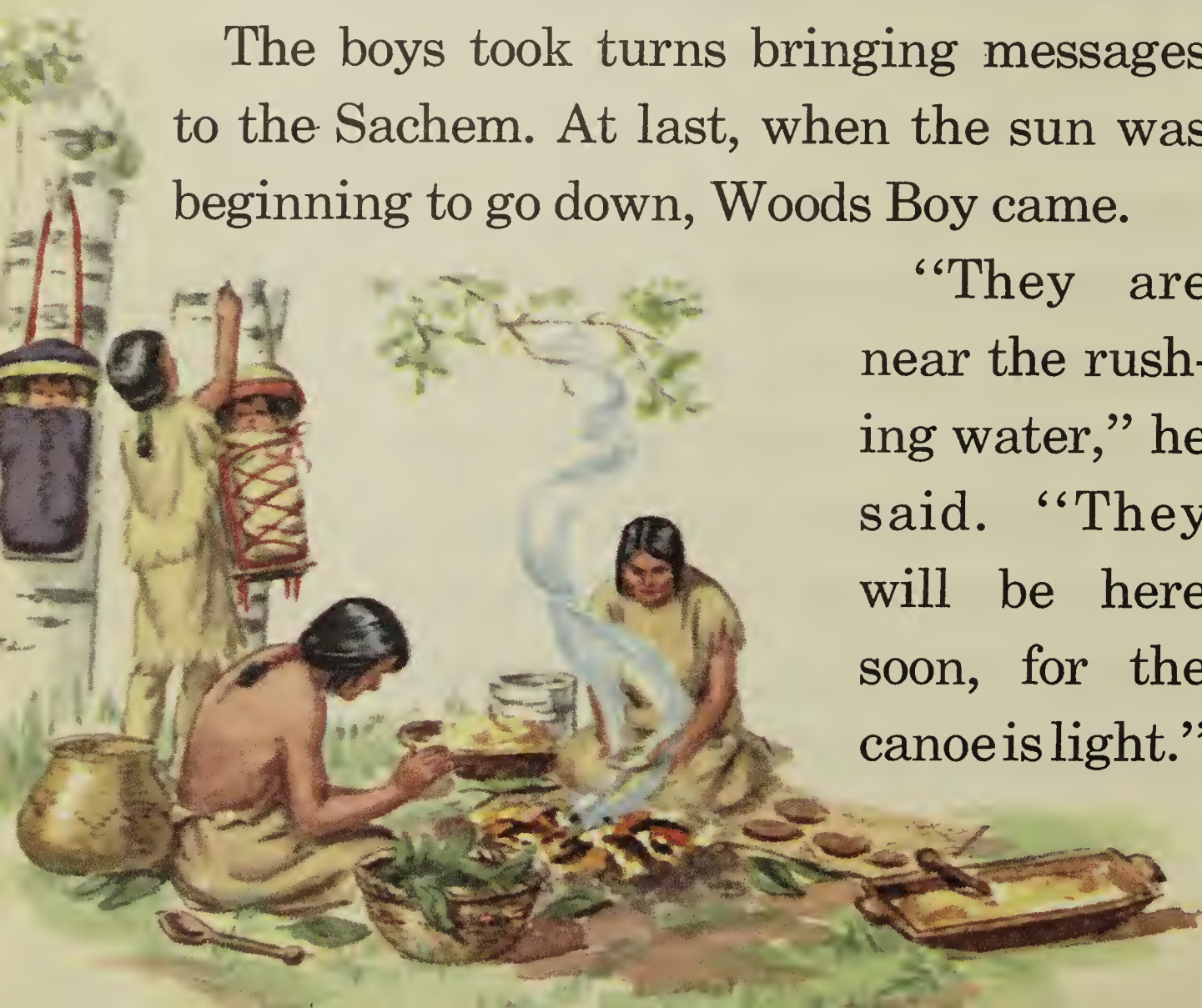
When the sun was high in the sky, Light Foot came out of the woods.

“We can see the canoe,” he said. “Pale men are in it.”

“Tell us when they are near the rushing water,” said the Sachem.

The boys took turns bringing messages to the Sachem. At last, when the sun was beginning to go down, Woods Boy came.

“They are near the rushing water,” he said. “They will be here soon, for the canoe is light.”





It was almost dark when the pale men landed. What a surprise they had! There stood the Sachem in a snow-white deerskin robe. Bright-colored borders were painted on the edges. The robe had no sleeves. It went under his right arm and over his left shoulder. It hung loosely to his knees. He wore bright beads. On his head was a crown of eagle feathers.

The Sachem's helpers stood around him.

The helpers wore deerskin robes, too. Long hair stood up along the middle of their heads. Some men had on their heads a strip of long deer fur. This fur was dyed a bright color. They also wore eagle feathers. Their skin was reddish-brown. There was no hair on their faces.

The Sachem looked at the pale men. The boys were right. These men wore strange things on their heads. They took them off and held them in their hands. The pale men's hair was brown and short. It had been neatly cut. The pale men had beards on their faces. Their bodies were covered with clothing. No skin could be seen except on their faces and hands, and this was white!

The strangers stepped on shore. One stranger gave a box to the Sachem. The Sachem showed no fear. He opened the box.



He found many colored beads. He thought the beads were beautiful.

The pale men went to the village with the Indians. The Indians sat and smoked. They gave their pipes to the white men. This showed that they were friendly. The white men took the pipes and smoked, too.

The Sachem led the visitors to the feast. Rich food was spread before them. All the people—men, women, and children—were there to see the strange men. The pale men sat beside the Sachem, and the feast began. It lasted far into the night.



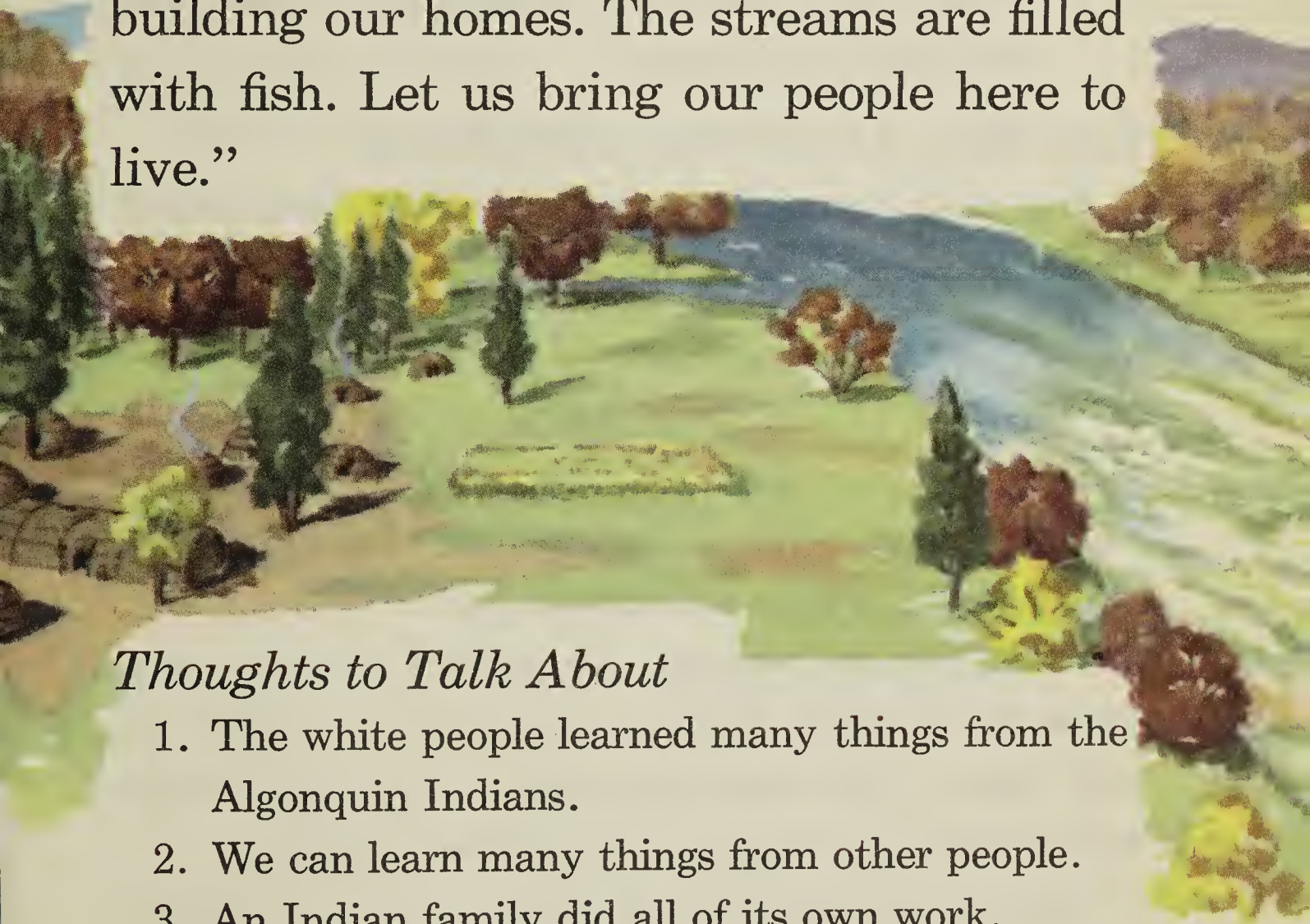
The Pale Men Leave the Village

All summer the strangers stayed with the Indians. They learned how to talk with the Indians. They learned how the Indians planted their crops. They watched the Indians put fish into the ground with the seeds. They learned about many plants.

The strangers hunted and fished with the Indians. They watched the wild animals and birds. They watched the fish in the streams. They learned how food was put away for the winter.

When the leaves fell and the winds grew cold, the pale men went away. They took gifts of many foods and skins. The pale men and the Indians were friends.

“This would be a good place to live,” the pale men said. “The soil is rich. From the forests we could get wood for fuel and for building our homes. The streams are filled with fish. Let us bring our people here to live.”

A colorful illustration of a landscape. In the foreground, there's a green field with several trees, some with autumn-colored leaves (yellow, orange, red) and some evergreens. A small stream or river flows through the middle ground, surrounded by more trees and hills in the background. The sky is a pale blue.

Thoughts to Talk About

1. The white people learned many things from the Algonquin Indians.
2. We can learn many things from other people.
3. An Indian family did all of its own work.

4. In this Indian community, there were ways to get homes, food, water, fuel, and clothing. This made it a good place in which to live.

Do You Know?

1. How did the Algonquin Indians make the things they needed—homes, clothing, beds, canoes, and dishes?
2. Why were these Indians called Woods Indians?
3. What was an Indian woman called? What was an Indian baby called?

Learning About Your Community

Was your community once an Indian community? If so, find out how the Indians got the things they needed.

Making a Class Dictionary

Cut wrapping paper into large sheets. Make one sheet for each letter in the alphabet. On each sheet write one letter with a black crayon.

When you are reading, list a word if you do not know its meaning. Discuss these words in class and add them to the class dictionary. You may wish to make pictures to help you remember meanings.

Make up games to use the words in your dictionary.

Things to Do

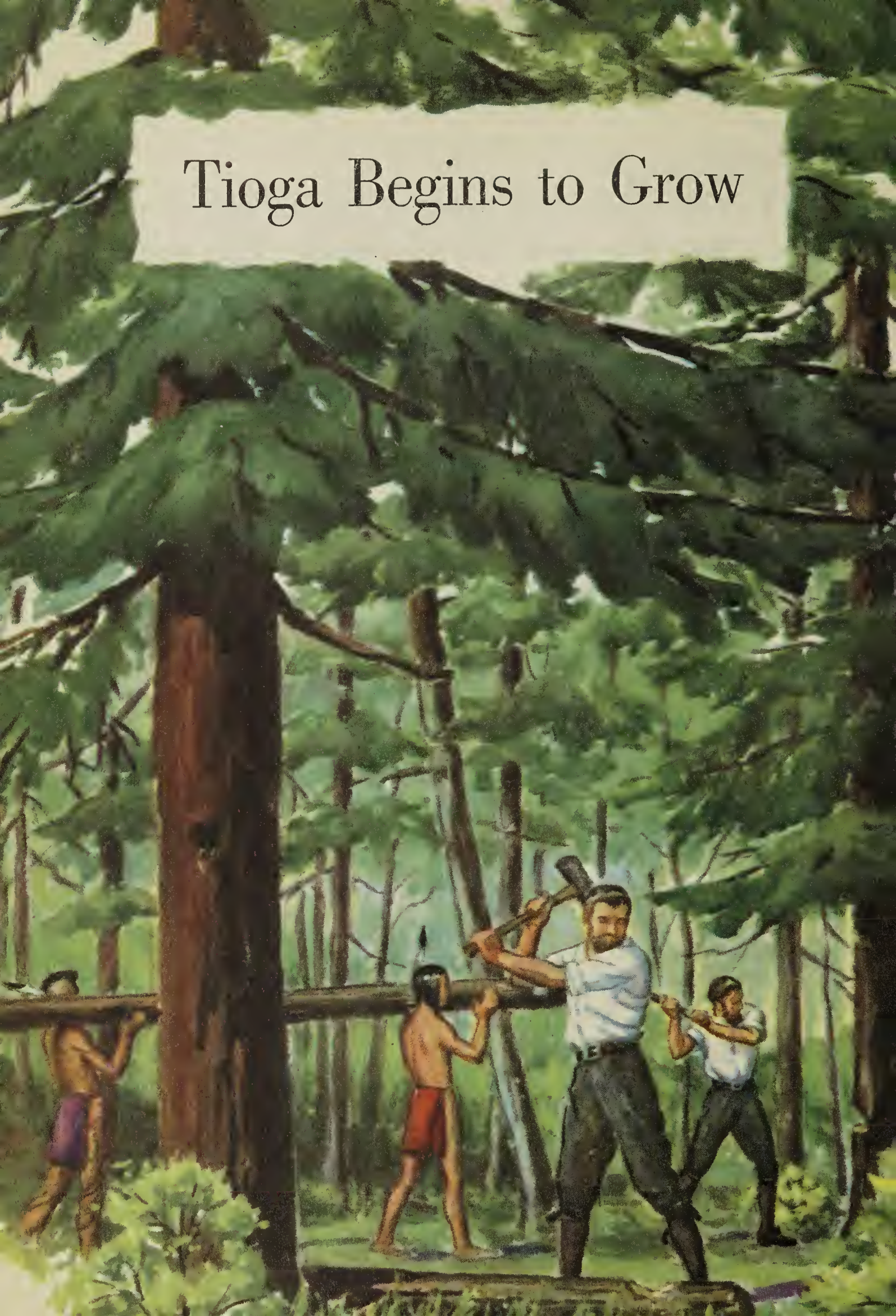
1. Plan a hike. How many of these things can you find in or near your community—hill, woods, river, river bank, island, ocean?
2. Make a play or a movie showing how the Woods Indians lived.
3. Make a poem about the Woods Indians.
4. If Indians once lived in your community, write a play about them.

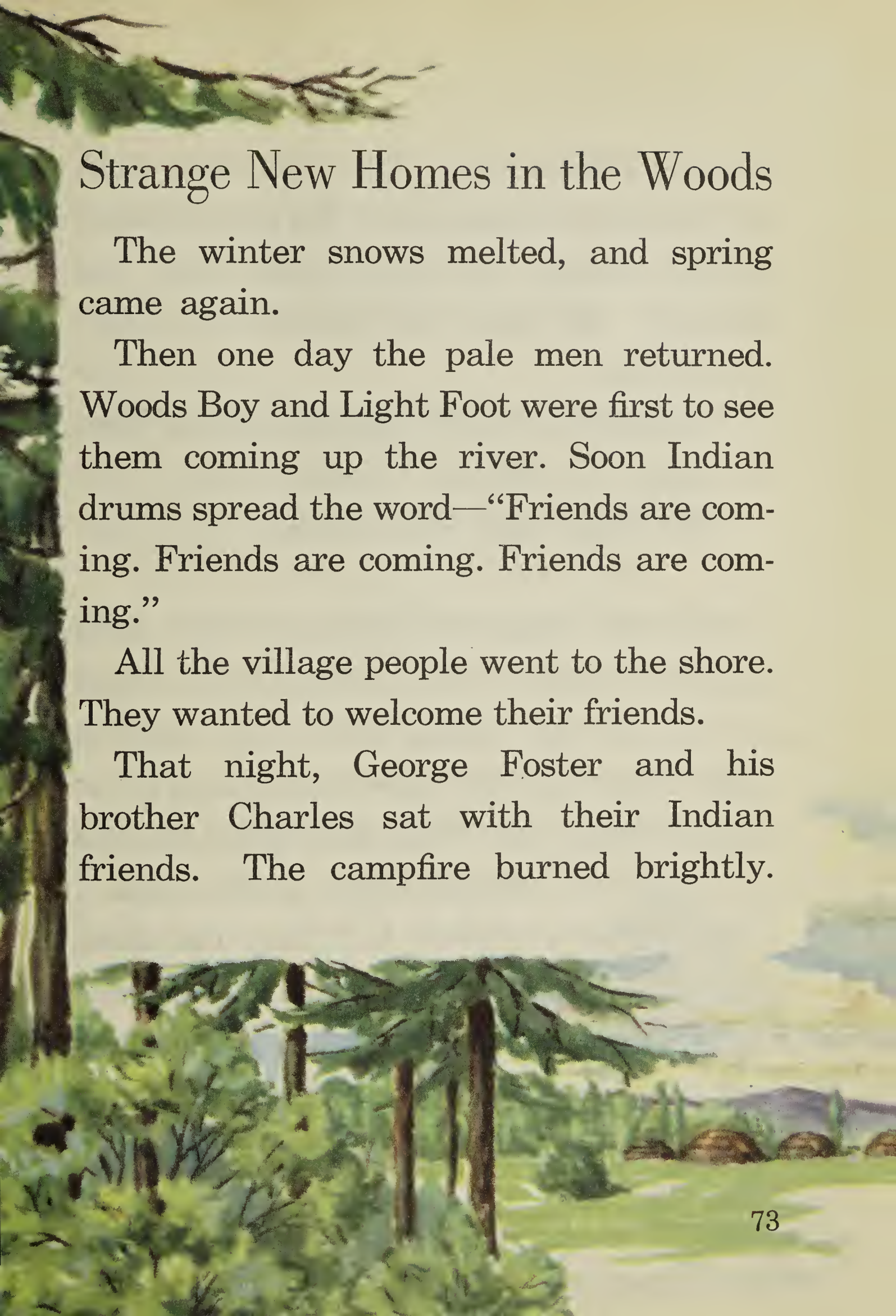
Fun with Words

Match each word with its meaning.

A	B
island	someone you do not know
Sachem	land with water all around it
papoose	an Indian woman
wigwam	an Indian chief
feast	Indian boat
stranger	something burned to make heat
swiftly	hide used for clothing
canoe	shells used as Indian money
squaw	an Indian baby
wampum	much food
deerskin	moving rapidly
fuel	home of a Woods Indian

Tioga Begins to Grow



A soft, painterly illustration of a forest scene. In the foreground, there are dense green bushes and the lower trunks of several tall, slender trees. The background shows a clearing with more trees and a hint of a distant shoreline under a pale, hazy sky. The overall tone is peaceful and naturalistic.

Strange New Homes in the Woods

The winter snows melted, and spring came again.

Then one day the pale men returned. Woods Boy and Light Foot were first to see them coming up the river. Soon Indian drums spread the word—"Friends are coming. Friends are coming. Friends are coming."

All the village people went to the shore. They wanted to welcome their friends.

That night, George Foster and his brother Charles sat with their Indian friends. The campfire burned brightly.

George Foster said, "We have come back to make our homes here." He showed their Indian friends the sharp axes they had brought. He gave the Sachem a heavy, sharp axe.

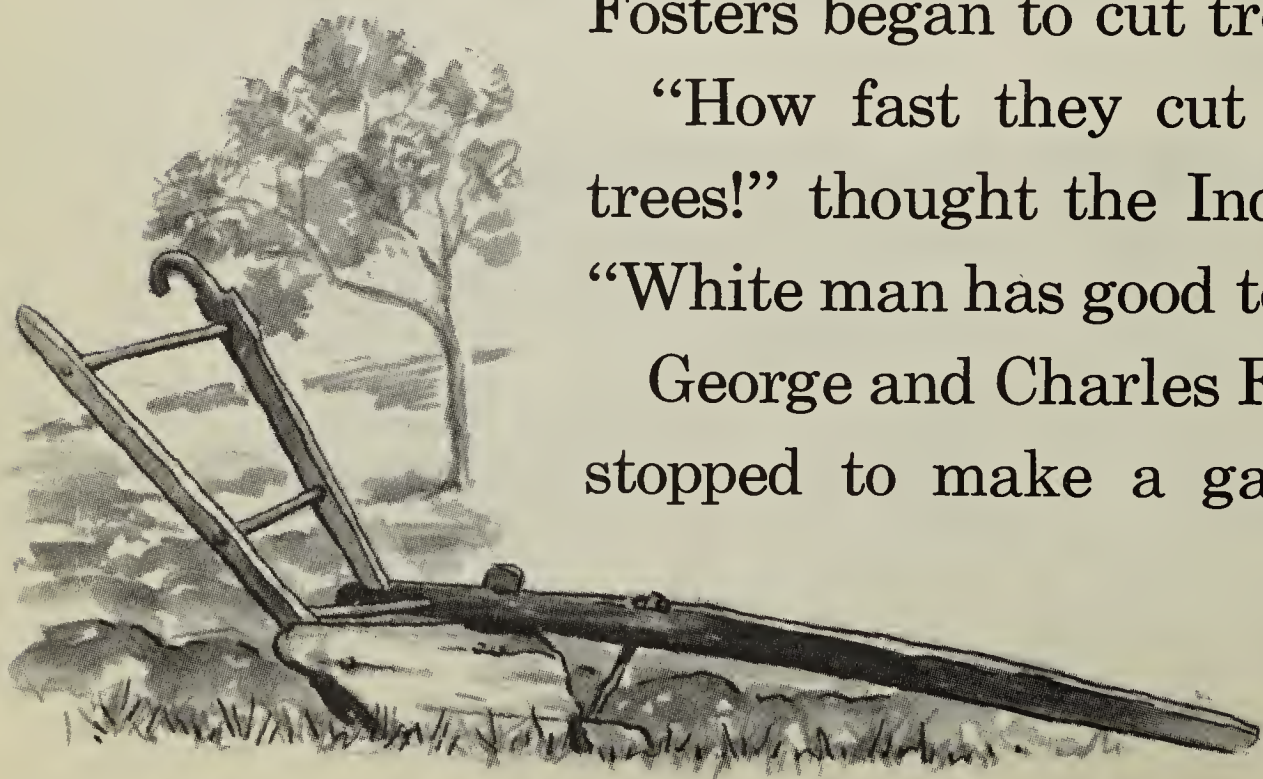
"Tomorrow we will begin to cut big trees to make our cabin," Charles said.

"We help," said the Indians.

The next day, the Fosters chose a good place to build a cabin. They chose a spot where, nearby, spring water ran out of a hill. "We will not have far to carry our water," they said. With their iron axes, the Fosters began to cut trees.

"How fast they cut their trees!" thought the Indians. "White man has good tools."

George and Charles Foster stopped to make a garden.



They made a wooden plow. They plowed the ground. Then they planted peas, beans, and corn. They hunted and fished for their own food. Sometimes they ate with the Indians.

One morning, the Fosters looked at the logs that they had cut. There were thick logs, thin logs, long logs, and short logs.

“There are enough for one cabin,” they said. “Let us notch the logs.” Near both ends of every log, they cut a U-shaped notch.

“Now we are ready to build our cabin,” they said. They laid four logs on the ground to mark the sides. They then piled the logs so that the notches fitted into each other. Mud was packed between the logs. The Indians watched them and helped all they could.

It took several weeks to build the sides of the cabin. The men built a big fireplace.



It was made of small logs. The inside of the fireplace was covered with mud. The mud would keep the logs from burning.

The workers made a frame for the roof. They covered it with bundles of long, coarse grass. They tied the grass in place with vines.

The Fosters cut one window and a doorway. A small door was made to close the window. A large door of split logs was made to close the doorway.



“Let us bring our families,” said George. “We can all live in this cabin while we build yours, Charles.”

Early one morning, the pale men got into their canoe. “We must go for our families. We will be back before the snow falls.”

“We will take care of your garden,” said the Algonquins. “Come back to Tioga.” They watched the pale men until they were out of sight.



Traveling to a New Home

Long before the snow fell, three canoes came up the river. George and Charles Foster were returning to Tioga.

George Foster and his wife Faith had three children. Tom was fourteen. Susan was eight. Baby Jonathan was six months old. Uncle Charles and Aunt Sarah had no children.

George and Faith Foster, Susan, and Jonathan were in one canoe. Uncle Charles and Aunt Sarah were in the second canoe. Tom was alone in the third canoe. His canoe was filled with many bundles. There were bundles of bedding, food, clothing, and seeds.

Susan lay in the bottom of the canoe. Her head rested on her mother's knee. She felt a tiny hand in her hair. "Don't pull my hair, Jonathan," she said. "You'll make me jump, and Father will scold." She laughed as she took her brother's hand out of her hair.

"It is hard to sit still so long, Susan," said her father, kindly. "Canoes upset easily. Soon you can run and play."

"I do not mind, Father," said Susan. "There is much to see. When I'm tired, I think of playing around our new home. Sometimes I make up songs."



Her mother smiled. “Do you have a song now, Susan?”

“Yes, Mother.” Susan sang:

“Smooth river,
Silver river,
Carry us to our new home.
Bright sun,
Golden sun,
Make our garden grow.”

“That is a nice song, Susan,” said her mother. “We will have a pretty home. You will help make it pretty.”

“We will have a big garden,” said Susan. “Tom and I will help plant the seeds.”

Susan touched a skin bag in the boat. “It is a good thing we put these seeds into a skin bag. The outside of the bag is damp, but the seeds in it are dry.”

“The salt is safe, too, in the tin box in Tom’s canoe,” said her mother.

Everyone had stopped talking. There was only the sound of paddles dipping and rising, dipping and rising. Suddenly Tom turned his head and watched the shore.

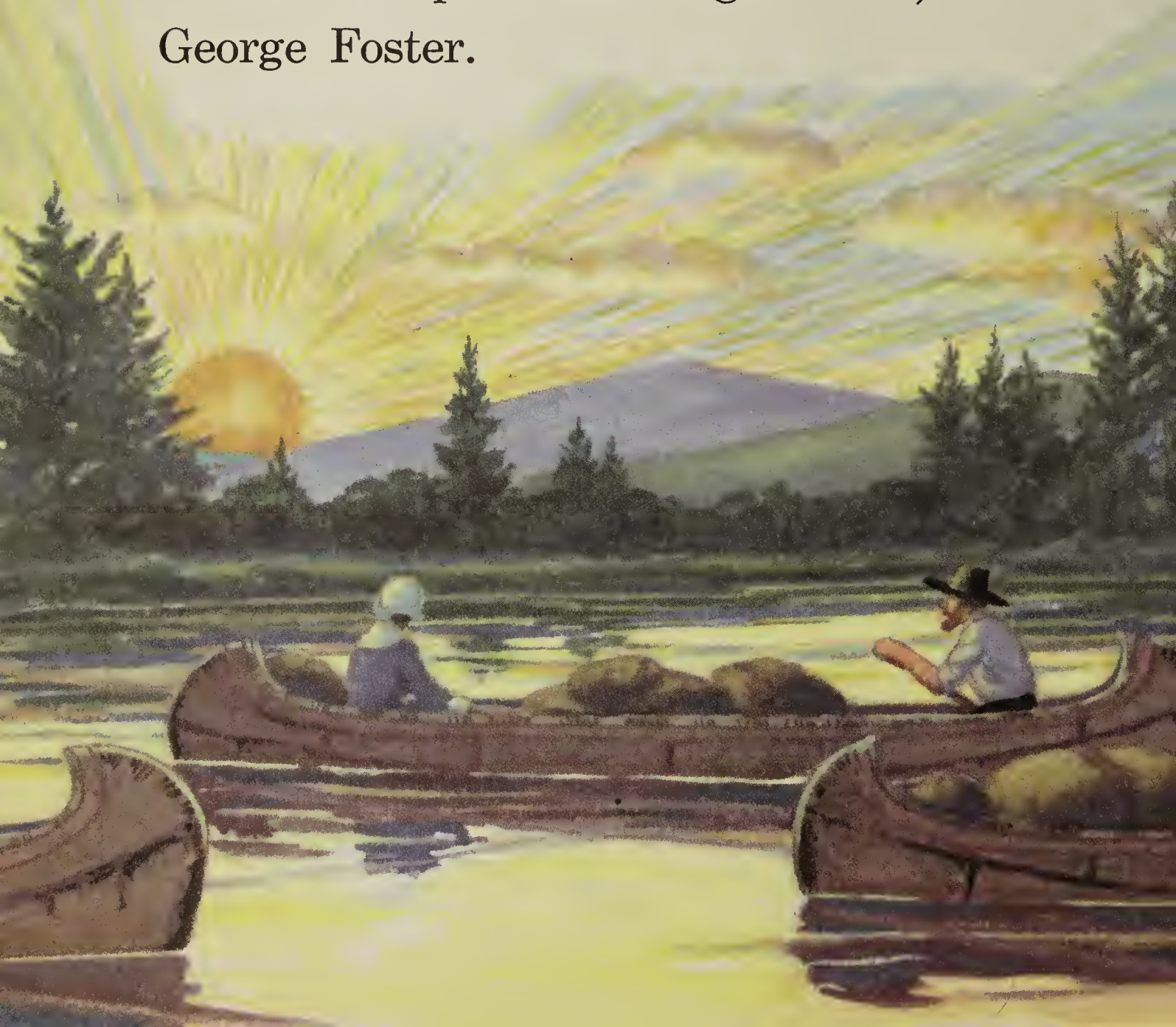
“What is it, Tom?” asked Uncle Charles.

“I thought I heard something,” answered Tom. “Maybe it’s Light Foot, the Indian boy you told us about.”

“I don’t know,” said Uncle Charles. “It may be Light Foot. Indian boys like to play along the river.”

Uncle Charles looked at the sky. “The sun is going down. It will soon be dark,” he said. “We will not want to travel after dark.”

“Let us spend the night here,” said George Foster.





The Camp on the River

They headed the canoes toward the sandy shore. When the bow of the first canoe ran up on the sand, George Foster got out. He took the baby. He helped Susan and her mother to get out. Then all the canoes were pulled up on the sand.

The men unloaded the canoes. Then they turned them over their bundles. This kept the canoes and the bundles dry.



“I have found a good place to make a fire,” said Tom, coming down the shore. “It is like a cave. It is under a big rock.”

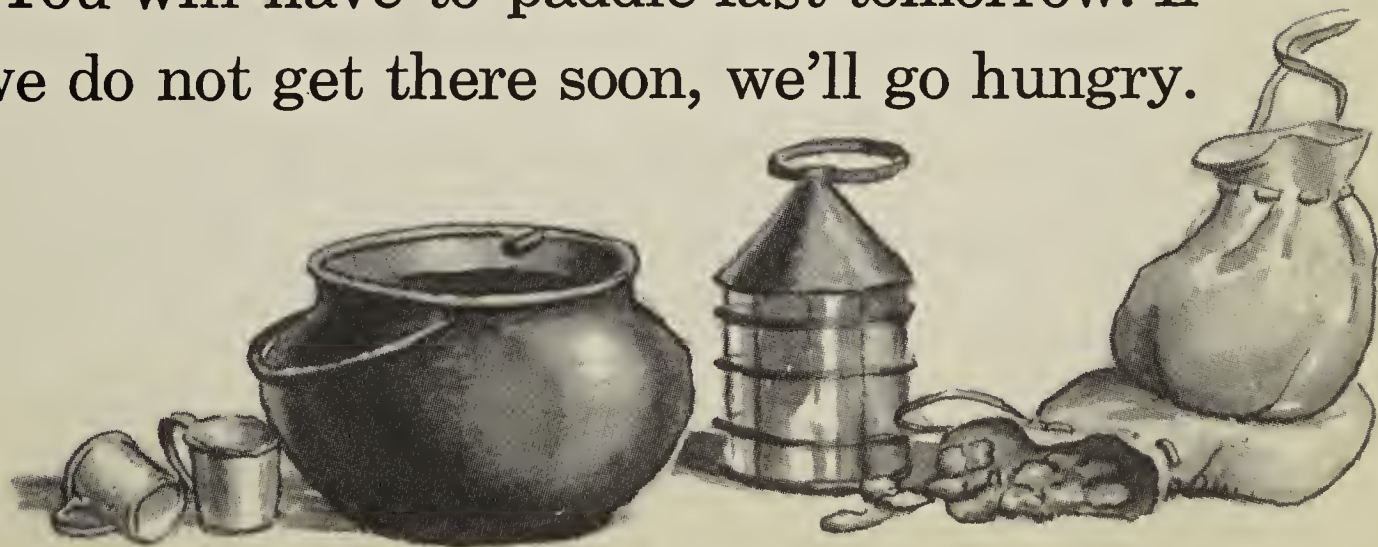
“Good,” said his father. “We are tired. A cup of tea and some food will make us feel better.”

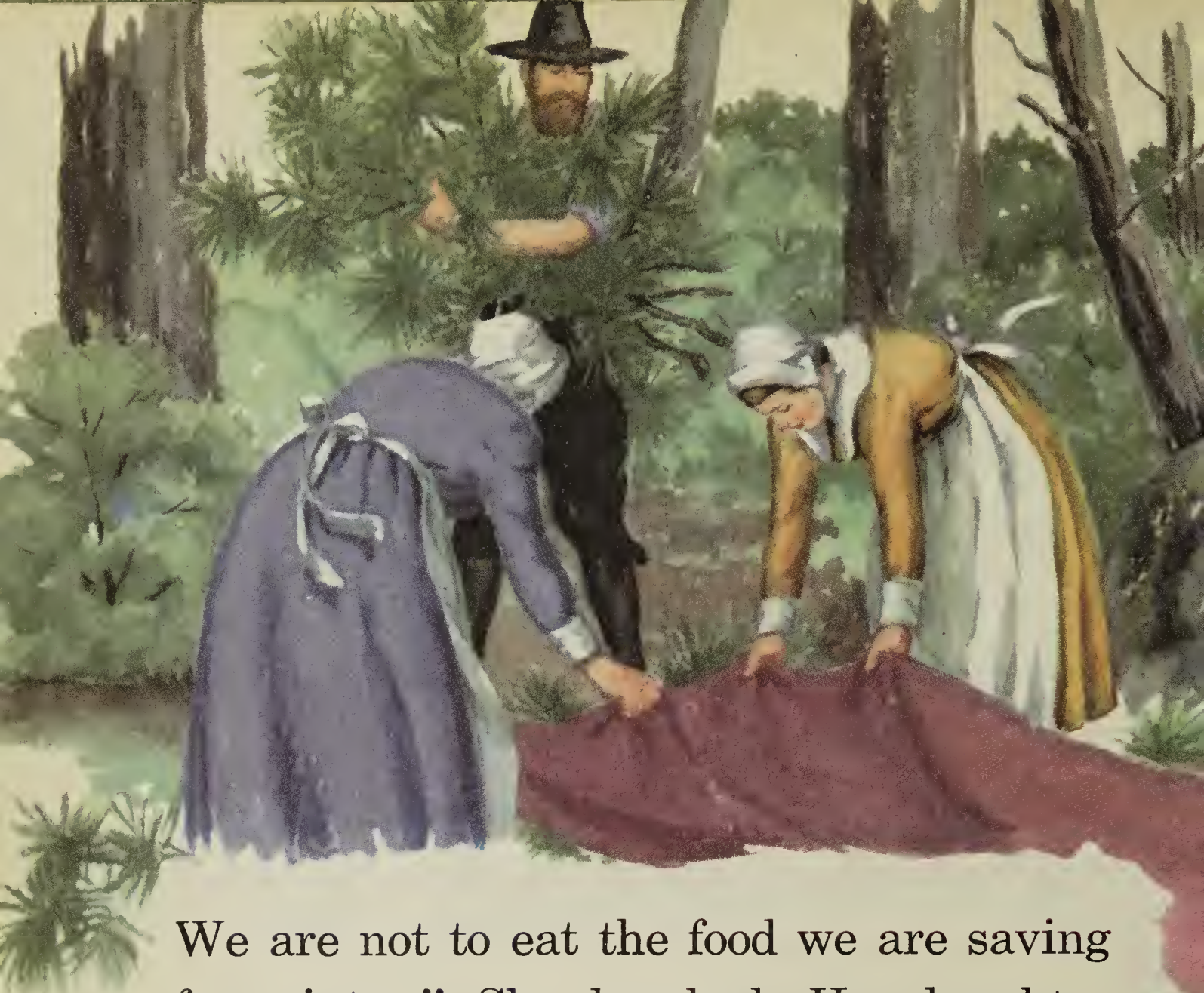
Tom brought twigs and dry leaves. Uncle Charles made two small rock piles. He put the twigs and dried leaves between them.

He took two pieces of flint. He struck them together. Sparks flew.

Tom held the leaves close together. The dry leaves caught the sparks. A little flame started. Tom blew softly. The flame spread to the other leaves. Then he put small twigs on the fire. When these were burning, he put on larger pieces of wood. Aunt Sarah brought a bright copper kettle to the fire. She had filled it with water from the river. She set the kettle across the rocks. She took some pewter cups from a box. From skin bags, she took tea, corn bread, dried meat, and dried apples.

“These bags have just enough food for one more day,” Sarah called to Charles. “You will have to paddle fast tomorrow. If we do not get there soon, we’ll go hungry.





We are not to eat the food we are saving for winter.” She laughed. Her laughter always made them feel gay.

They ate a good supper. The men cut pine branches. Then they piled them on the ground for beds. The women spread blankets over the branches.

“Those pine branches will make good beds,” said Uncle Charles. “You will sleep well. We men will take turns watching.

The bright fire will frighten all the wild animals away."

"I'll help guard, too, Uncle Charles," said Tom.

"You may take the first watch," said his father. "Then you may sleep, too."

Soon the moon looked down on the sleepers and the watcher. All the forest was still.



The next morning, when the sun shone through the trees, the sleepers awoke. As they ate breakfast, Faith Foster asked, "Are we near the village, George?"

"It is not far, Faith. But it will take many hours to reach the Indian village. There are rapids ahead. When we get there, we will have to walk. We will have to carry the canoes."

"Faith and I will take turns carrying Jonathan," said Aunt Sarah. "We will help carry bundles, too."

"Tom and I will carry the seeds and some other things," said Susan.





The Fosters Come to the Village

The trip around the rapids was over. The three canoes moved up the river. At last, the travelers could see the round wigwams. Smoke, like soft gray feathers, curled from their tops.

“Where is our cabin, Father?” asked Susan.

“It is back among the trees,” said her father.

The canoes turned toward the shore. Over the clear water came the sound of a drum.

“It is the Indian song of welcome,” said Mr. Foster.

“Some Indian boy must have seen us,” called Uncle Charles. “They know we are coming.”

Sure enough, their Indian friends were waiting. They waved to the white people. They waded out and pulled the canoes to shore. The Indian men helped the white men unload the canoes. They turned the canoes over to keep them dry inside. Then they all carried the bundles to the cabin.

The Indians were not sure the pale squaws would like the cabin. They went with the new families to see it. When Faith Foster and Aunt Sarah smiled, the Indians felt better.

“Pale squaws like this strange house,” the Indians said to each other.

The Indian women brought wood for the fireplace and some green pine branches.





A squaw said, "These will make soft beds."

"Come," said the Sachem to the Indians, "we will make a feast." They left the white people in their new cabin.

As soon as the Indians had gone, Faith Foster looked around. "I like our cabin, George," she said. "It will make a good home."

“We will build one just like it, Sarah,” said Charles. “George and I will begin to cut trees soon.”

Blanket rolls, bags of clothing, spices, tea, salt, and flour were heaped outside the door. Tom and his father carried these inside. Then George and Charles Foster went out. They soon returned with ears of corn and handfuls of beans.

“These are from our garden,” said George.

“A garden!” said Faith Foster. “That *is* a fine surprise. The vegetables will help us through the winter.”

“Our Indian friends cared for the garden while we were gone,” George said.

The Fosters were making plans for the next day’s work when a drumbeat sounded. The feast was ready! Good food, music, and happy fun lasted until past bedtime.



Living in the New Home

The next day the men cut logs for stools. They split a big log into halves. Then they put legs into one piece. This made a table. They hollowed out a piece of birch log. They notched handles in it to make it easy to carry. This made a water pail.



Day after day the small cabin grew more like home.

Big stones in the fireplace held the copper kettles. Pewter plates and cups stood on a shelf over the fireplace.

Soon the men built wooden beds. Now the families would not have to sleep on the cold bare floor. They made a small bed.



It was for Jonathan. The bed was not much longer than he was. It was called a *trundle bed*. During the day, the trundle bed was pushed under a big bed.

Wooden pegs were driven into the walls. These held coats, caps, leggings, guns, powder horns, and skin bags of seeds and food.

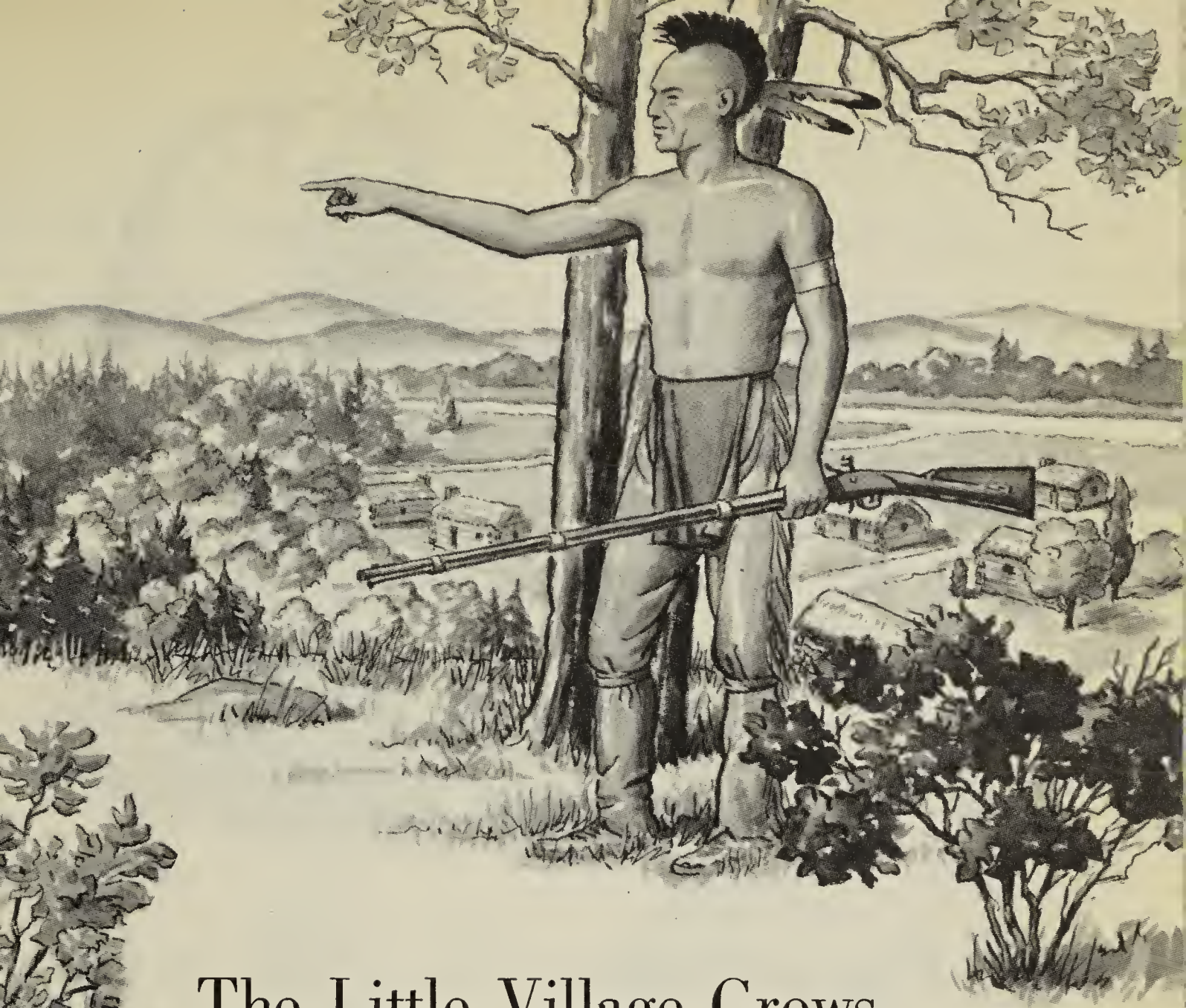
Before long, the men were busy cutting logs for Charles Foster's cabin. Their Indian friends helped. "We like wigwams," they said.

As the months went by, clothing wore out, and cloth was hard to get. The Indian women helped their new friends make deer and bear skin coats and rugs. They made caps and leggings, too.

One night Faith said to her husband, "Our salt, tea, and spices are about used up."

"We will have to get along until next spring," said George Foster. "Then Charles and I will go down the river to Sea Town. We will get the things we need."

"Our friends in Sea Town will be glad to have news about us," said Aunt Sarah. "Perhaps some of them will come here to live."



The Little Village Grows

In the years that followed, the friendly Algonquins traded their land to the pale men. They traded for sharp axes, bright kettles, woven cloth, and strings of many-colored beads. The Indians pointed to the south. "We go there," they said. "Good land for corn. Many fish."



Many people had come to live in the little village. In a town meeting, they voted to keep the Indian name Tioga—Rushing Water—for their village. “Always rushing water—always Tioga,” they said.

Many trips were made down the river to Sea Town. Sometimes the men went for supplies their families needed. They always brought back spices, tea, and much salt.

Some brought spinning wheels so the women could make yarn and thread.

Once in a while, a man brought back a surprise. Perhaps it was a chair which had come from England to Sea Town. Perhaps he brought a piece of bright silk for his wife. Sometimes, the surprise was a few sweets for the children.



Charles and George Foster were the first men to bring a horse to Tioga. They went to Sea Town in their canoe. But Charles rode home on the horse over the Indian path by the river. The horse could help plow and drag logs.

Later, many animals were brought over the Indian path. Men drove sheep to the village. Then they had wool for cloth. They drove cows home so their children could have milk, butter, and cheese.

On almost every trip from Sea Town, some person came to visit the settlement. Many of the visitors returned to make their homes in Tioga. Many cabins were being built. By the time Jonathan Foster was a man, forty families lived there.

“This is a good place to live,” everyone said. “Neighbors help each other. Together, we can get the things we need.”



Back to the Library

“Those stories are good,” said Pat. “Let’s take this book back and get another one.”

“Let’s go on roller skates,” said Betsy.

Br—rr—rr—clap—br—rr—went the skates. Miss Morris heard them coming.

The children sat down on the steps outside the library. “We made a record,” said Harry. “We got here in twelve minutes.



It took a half hour to come when we walked.”

They took off their skates and went in quietly. “Miss Morris,” said Cal, “we liked those stories. Do you have any stories that tell what happened next?”

“Yes,” said Miss Morris. “This book will help you.”

“Thank you,” said Pat.

The children left the library. They put on their roller skates. They dashed to the big oak tree.

“It is my turn to read,” said Pat. “The name of this book is *Tioga Grows and Grows*.”

“That is just what we want to know,” said Cal. “Let’s read the stories.”



Thoughts to Talk About

1. The Foster families were brave pioneers.
2. Everyone in the Foster families helped to make a good home.
3. The early settlers' families made almost everything they needed.
4. Families today do not make all the things they need.

Learning About Your Community

1. Who were the first white settlers?
2. Why did they come?
3. How did they come?
4. What were their first homes like?
5. How did they get food, water, and clothing?
6. How did they get other things they needed?

Fun with Words

community	skins	fireplace
table	shelf	pegs
rugs	clothing	stool

1. Make a picture of the inside of George Foster's cabin. Show five things from the list above.
2. Make pictures of things in the list above that the Fosters made from the skins of animals.

Things to Do

1. Make a play that tells how the first settlers came to your community.
2. Build a model of a small log cabin.
3. Make a model of the room in the cabin.
4. Hang some of the pages of your class dictionary around the room. Hang the pages so that each page (except the first one) covers the meanings on another page.

Choose teams. A player on the first team gives the meaning of a word. A player on the second team looks for the word on the dictionary pages. He tells the word for which the meaning was given. Keep score and continue playing until each has had a turn. Then a player on the second team gives the meaning of a word and a player on the first team tells the word. When each has had a turn, the team with the highest score wins the game.



Tioga Grows and Grows





The Miller Grinds Corn

One day the Rogers family went to visit the Evans family. Mrs. Evans had some corn in a stone bowl. She was grinding the corn with a round, smooth stone. "It takes me hours and hours to make enough meal for a week's bread," said Mrs. Rogers.

"I would gladly weave woolen cloth for anyone who would grind my corn for me.



I like to weave,” said Mrs. Evans. “I do not like to grind corn. All the women wish someone would build a mill where we could have our corn ground.”

“That’s a good offer!” said Mr. Rogers. “Mrs. Evans, you weave good cloth. Your children always have beautiful coats. I wish I had a gristmill to grind corn for everyone in Tioga.” He looked at his two sons.

“Maybe you could build a gristmill like the one in Sea Town, Father,” said Daniel.

Next day Mr. Rogers and his sons went to Mr. Bender. "Mr. Bender," they said, "you have charge of the land in our community that has not been given to anyone. My sons and I want some land beside the river. We want it right at the beginning of the rapids."

"Why do you want the land?" asked Mr. Bender.

"The women of our town need a grist-mill," said Mr. Rogers. "We have talked with many people. They would like to have their grain ground in a mill. My sons and I would like to build a mill."

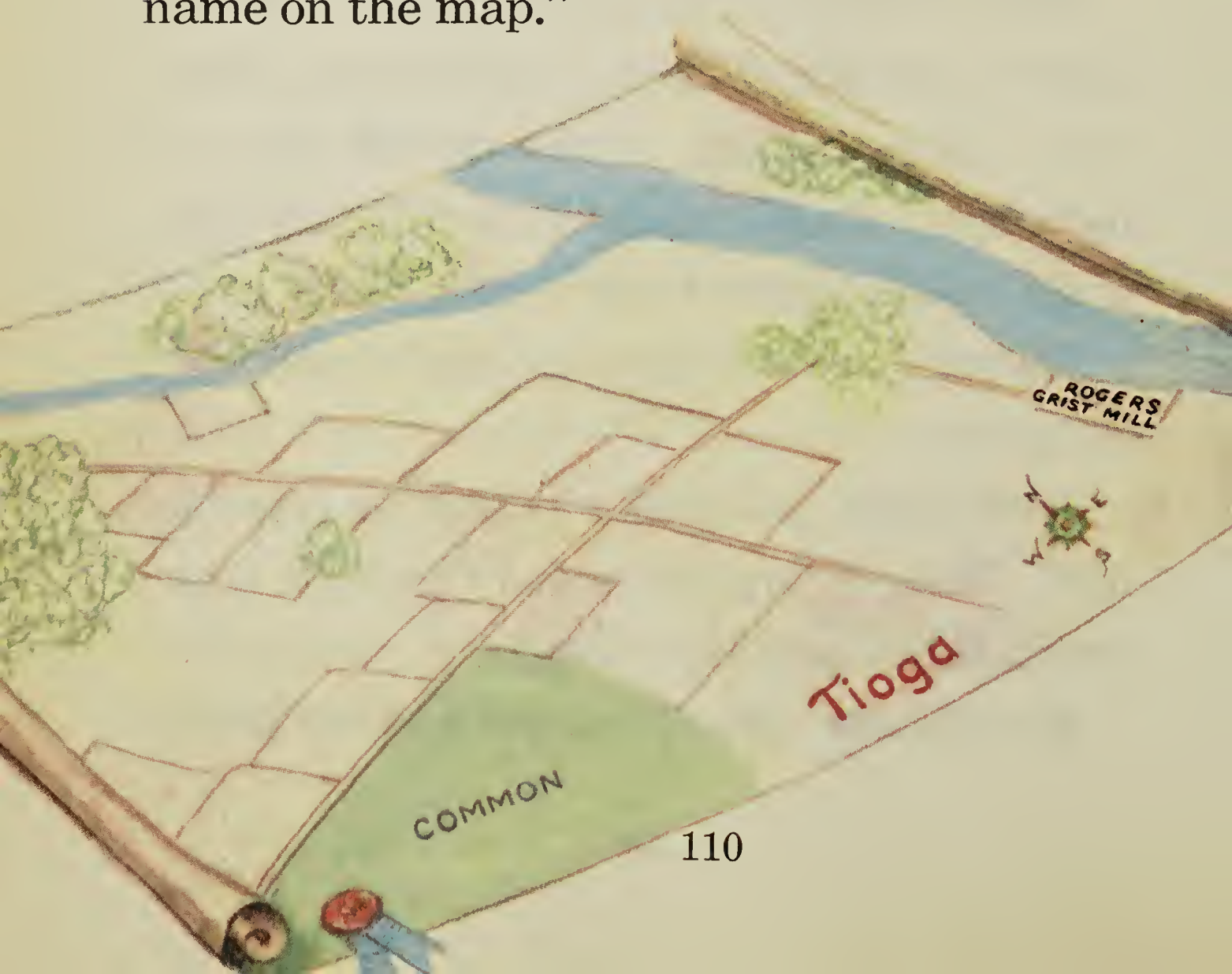
"A mill would help us all," said Mr. Bender.

"We could use water power to run the mill. That is why we want the land near the rapids," said Dave Rogers.

Mr. Bender spread out the map of Tioga.

“No one owns that land,” he said. “Mr. Camp and Mr. Brent are on the land committee with me. I’ll talk to them and let you know.”

In a day or two, Mr. Bender came to see Mr. Rogers. “You may have the land,” he said. “You will need a strip of land to make a road to the mill, too. Then carts can drive to the mill. We have put your name on the map.”



Mr. Rogers and his sons cut the road to the river. Oxen dragged logs to the river. With logs and stones and dirt, neighbors helped to build the dam across the river. It held back the water. One part of the dam could be opened to let the water out. This part was called a *floodgate*.

Mr. Rogers and his sons took a horse and wagon and went to Sea Town. In about a week, they came back. They brought many pieces of iron. A factory in Sea Town had made them for the mill.

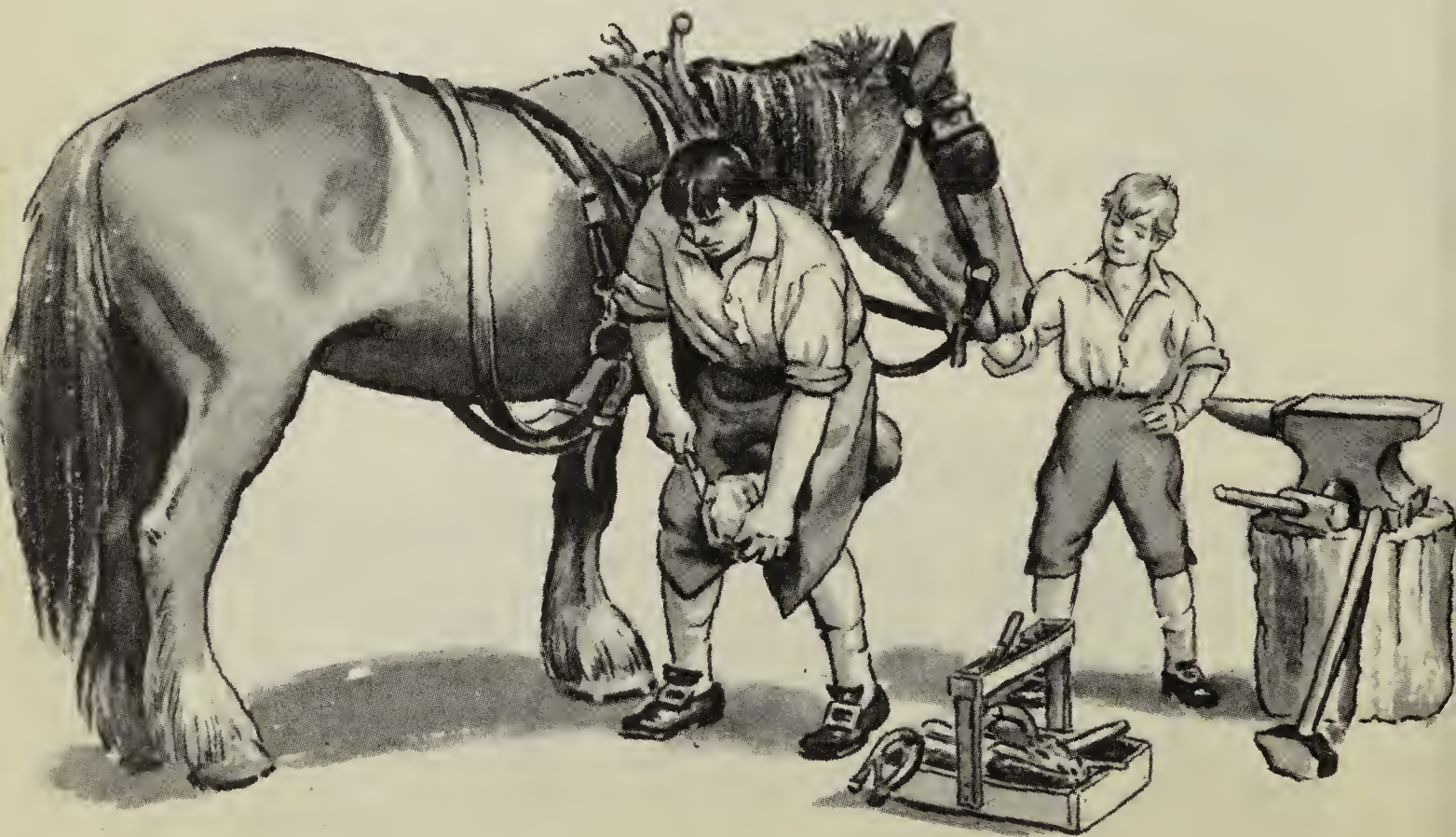
When the people heard what Mr. Rogers was doing, some of them were pleased.



“Don’t grind any more corn than you need, Martha,” said Judge Sawyer to his wife. “There will soon be a mill to grind it for you.”

“I’ll be glad,” said Bill Hopper. “I won’t have to help my wife grind corn any more. I don’t like to grind corn. I do like to shoe horses. Maybe Mr. Rogers will grind our corn and let me shoe his horses.”

Some people were not pleased. “It will make people lazy,” said Mr. Turner. “Everyone ought to do his own work.”





But Mr. Rogers and his sons kept right on working. They made a big, wooden wheel. Iron parts were put into it to make it strong. They built a small building beside the dam. The big wheel was put at the gate of the dam. When the gate was opened, the water struck the wheel and turned it. A wooden rod went from the wheel to two big round stones in the mill.

When the water wheel turned, the top stone turned, too. It went round and round over the lower stone.

One day Mr. Rogers hung out a sign—

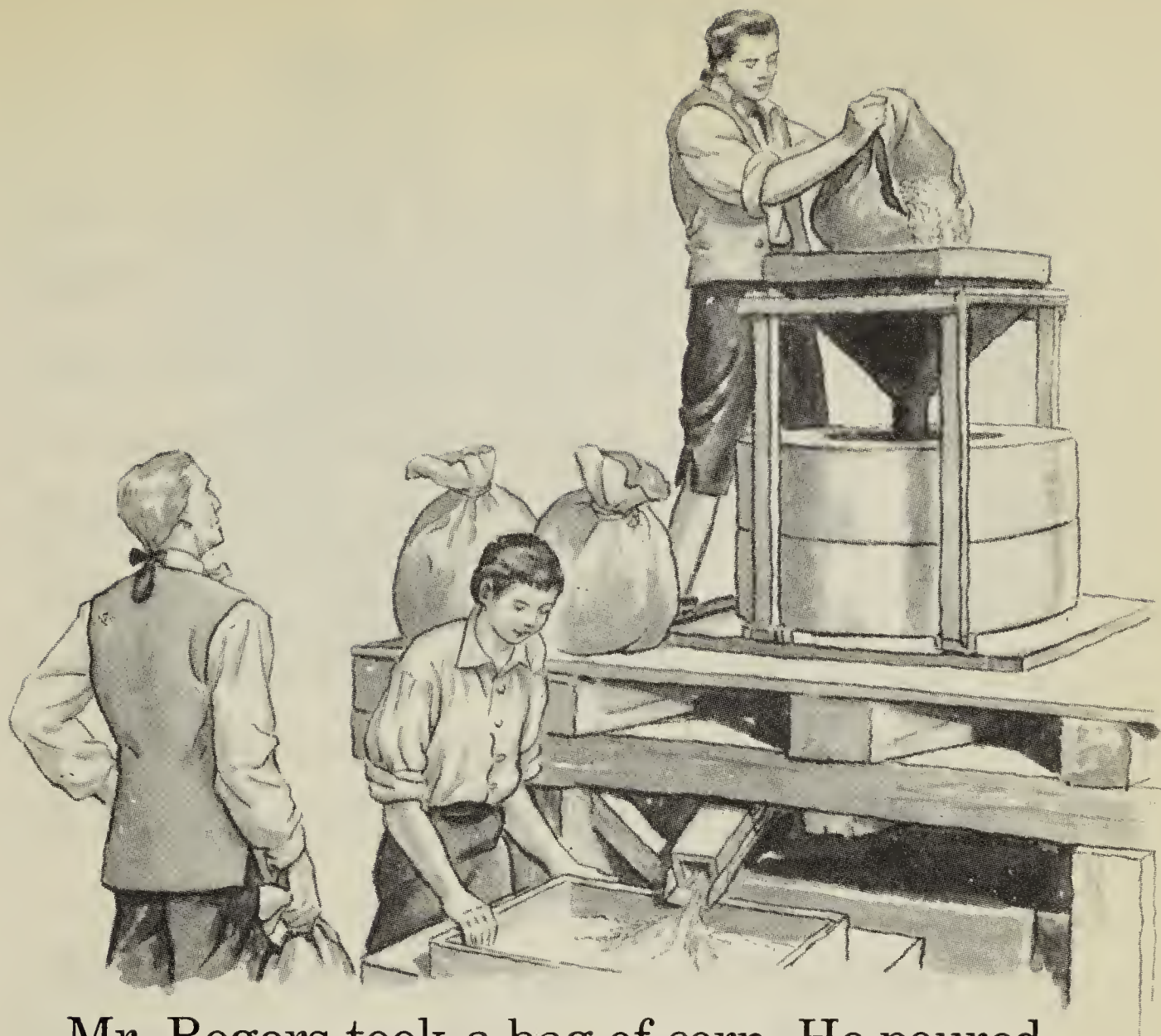
GRISTMILL OPEN THURSDAY

“I wonder who will come to our mill,” he said to his son Dave.

Bright and early on Thursday morning, Mr. Rogers heard a rumble of wheels and a clatter of horse hoofs. He came out and found that Mr. Bender was there.

“Am I too late to have some corn ground today?” Mr. Bender asked.

“Late? You are the first man to have corn ground in my mill,” said Mr. Rogers. “You are always an early bird.”



Mr. Rogers took a bag of corn. He poured it into a pan above the stones. The neck of the pan went through a hole in the top stone. The corn went through that hole onto the stone below. The bottom stone had small grooves in it. The corn fell into these grooves.

Mr. Rogers opened the floodgate. The water wheel turned and the rod turned.

The top stone went round and round over the corn. Corn meal poured slowly out of the tiny grooves. It fell into a big wooden tray.

Daniel Rogers scooped the corn meal up with a wooden scoop. He poured it through a wire screen. The fine meal ran through. He put other parts back to grind again. Mr. Rogers scooped the fine meal into bags.

Then Mr. Bender said, "How much do I owe you, Mr. Rogers?"

"You have ten bags of meal," said Mr. Rogers. "I'll keep one of them. Is that fair?"

"Yes," said Mr. Bender. "It saves me a lot of work and a lot of time. It's more corn meal than I need, anyway."

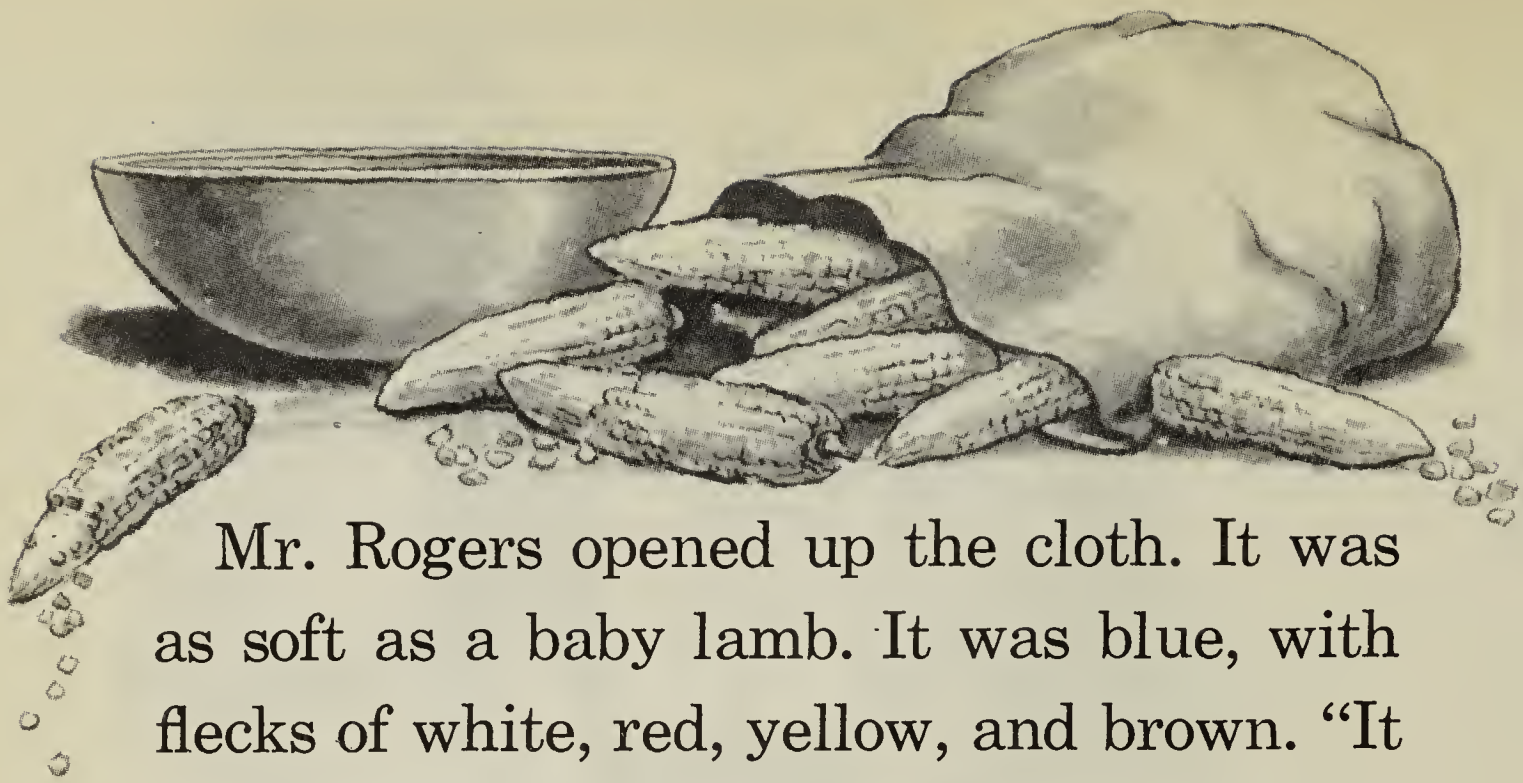
That day, many people brought their corn to the mill. People always watched. They liked to see how corn meal was ground in a mill.



About the middle of the afternoon, Tom Evans came in carrying a bag of corn. “There’s more outside,” he said.

His mother was behind him. She was carrying a small roll of cloth. “Grind my corn,” she said, laughing. “Then I will pay you.”

Before long the golden meal was in the bags. “There,” said Mrs. Evans. “There is your pay.”



Mr. Rogers opened up the cloth. It was as soft as a baby lamb. It was blue, with flecks of white, red, yellow, and brown. "It is beautiful," he said. "For such cloth, we will grind all your corn every year."

"It will make mother a fine, warm shawl," said Daniel.

"I cannot believe my days of grinding corn are over," laughed Mrs. Evans. "It will give me more time for my weaving."

"Have you heard the news?" asked one of the men. "Jonathan Foster is going to build a sawmill. He has ordered a big saw from England. It will come on a boat to Sea Town."

"Jonathan Foster is a fine young man.

His father was one of the first white men to come to Tioga. Where is he building his sawmill?" Mr. Rogers was interested.

"The committee gave him land on North Branch. There are rapids there. He will use water power, too," said another man.

"A sawmill will save time for all of us," said Mr. Rogers. "Jonathan knows how to saw wood. I'll be glad to have him saw my lumber and wood for the fireplaces, too."

"It is getting easier and easier for people to live," said Grandma Davis. "Soon people will have no work to do." She shook her head sadly. "What will they do with all their time?"

Do You Know?

1. Why did Mr. Rogers start a gristmill?
2. What did he take for pay?
3. Why did Bill Hopper like the gristmill?

4. Why was the mill put by the rapids in the river?
5. Why did Mr. Rogers think the sawmill would save people's time?
6. How did these things help Tioga—rapids, dam, gristmill, sawmill?

Things to Do

1. Act out the story you have just read. First, choose the girls and boys to be the people. Then plan what they ought to say and do.
2. Find a flat stone. Find a heavy round stone that you can hold in your hand. Try making corn meal by grinding corn on the flat stone with the round stone.
3. Make a frame. Weave a table mat, a tie, or a belt. Small woven squares can be sewed together to make a blanket. Your class may wish to make a blanket or a shawl for someone who needs one.

Learning About Your Community

1. Find out who started the first business in your community.
2. Collect samples of the different kinds of flour that are used in your community today. Where and how does your community get this flour?



Samuel Grant's Village Store

Samuel Grant came to Tioga to live. He came from Sea Town. He helped Mr. Dodge on his farm.

One day Mr. Dodge said, "I wish I didn't have to drive to Sea Town. It is fifty miles away, and the trip there and back takes almost a week."

“Why must you go?” asked Samuel.

“We must have salt,” said Mr. Dodge.

“Can’t you borrow some?” asked Samuel.

“Well, we have borrowed,” said Mr. Dodge. “No one has much left. Mother needs to salt the meat that she is putting away. The animals need it, too. The men in Tioga take turns going to Sea Town for supplies. It’s my turn to go. But I don’t like to leave the farm when we are cutting grass for our hay.”

That afternoon as Samuel worked, he was busy thinking, too. At supper he said, “Isn’t Tioga big enough now to have a store? I could go to Sea Town and bring back a load of salt. I could bring other things that we might need later. Maybe I could find a way to start a store.”

“Do you mean that would be your work instead of farming?” asked Mr. Dodge.

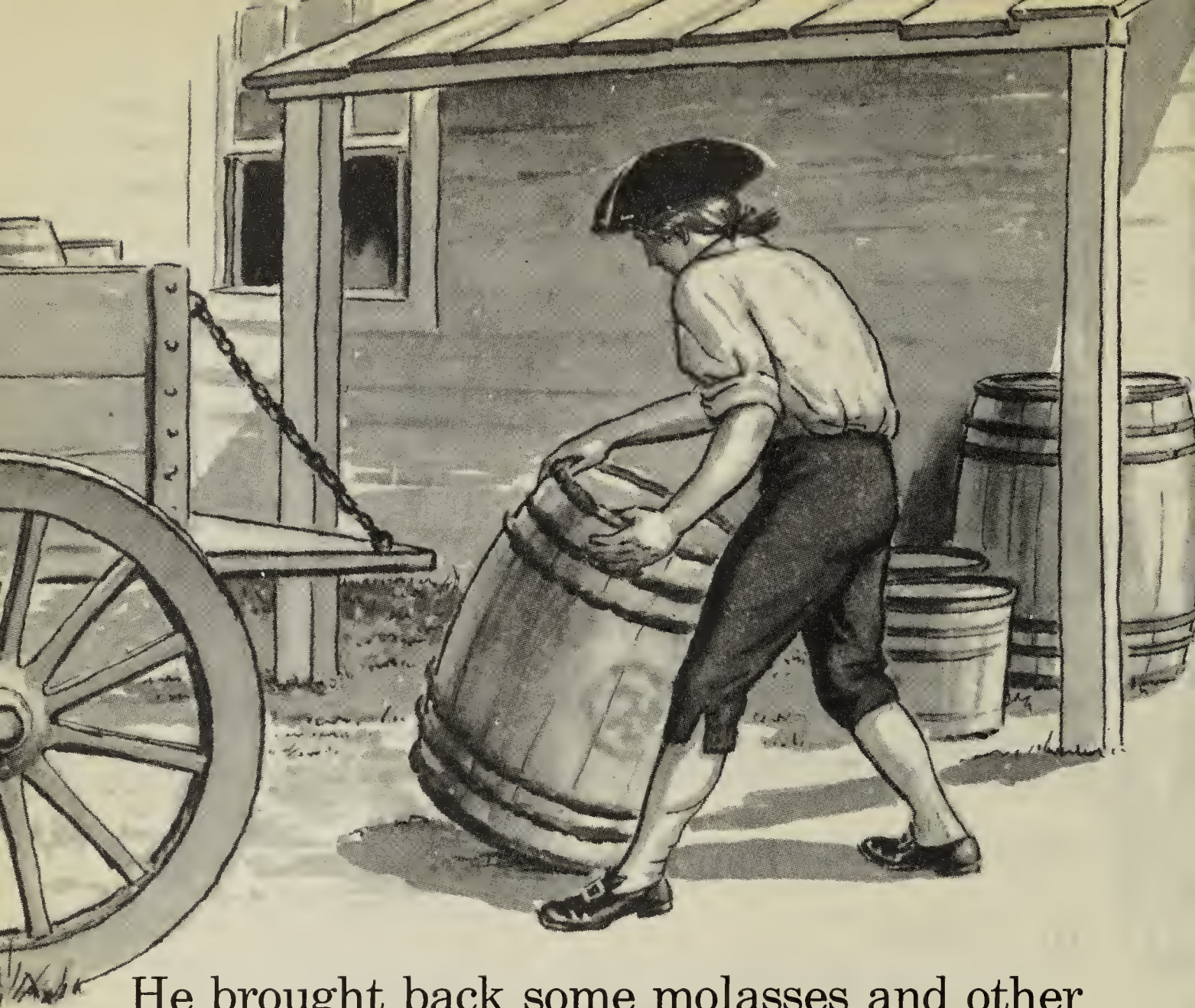


“It would be handy to have our own store in Tioga.”

“Yes, I think I could earn my living and help our village, too,” Samuel answered.

“Well, why don’t you try it? I know everyone would be glad to trade at your store,” said Mr. Dodge. “If one man got the supplies for us, we could get more work done. Take my team and go for salt.”

The next day, Samuel started the trip to Sea Town. He brought back the salt.



He brought back some molasses and other things, too. Mr. Dodge took his supplies. Then Samuel put the rest into the empty shed on Mr. Dodge's house.

"I saw Mr. Bender, Mr. Camp, and some other men today," said Mr. Dodge. "They think you have a good idea. A store will save time for all of us. All the men want you to do their trading."

“I am going to see Mr. Bender and Mr. Camp this evening,” said Samuel. “I am going to ask for land. I will be glad to build my own store.”

That evening, he took a lantern and went to Mr. Bender’s house. Mr. Camp and Mr. Brent were there. They got out the map. The committee said Sam could have the land. They put Sam’s name on the map. The men even planned to help him cut logs and build his store.

By fall, the store was ready. Once a month, Samuel borrowed Mr. Dodge’s team and wagon. Samuel brought big loads of supplies back from Sea Town. He had molasses, sugar, spices, rope, nails, tools, candles, and lanterns for trade. He also had rolls of cotton cloth, needles, and a few brass kettles.

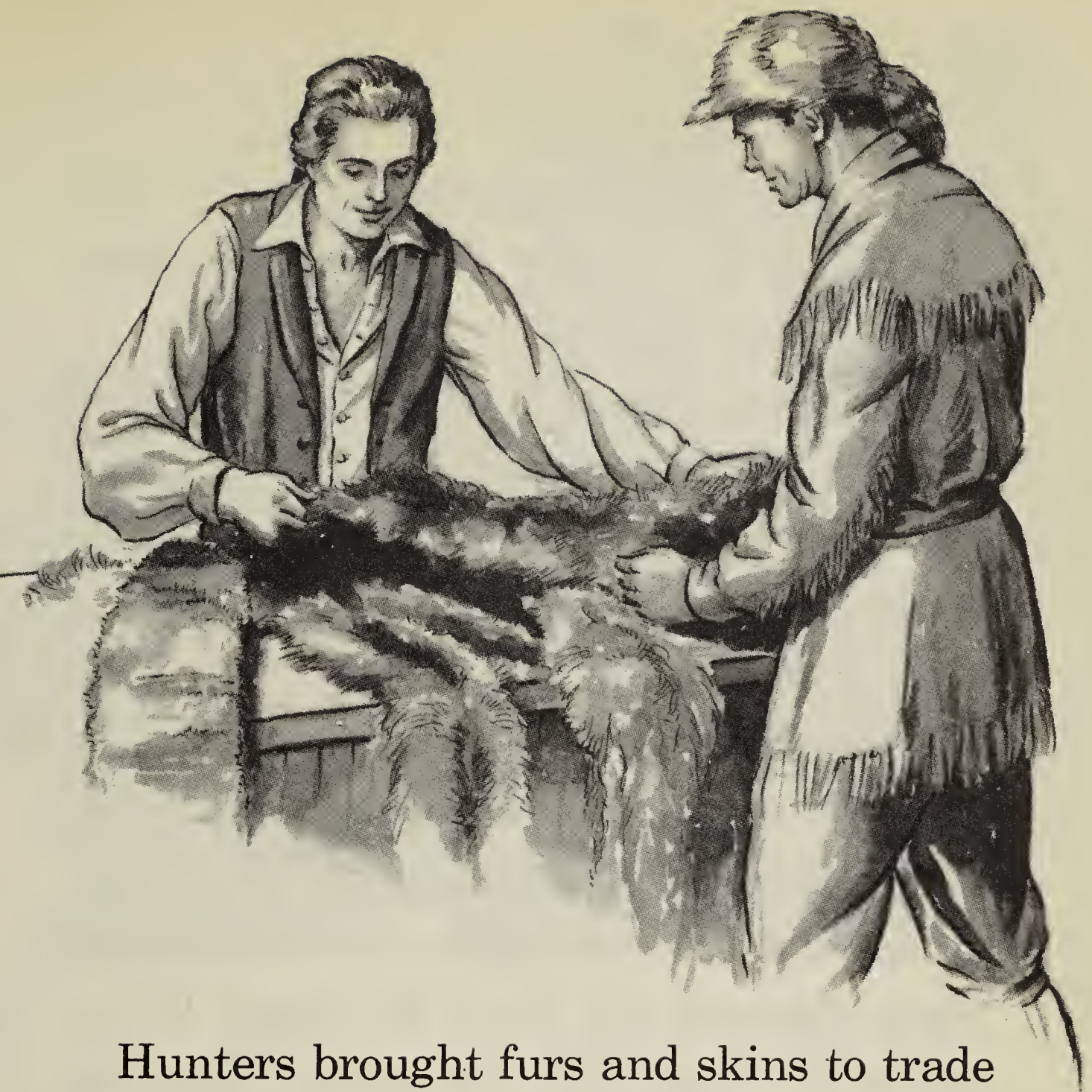


“I will work for you every morning to pay you for your team, Mr. Dodge,” said Samuel. “I will keep my store open in the afternoons.”

“I’m not worried about that, Samuel. I am helping you now. Some day you can help me,” said Mr. Dodge.

Samuel Grant soon learned how to run a store. People did not have much money. They traded things.

When Mr. Rogers wanted salt or rope, he traded corn meal for it. When Jonathan Foster wanted something, he traded lumber or boxes. That is the way Samuel got the boxes he needed. Farmers brought things from the farm. They brought eggs, apples, sweet potatoes, and other vegetables. Mrs. Evans sometimes brought cloth to the store to trade.



Hunters brought furs and skins to trade for the supplies they needed.

One day a man brought a deer. “It was eating my corn, and I had to shoot it,” he said. “I have all the meat I need. I’d like to trade it for some tea and meal. I skinned it. The meat is clean.”

“Well, I don’t need deer meat,” said Sam. “But I’ll take it and give you some tea and meal.”

Sam asked everyone who came in, “Can you use some venison?” Many of the customers were glad to have the meat. Before night, all the deer meat was gone. After that time, Samuel often had meat to trade, too.

Sometimes Samuel did not want the things people brought. But he put these things where his customers could see them. Often someone did trade for them. If the people in Tioga did not want them, he took them to Sea Town to trade.

Sam soon had many, many things in his store. People could now trade for chocolate, rice, raisins, coffee, cheese, butter, ham, bacon, and tongue. They could trade for many other things needed in homes, too.



Soon everyone was trading at the store in Tioga.

There was another very good thing about Samuel's store. Friends often met there. On cold days, the iron stove in the middle of the floor gave out heat. When the men were tired of work, they came to sit and talk.

They sometimes came on rainy days or in the evenings. They talked about the roads, horses, wagons, and crops. They talked about the new judge, the new church, and what the town needed. The old-timers liked to talk about the early days.

“You run a good store,” said Mr. Bender to Samuel. “People like to come here. They depend on you. You are honest and friendly. You are important to the people of Tioga. You are a good citizen.”

Do You Know?

1. Why did Samuel start his store?
2. How would the store help farmers?
3. How would it help mothers?
4. What did people use instead of money?
5. How did the store help people to get news?
6. What were the things that were traded in Samuel's store?

Learning About Your Community

1. Who started the first store?
2. What stores are there now?
3. How does your community get food and clothing?

Fun with Words

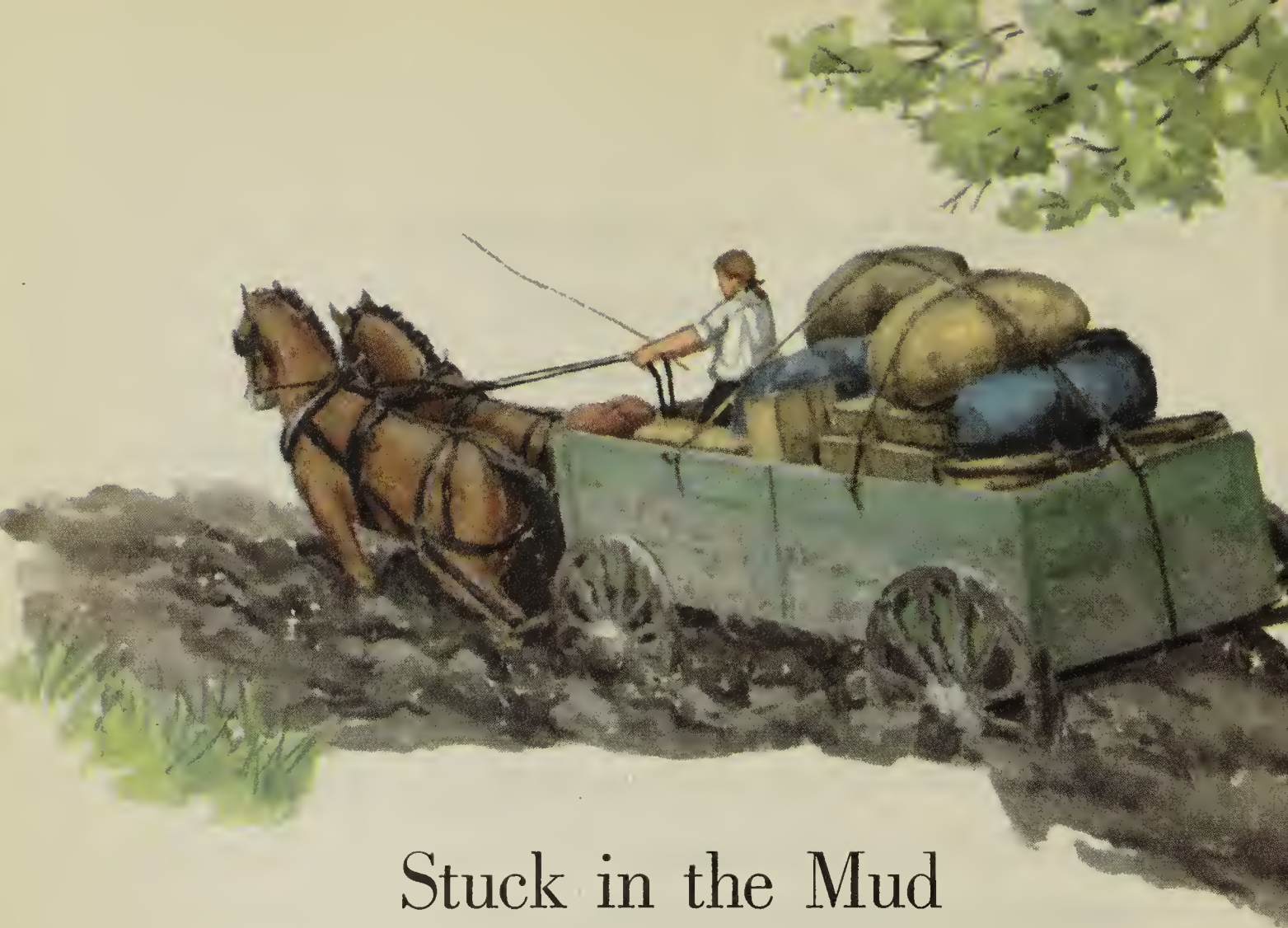
Copy the row of words. After each word write the meaning that matches it.

trade	a place to keep things which are to be sold
venison	to buy or sell
old-timers	deer meat
storehouse	people who have lived in one place a long time

Something to Do

Make a store in your classroom. Use cereal boxes, cartons, cans, and wrappers that have held food. Put the price marks on them. Pretend you are buying and selling. Practice—

1. What a good clerk says and does.
2. What a good customer says and does.



Stuck in the Mud

Paul and Jordan Brent were working in their garden. A stranger came riding up the road from Sea Town. "I wonder who he is," said Paul. "I've never seen him before. I don't know the horse, either."

"He's coming here," said Jordan.

The man rode across the field. "I'm Steve Norton," he said. "Samuel Grant sent me. He is stuck in the mud down near the big swamp. He has a heavy load in his wagon.

The mud is up to the hubs of the wheels. All four wheels are in that deep. I must get home before dark. Can you boys find help for him?"

"Yes, we'll tell Father. Thanks for stopping," called Paul as the man rode away. Paul looked at the clouds in the sky. "I'll put these tools away," he said. "Then I'll tell Father."

"I'll tell Samuel's mother not to worry," said Jordan.

Jordan ran off toward the village. Paul put away the tools. Then he hurried to the field.



His father saw him coming. He stopped the oxen. "What's wrong, son?" he called.

When Paul told him about Samuel, Mr. Brent said, "That's bad. Four wheels in up to the hubs! It will take two pair of oxen to get him out. Let's see. We'll take ours. Ask Mr. Camp to take his oxen. We'll start right away. Chores will have to wait until we get back."

"May Jordan and I come, too, Father?" Paul asked. "We'll help with the chores when we get home."

Mr. Brent thought a minute. "Yes," he said, "you'll be able to help. It's time you learned to get a wagon out of the mud. Tell your mother."

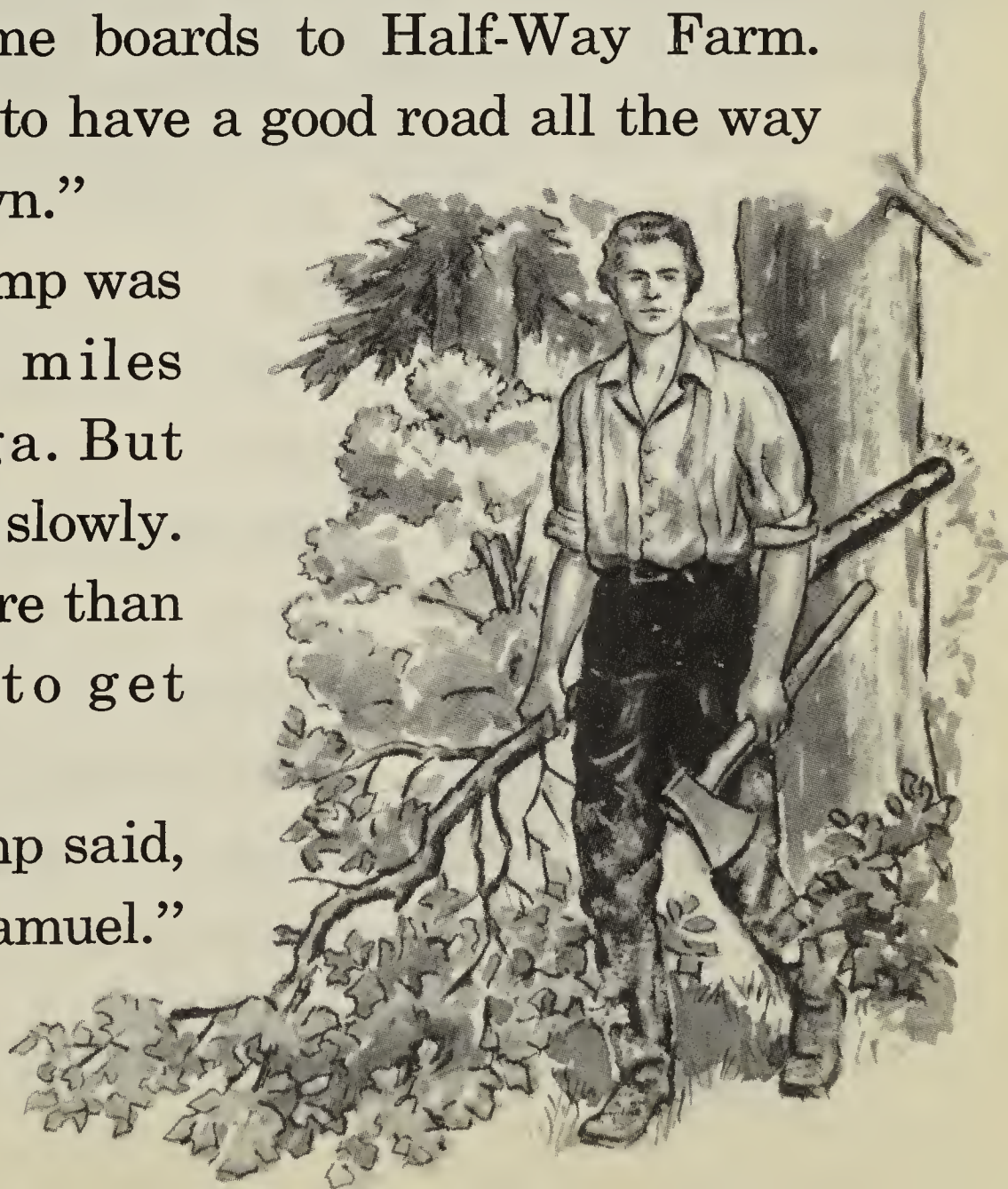
Mr. Brent left the plow in the field. He drove the oxen to the barn. He fastened a long chain to the ox yoke. When the boys came, they all started down the road.

Mr. Camp was waiting for them. "Every time it rains hard, someone gets stuck in that mudhole," he said. "It takes a lot of time to pull them out. I wanted to finish plowing that field today. It will probably rain tomorrow."

"You are right," said Mr. Brent. "Last week Jonathan Foster was stuck. He was taking some boards to Half-Way Farm. We ought to have a good road all the way to Sea Town."

The swamp was only four miles from Tioga. But oxen walk slowly. It took more than an hour to get there.

Mr. Camp said, "There's Samuel."



Samuel came out of the woods. He carried an axe. His clothes were muddy and wet.

“I’m glad that you came,” he said. “I’m in deep this time. I think I have everything ready to pull the wagon out.”

The horses were unhitched. They were tied to a tree. Samuel had cut down a small tree. He had trimmed off its branches to make a pole. Small piles of branches and rocks lay near the wagon.

“Let’s start on one of the front wheels first. We’ll use this pole to pry it out,” Samuel said.

It took all three men to pry the wheel out of the mud.

“It’s out,” said Mr. Brent. “Put the brush and stones under it, boys.”





The boys worked fast. The men let the wheel down. Each of the other wheels had to be pried out the same way. Each time the boys put some brush and stones under the wheel.

“Whew! That’s harder than a day’s plowing,” said Mr. Camp.

“Now, let’s try it,” said Samuel. First he hitched his horses to the big wagon.

Mr. Brent put his oxen in front of the horses. He fastened the chain to the end of the wagon pole. Mr. Camp then put his oxen in front of Mr. Brent's oxen. He fastened his chain to the wagon pole. Two horses and four oxen stood ready to pull.

Samuel took the reins in his hands. Mr. Brent stood near the head of his left ox. Mr. Camp stood near the head of his left ox. The ox drivers touched the oxen lightly with their whips. In one voice, all three men said, "Who-o-op!"

All six animals pulled! For a second, it looked as though nothing would happen. Then slowly—very slowly—the wagon moved.

"Keep them going! Don't let them stop now!" cried Samuel.

The men called, "Who-o-op!" All the animals pulled and the wagon kept moving.

Slowly, slowly, it moved on. At last all four wheels were on hard ground.

“Whoa!” called Samuel. The animals stopped. “I think the horses can take it from here.”

“You’d better let the oxen help for a while,” said Mr. Brent. “You drive the horses. The boys will drive the oxen. Mr. Camp and I will fill in that mudhole.”

The men took a shovel from the wagon. They filled the holes with brush, stones, and soil. They had no trouble at all in catching up with the heavy wagon.





“We’ll take the oxen now,” said Mr. Camp. “You can go faster without them. Maybe we ought to help you unload tonight. It is going to rain.”

“No, it will be too dark. I’ll unload tomorrow morning. Thank you for helping me,” said Samuel.

It was dark when Samuel reached the village. Lighted candles were in the houses and in the store.



His mother came to the door. "Samuel," she called. "Are you all right?"

"Yes, Mother," said Samuel. "It was just that old mudhole again."

"I worry about you every time you go to Sea Town. Your horses could break their legs in that mudhole," said his mother.

Samuel backed the wagon into the shed.

He unhitched the horses and fed them. Then he went in to eat supper.

Mr. Camp, Mr. Brent, and the boys plodded along home.

“Run ahead, Paul, and feed the cows,” said Mr. Brent. “Tell Mother to have the lanterns ready. We’ll milk by lantern light tonight.”

“May I run ahead and feed your cows, Mr. Camp?” asked Jordan. “I’ll help you milk, too.”

“That would be a fine thing, boy,” said Mr. Camp. “A man needs good neighbors.”

By the time the chores were finished, the boys and the men were tired out.

“This corn-meal porridge is very good, Mother,” said Mr. Brent, as his family sat down to late supper.

“Bed will feel good,” said Paul. Jordan was already half asleep.



The New Road

Next morning, Mr. Brent watched the rain splashing on the ground. “I can’t plow today,” he said. “I’ll go help Samuel unload. I want to talk to him. Some of the other men may be there, too.”

Several men were already at the store. They were talking about Samuel’s trouble. “We have been using too much time pulling people out of that hole,” said Mr. Brent.



“Isn’t it about time to get together and build a good road?”

“That’s what I’ve been thinking,” said Jonathan Foster.

“Well, right now we’re plowing and planting. Next we’ll be cutting hay,” said Mr. Brent.

“We might begin after the first hay is in,” said Mr. Brown. “By that time the ground will be dry, too.”

“I’ll help four days in July,” said Mr. Camp. “I’ll help later, too.”

“We will need oxen,” said Mr. Brent. “I’ll bring mine.”

“I don’t have oxen,” said Jim Sears, the teacher. “So I’ll be glad to help two weeks.”

“You know how to survey land, Jim,” said Mr. Camp. “You could mark the road for us. We ought to make it wide in some places so that wagons can pass.”

After the first crop of hay was in the barn, the men began to work on the road. The first thing they did was to fill all the swamp holes. This took many loads of gravel.

One morning after a rain, Jim Sears came to Mr. Brent. “That big swamp is soft again,” he said. “We’ll have to find some other way of fixing it.”



“What do you think we had better do?” asked Mr. Brent.

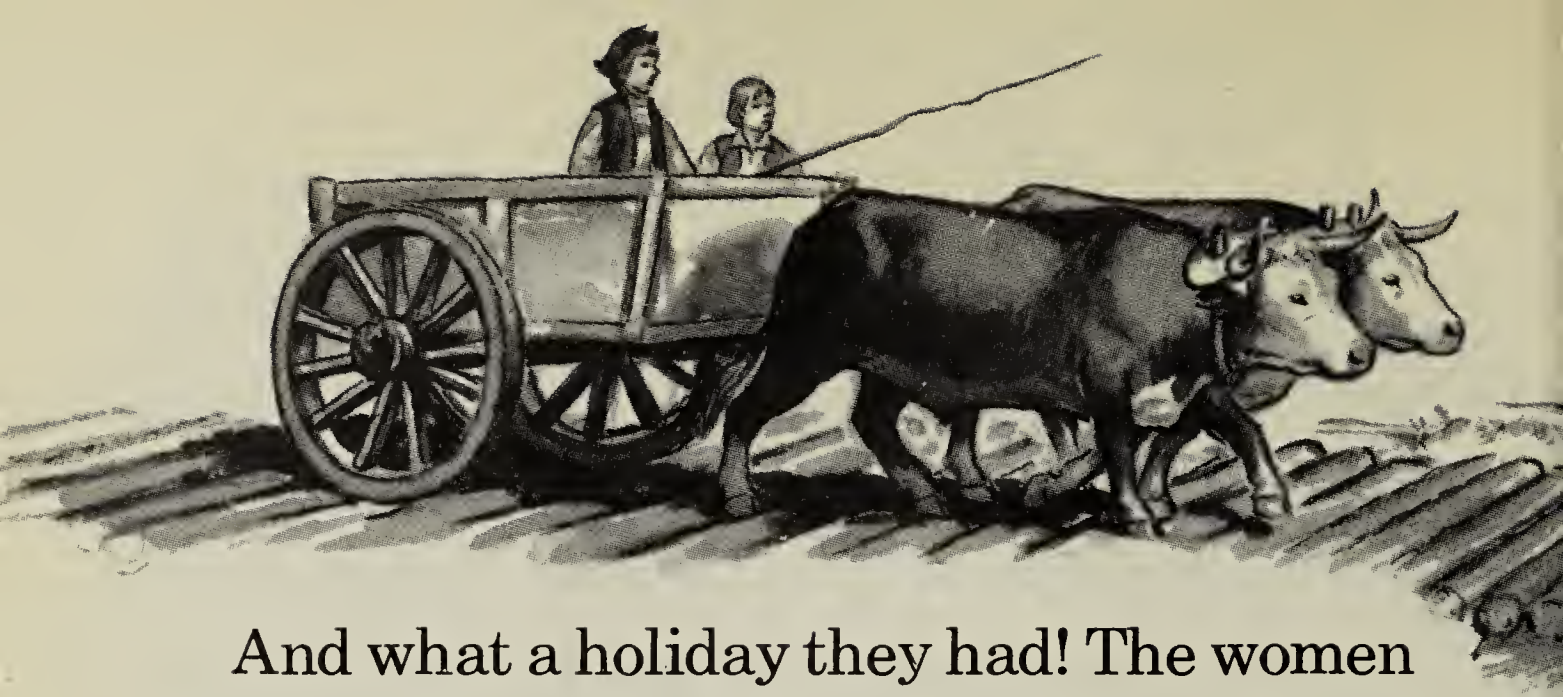
“We might lay logs to make a corduroy road across it,” said Jim Sears. And they did. They laid logs close together across the swamp. The logs were uneven, but they did not sink.

“There,” said Mr. Brent. “Samuel Grant will never get stuck there again. That corduroy road will hold up any wagon.”

The men cut the brush and trees along the sides of the road. Men who had oxen brought loads of gravel to fill rough spots. Some men spread the gravel. Other men dug ditches to carry rain water away from the road. Boys carried water from the spring for the men to drink. They helped with the work, too. The men worked all summer. By fall, the road was finished.

“Every man and boy in Tioga has helped to build this road,” said Mr. Bender. “We ought to have a holiday.”

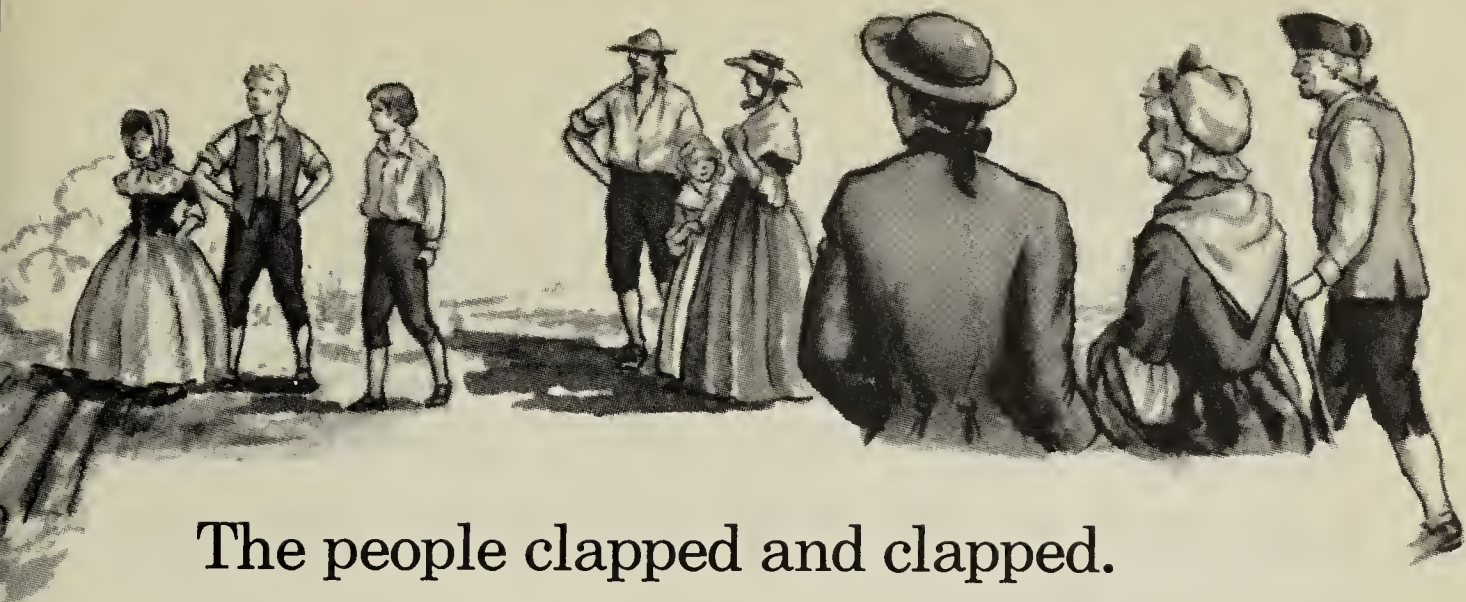




And what a holiday they had! The women prepared a big picnic dinner. Some of the men made speeches.

“Once Tioga was an Indian village,” said Mr. Rand. “Then two white men came. They were Charles and George Foster. They lived with the Indians. They wanted to live here always. So they built a cabin and brought their families. Some of your grandparents came soon after that.

“Now, Tioga is growing fast. Five families moved here last month. That makes forty-eight families. We have a good road all the way to Sea Town. This town is going to grow bigger and bigger, and better and better.”



The people clapped and clapped.

In the afternoon, people went in an oxcart for rides over the new road. When Paul and Jordan Brent were having their ride, Steve Norton came along.

“Gee,” called Paul to the oxen. They pulled to the right. “Whoa!” They stopped. “There’s room enough for you to go by, Mr. Norton.”

“This is a good road now,” said Steve Norton. Then he saw Samuel Grant. “I guess you won’t get stuck in that swamp again,” he laughed. Steve stayed to join in the fun.

“It is a fine road, now,” said Grandma Davis. “But will it stay that way?”

Then Mr. Brent and Mr. Camp looked at each other. "We've thought of that," said Mr. Brent. "Mr. Camp and I will give five work days a year. That's ten days. We will work on the road right after the first hay crop is in."

"That's a good idea," said Mr. Rogers. "My boys and I will each give two days. That's sixteen days. Let's find out how many men will give some work days."

Mr. Rogers, Mr. Brent, and Mr. Camp went to see all of the men. By the end of the day, they had one hundred twenty-four days of work promised.



“That ought to be enough help,” said Grandma Davis.

“If we have any extra help, we could work on the road going north,” said Mr. Bender. “Newtown is growing. We need a good road to Newtown now.”

“The men of Newtown will do their share. Let us know when you are ready to work,” said Steve Norton as he rode away.



Do You Know?

1. Who decided that Tioga needed a road?
2. How did they get the road?
3. How do you think the road helped Tioga?
4. How do you think the towns helped each other build roads?

Things to Do

1. Make a movie of pictures from this story.
2. Draw a picture to show what one of these sentences means:

The boys helped with the chores.

The men made a corduroy road.

People went for rides in the oxcart.

Learning About Your Community

1. Invite someone to tell your class how roads were first made in your own community.
2. Find out how your roads are built today.
3. Plan a ride over a main road near your school to find out—

Ways that make travel safe.

Helps for strangers.

The different kinds of transportation used.

What is being brought to your community.



Tioga Builds a School

Jim Sears was well liked in Tioga. He knew how to read, and to write, and to do arithmetic. When old Mr. Bender wanted to send a letter, Mr. Sears wrote it for him. When an answer came back, Mr. Sears came and read it. When Mr. Bender sold a thousand-pound ox, Mr. Sears told him how much money to ask for it.

Mr. Bender was not the only one who needed help. Not many people knew how to read and write and do arithmetic. People from other villages sent for Mr. Sears, too. One day he talked to Mr. Brent.

“More people should learn how to read and write and figure,” he said. “I’ll teach you folks to do these things.”

“It would take too long for us to learn,” said Mr. Brent. “You can teach our children. Then they’ll help us.”

So Mr. Sears taught the children. He went from one village to another. He stayed a month or so in each home. People with children were always glad to have him stay in their home. The children came to the house where he stayed. They used charcoal for pencils, and flat stones or boards to write on. Sometimes they used birch bark. Sometimes they had real paper.



When Mr. Sears wasn't teaching, he helped people with their work. Everyone liked to hear his good stories.

"Anywhere I hang my hat is home," he said with a smile. "Everybody's children are my children."

"You are always welcome here, Mr. Sears," people would say. "We couldn't get along without you."

One Friday evening, the men were sitting in Samuel Grant's store. Mr. Sears came in.

"Hello, Jim," said Mr. Camp. "I thought it was about time for you to show up. What's the news from Newtown?"

"Well," said Mr. Sears, "more and more people are moving there. So Newtown is growing fast. Where am I to stay this time, Samuel?"

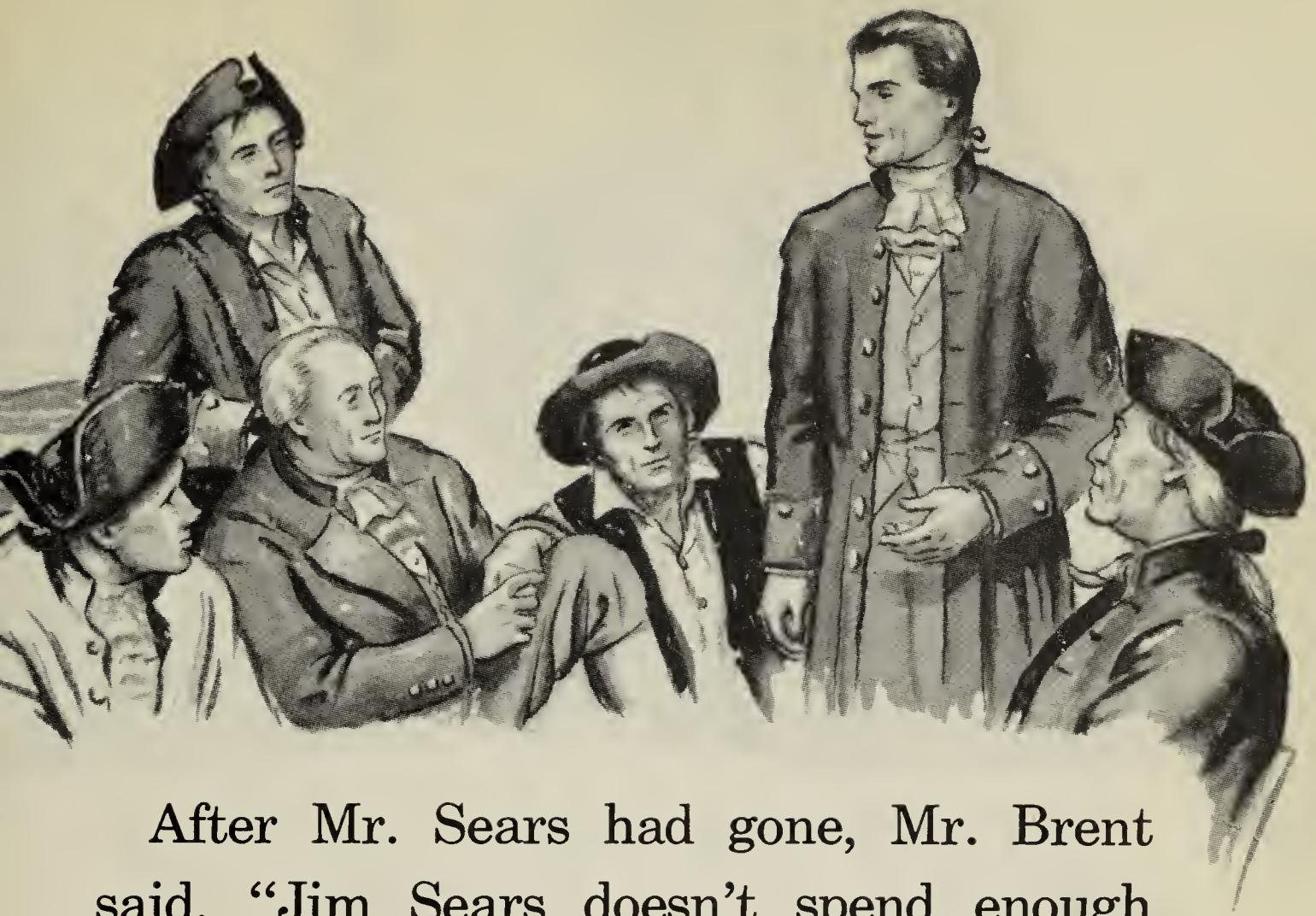
"At Granny Randall's house. She is looking for you," said Samuel.

"How many children will be coming to my school?" asked Mr. Sears.

"I don't know," answered Samuel. "A good many. Some of the new families are sending their children."

"I'll be ready on Monday morning," said Mr. Sears. "Good night."

"Good night," said the men.



After Mr. Sears had gone, Mr. Brent said, "Jim Sears doesn't spend enough time in Tioga. I wish we could keep him here longer."

"Maybe he would stay here if we asked him to," said Mr. Camp. "He likes Tioga. Let's have a meeting here tomorrow night and talk about it."

The next evening many people came to the meeting. "I think we ought to have Mr. Sears here all the time," said Mr. Foster.



“We have enough children here now to keep him busy,” said Mr. Bender. “Our children need more time to learn.”

“Where will he live?” asked Mr. Camp.

“He could stay a week with each family,” said Grandpa Randall. “He’s a handy person to have around.”

“That’s a good idea,” said Samuel Grant. “If he has any extra time, he can stay with us. I need help with my store.”

“Could we pay him enough?” asked Mr. Foster.

“We could pay him a little money,” said Mr. Dodge. “Some people could help by giving him meat, corn, or other food he would want. He could trade some of these things at the store for other things he needed.”

“Ride your horse up Randall Hill. Bring Jim Sears back with you,” said Mr. Brent to Samuel. “We’ll take care of the store.”

In a short time, Samuel came back. Mr. Sears rode close behind him.



The men told Mr. Sears about their plans. Then they asked him if he would stay in Tioga.

“I’d like to stay here,” said Mr. Sears. “I like your town, but where would we have our school?”

“There is room over my store,” said Samuel. “We can use that until I need it.”

“Maybe we could build a school,” said Mr. Foster.

“I think we should. Sea Town has a school,” said Mr. Camp.

“Jim, you plan it, and we’ll build it,” said Mr. Brent. “I’ll help two days.”

“Does that piece of land near the woods belong to anyone?” asked Mr. Evans.

“No,” said Mr. Bender. “We could build a school there.”

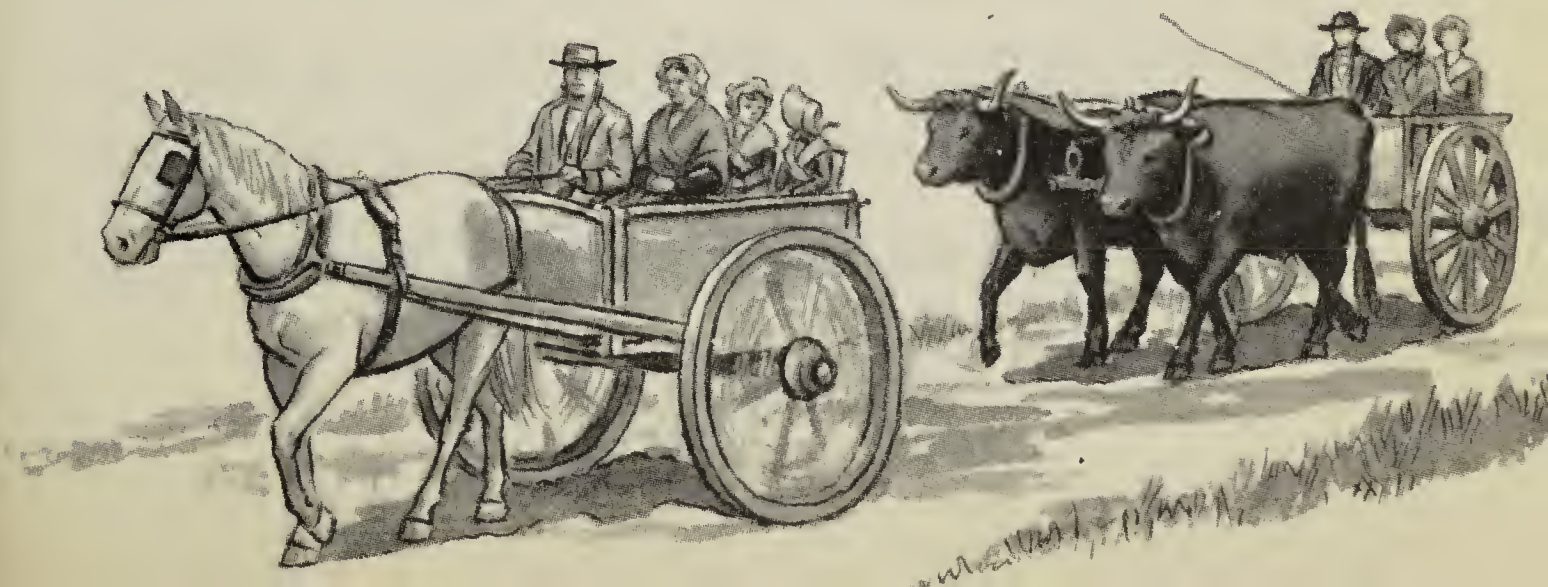
They got out the maps and marked the land.

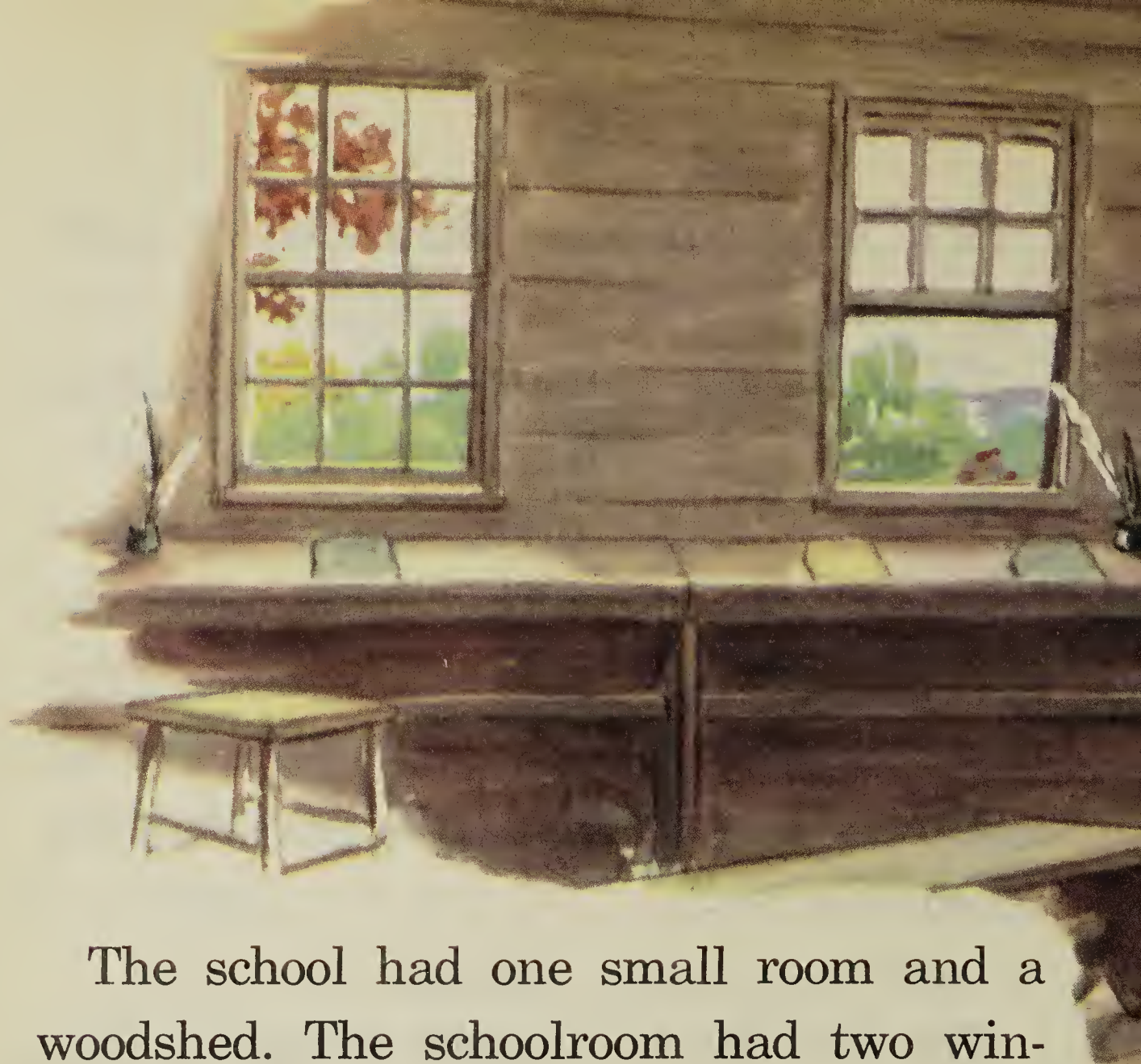
“I’ll help cut trees for lumber,” said Mr. Camp.

“I’ll saw the lumber in my sawmill,” said Mr. Foster. “I’ll make benches, too.”

The men worked hard all summer. The children helped, too. They took care of the gardens so the men could work. Sometimes they carried lunches to the men. By the time the crops were all harvested, the school was ready.

The first day in the new school building was an important day. Wagons came from all around. All the boys, some girls, and some young men and women came. Older men and women came, too, for they wanted to see the children in school.





The school had one small room and a woodshed. The schoolroom had two windows on each side, and one at the back. The door was at the front.

A stone fireplace was at one end of the room. Near it was a table for Mr. Sears. Several stools were nearby for children who needed help with their lessons. A pail of water to drink was on a small bench. A dipper hung on the edge of the pail.



Rows of big benches and smaller benches filled the small room. Fathers and mothers sat on the benches to see how it felt to be in school. High shelves were along the sides. Older children would stand at these shelves to write their lessons.

People were merry and joking. "It is a great day," they said. "We had no school to go to. We are happy to have our children go to school. They will learn to read, to spell, to write, and to do arithmetic. Jim Sears, see that they learn well. We are depending on them to help us."

"Perhaps one of them can be made ready for college," said Mr. Brent. "We will send him to college to learn to preach. He can come back and be our very own minister. We will build a meeting house for him."

"Well, *those* stories are good," said Harry. "Let's go back to the library right now and get the next story."

The children walked down the shady streets to the library. They talked about the stories they had just read. Before long they were at the library desk.



“We surely liked this book,” said Harry. “We are ready to find out what happened next, Miss Morris.”

“The story is a very long one,” said Miss Morris. “Some of it hasn’t even been written. But there is a man in Tioga who remembers some interesting things.”

“In Tioga?” asked Betsy.

“Yes,” said Miss Morris. “It is Grandfather Foster. He was born here. He has lived here all his life.”

“I know him,” said Harry. “Does he like to talk to children?”

“Yes,” said Miss Morris. “I think he does. Here comes Robert Foster. Let’s ask him.”



Robert Foster stopped whistling, opened the door, and came in. "Hello, Harry," he said.

"Hello, Robert." Harry introduced his friends.

"Robert," said Harry, "does your grandfather tell you stories about long ago?"

"Does he!" Robert laughed. "He never stops!"

"Would he tell them to us?" asked Cal.

“Come home with me. We’ll ask him,” said Robert.

Robert had come for a book for his mother. Miss Morris gave it to him. Then the children left the library.

Ten minutes later, they were at the Foster home. Grandfather Foster was sitting on the porch. The sun shone on his white hair. His eyes twinkled.



Robert introduced his friends. He told his grandfather what they wanted.

“Tell them *true* stories!” said Grandfather Foster. “I certainly will. Come every Monday and Wednesday at two o’clock. I’ll be ready.”

The children whooped and dashed away!

“It sounds as if some Algonquin Indians still lived here,” chuckled Grandfather Foster.

Every Monday and Wednesday, the children went to the Foster home. Mrs. Foster always had some good things for them—cookies, lemonade, or fruit.

Grandfather sat rocking and talking. He told them stories about—

The first newspaper in Tioga, and newspapers today.



The first train in Tioga, and trains today.

The first telephones in Tioga, and telephones today.

The first electric lights in Tioga, and electricity today.

The first automobile in Tioga, and automobiles today.

Learning About Your Community

1. When was the first school built?
2. Find out how your school was built.
3. Find out why schools are needed in your community.
4. Invite a pioneer to come to your room. Ask the pioneer to tell you stories about early days in your community.

Something to Do

Dramatize an early school. Make some ink and quill pens to use. Ask some pupils from the fifth or sixth grades to read or tell your class stories about early schools.

Grandfather Foster's Stories



Peter Foster Writes the News

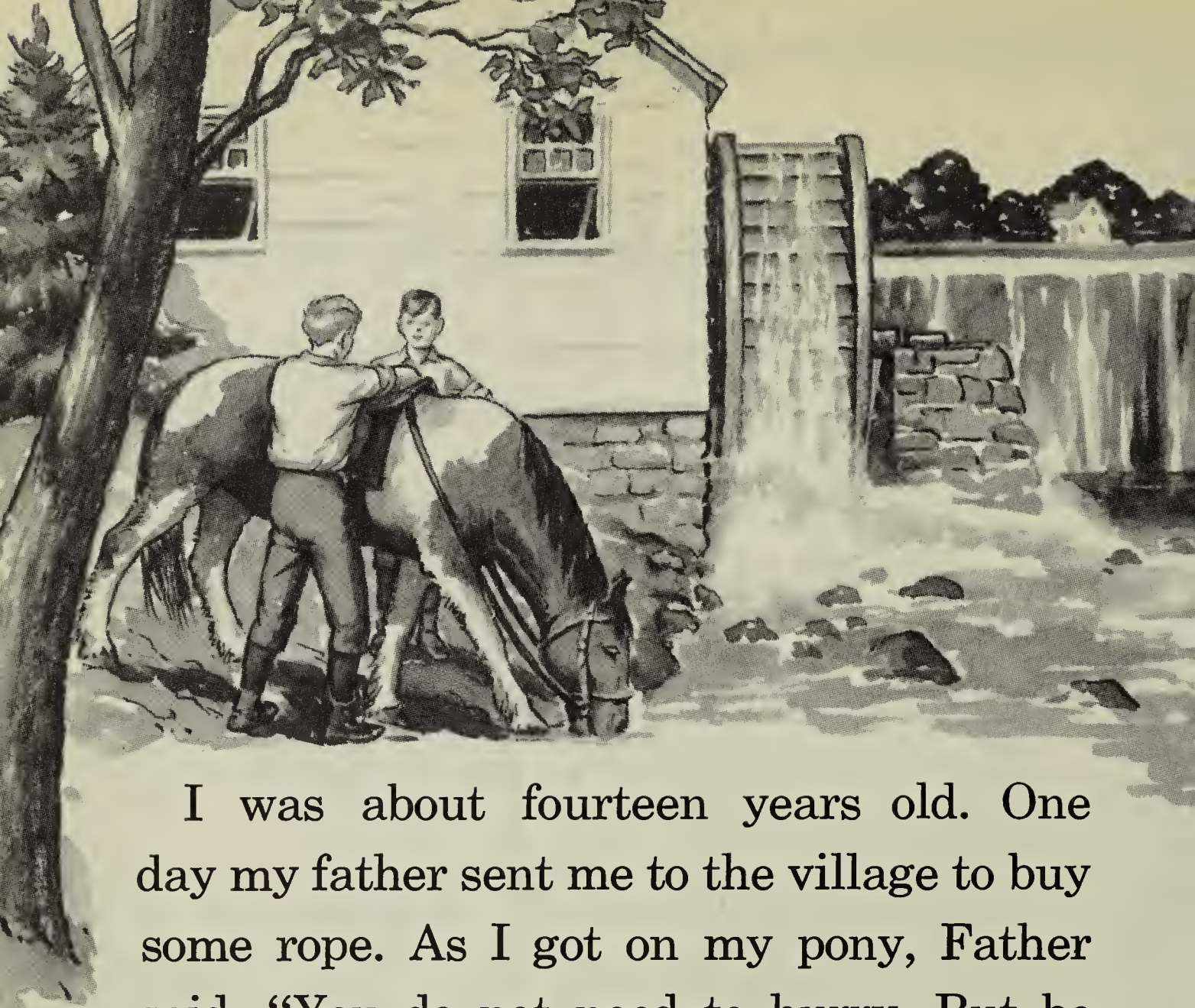
At two o'clock on Monday, the children gathered at Robert Foster's home. Grandfather Foster sat in a rocker on the porch. The children sat in the swing and on the steps.

"My first story is about something interesting that happened to me," said Grandfather Foster.

"Good," said Robert. "I like the stories about you, Grandfather."

The children settled to listen.





I was about fourteen years old. One day my father sent me to the village to buy some rope. As I got on my pony, Father said, "You do not need to hurry. But be home before dark."

As I had plenty of time, I stopped to see the gristmill. I always liked to see the water wheel turning. Lee Rogers was there.

Lee's great-grandfather had built the mill. Then Lee's father owned it. Lee was learning to run it. Later the mill belonged to Lee.

Lee got on his pony. We went to the sawmill. Long before we reached it, we could smell the fresh, new lumber. When we got there, Ed Collins was helping his father pile the new boards. Ed's father had bought the sawmill from my father. We wanted to talk, and so we helped, too.

"Ed, are you going to school next week?" I asked.

"Yes," said Ed. "Father wants me to do his bookkeeping. He is too busy to keep his own books. Many people are building homes now. I want to learn to help him."

"I want to learn to help my father, too," said Lee. "That's why I am going to school. Do you know who will be our teacher?"

"The new teacher is Flora Sears. The first teacher in Tioga was Jim Sears. He must have been her great-grandfather. He was a good teacher," said Mr. Collins.



“Well, I hope she is a good teacher,” said Lee.

“I hope she can lead singing,” I said. “I do like the evening sings, when everybody comes.”

“Peter, what work are you going to do when you finish school?” asked Lee. “You have never told us.”

“I have a secret wish,” I said. “I have never told anyone. But you are my best friends. I will tell you. You know Sea Town has a newspaper.”

“Yes,” said Ed. “My father brought one home once.”



“Someday I want to print a newspaper for Tioga,” I said.

“It would be great to have a paper in Tioga,” said Lee.

“Does enough happen around here to fill a paper?” asked Ed. “What will you put in it?”

“Plenty of things happen every day. I’d put in the news about business and what farmers are doing,” I answered.

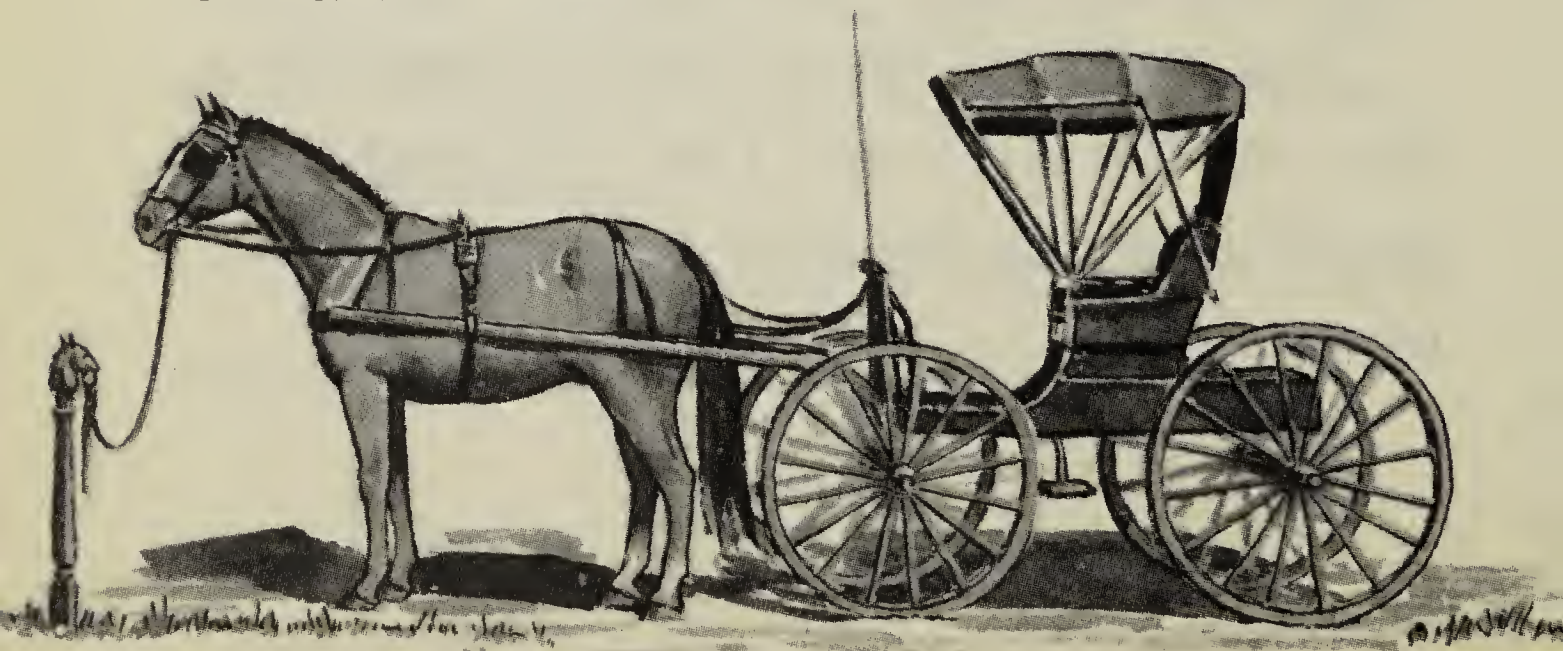
“You could tell about visitors, and about the new houses,” said Lee. “I’ll buy your paper! It would be good to know what is happening.”

Next, Lee and I went to the store. It was Larry Grant's store. Larry's grandfather started the first store in Tioga. We boys liked Larry's store. There were so many things to see. We liked to see the people, too. I had bought the rope, and we were talking to Mr. Grant when a horse and buggy stopped outside. A small top on the buggy kept out the rain, wind, and sun.

"Who is in that buggy?" asked Lee.

"Why, it's John Nelson," said Mr. Grant. "He lives in Sea Town. He has a newspaper there. I wonder what he is doing in Tioga."

"That is a beautiful horse," said Lee. "He has come a long way. I'll take a pail of water to him."





By this time, Mr. Nelson was in the store. “Hello, Mr. Grant,” he said. “I’ve brought you a paper.” He handed it to Mr. Grant. Mr. Grant opened it. My heart jumped. I could read *Sea Town News* across the top. I tried to see more, but I was too far away.

“Thank you, sir. It’s a good paper. We don’t get it very often,” said Mr. Grant.

“That’s just why I came,” said Mr. Nelson. “We are planning to send our paper to Tioga every two weeks. We want someone here to write the Tioga news for us. Do you know anyone who can do that?”

Mr. Grant thought. He said, “I don’t know anyone who writes well enough. The new teacher might do it.”

“She won’t know your people at first,” said Mr. Nelson.

My heart pounded. Lee gave me a little push. “Go on,” he whispered.

Very softly, I spoke up. “Would a boy do, Mr. Grant?”

Mr. Nelson heard me. He turned quickly. “A boy? What boy?”

“Me, sir. I’d like to write the news. I want to print a newspaper someday.” I wanted to say more, but my voice seemed to have left me.

“Can you write well?” asked Mr. Nelson.

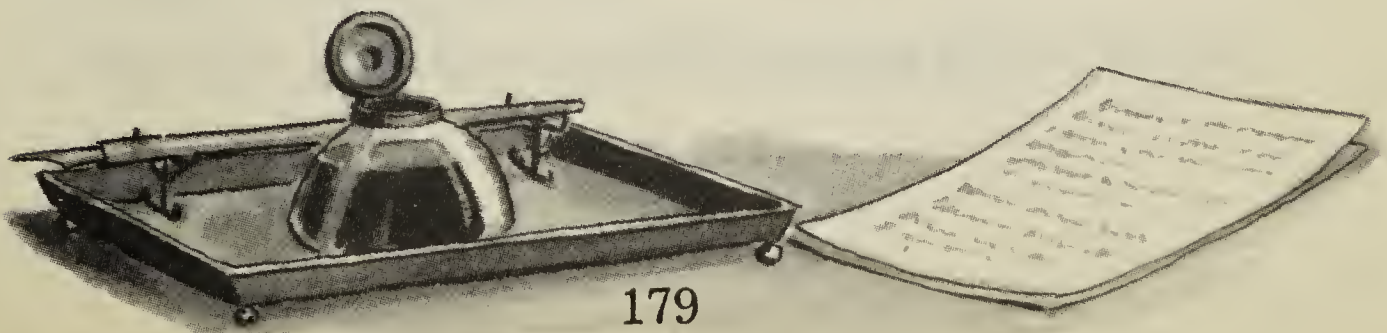
“Yes, sir. I’ve been to school eight winters. The teacher says I write well, sir,” I answered.

“Well, what news would you report to-day?” Mr. Nelson asked.

“I’d report all the news. I’d tell about a new deep well I saw today. I’d tell about Mr. Purse’s new henhouse and his new pump.” The words rolled out of my mouth. “I’d report about the new teacher. And I’d report about you, sir.”

“Here’s a paper and a pen. Write it out,” said Mr. Nelson.

Mr. Grant gave me his inkstand. I sat down. Lee sat beside me. The men went on talking. Soon Mr. Nelson called, “That’s enough. Come here and show me what you have written.”





My hand shook as I gave Mr. Nelson the paper.

Mr. Nelson read, “ ‘Mr. John Nelson, who owns the *Sea Town News*, visited in Tioga on Tuesday. He wants to print news of Tioga in his paper.’ Hmm—that’s all right.



‘Granny Martin is well again. She will be glad to have visitors.’ ”

“That’s good,” said Mr. Nelson. “You will need some help, though. Will your father let you do this?”

“I think he will, sir. I’ll ask him.”

Grandfather stopped. He seemed to be looking back into the past.

Robert knew the story but he asked, "Did your father let you report the news, Grandfather?"

"Well," said Grandfather, "we talked it over, and Father and Mother agreed to let me try." He chuckled and went on. "With everybody helping me, I reported the news."

"Did you ever print your very own paper, Mr. Foster?" asked Cal.

"Yes. But not until I was a man," said Grandfather. "I had to earn money and save it. Printing presses cost a lot of money."

"Did you start the paper Daddy owns now?" asked Robert.

"Yes, the *Tioga News*," said Grandfather. "That is the same paper I started.

The Weather
Today - Fair and warm
Tomorrow - Mostly cloudy
and not so cold

We Print Anything
That Will Help Tioga

Tioga News.

Vol. 1, No. 1, 1911

Wednesday, July 12, 1911

FIVE-CENTS

Continued in the Case, however

Some persons who have been in the
business of selling the paper to the
public are now being tested in the
court.

The paper is now being
sold at a price of 10 cents
per copy, and the public is
being tested in the court.



The paper is now being
sold at a price of 10 cents
per copy, and the public is
being tested in the court.

Tioga News

Wednesday, July 12, 1911

The paper is now being
sold at a price of 10 cents
per copy, and the public is
being tested in the court.

Public Civil Hearings On Tuesday

Pharm. Starts Part 1st to High. 24

The paper is now being
sold at a price of 10 cents
per copy, and the public is
being tested in the court.



The paper is now being
sold at a price of 10 cents
per copy, and the public is
being tested in the court.

Lee Rogers worked with me. He was my best helper.”

Robert went into the house. He returned with the paper. “Grandfather,” said Robert, “up here in the corner it says, *We Print Anything That Will Help Tioga*. Did you write that?”

“Yes, Bob,” Grandfather Foster said. “And I meant it. This paper has always tried to help Tioga.”

The children opened the paper. “It tells news about Sea Town, too,” said Cal. “It tells about a musician who will play there next Monday. Here is the news about sales in the big stores.”

“People in Tioga like to know about those things,” said Grandfather. “Trains and automobiles now make it easy to go to Sea Town.”

“Here is some news about England,” said Cal, “and about France. How do we get news from those countries?”

“A big news office collects all the news for papers. It sends reporters all over the world,” said Grandfather. “These reporters watch for important news. They send it to the big office. Then the office sends the news to any paper that pays them for that service.”



“But how does the news come here from Europe?” asked Betsy. “I should think the news would be old when we get it.”

“Big wires have been stretched under the ocean,” Mr. Foster said. “They are called *cables*. Sometimes they send the news over these cables. Sometimes they send it by radio. The office that gets the news sends it to our paper over wires called *telegraph*.”

“Is that the way we got this news?” Cal pointed to some news about England.

“Yes,” said Grandfather. “That is the way we get all the news from other places.





Our paper is too small to have reporters everywhere.”

“People can hear news on the radio almost as soon as it happens,” said Betsy.

“Betsy and I have visited a radio station,” said Cal. “It is fun to watch a broadcast. We sat in a closed room. One wall was glass, and through it we could see the broadcast.”

“Oh, yes,” said Betsy. “A man raised his hand and everybody watched him.

When he dropped his hand, the announcer started the program.”

“We saw and heard a man yodel,” said Cal.

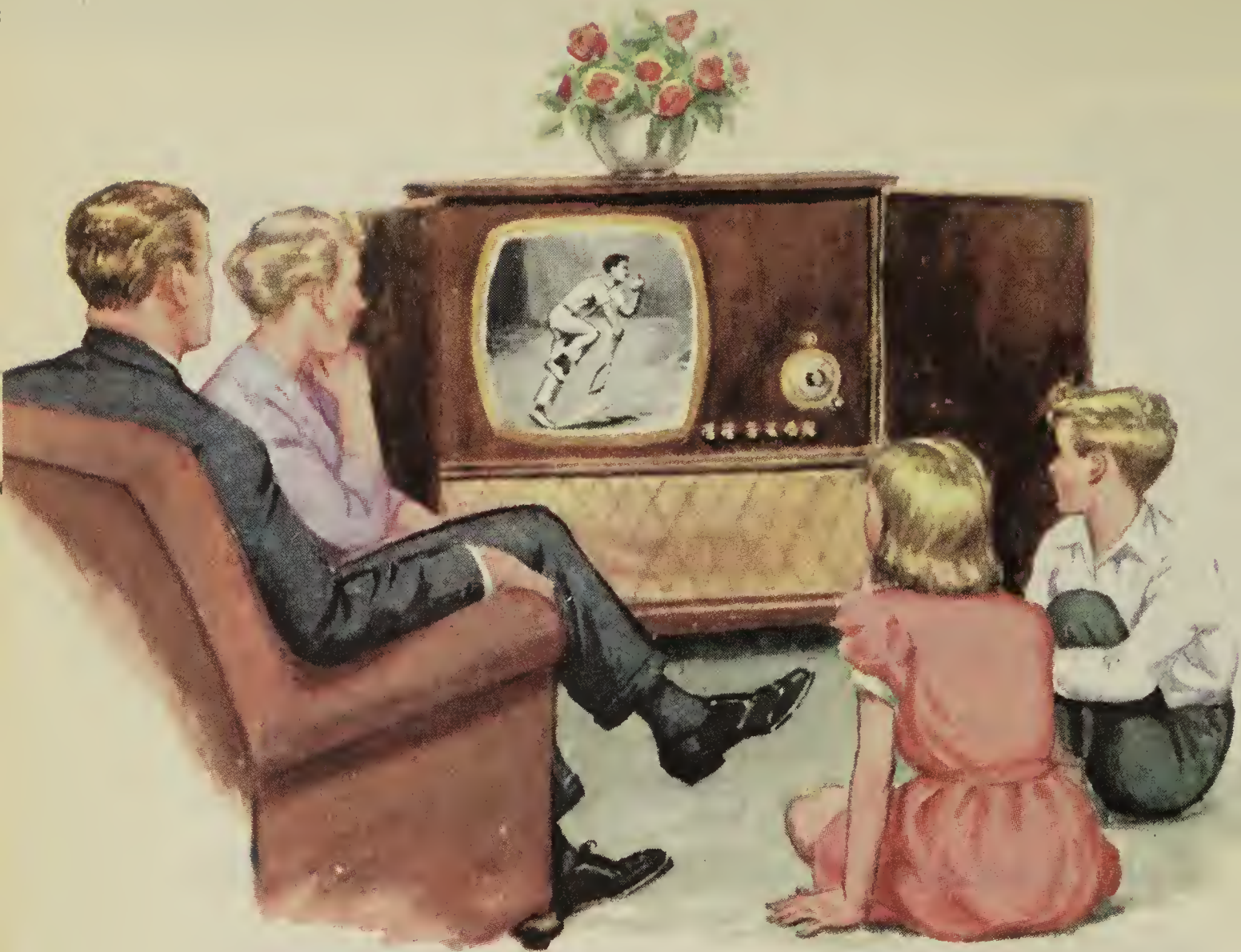
Betsy broke in. “And the man who gave the signal to start the program ended it with the same signal.”

“We learned that electricity is used to send radio waves through the air,” said Cal. “I want to learn more about the radio when I am older.”

“The radio is all right, but it doesn’t tell the whole story. The paper does, and gives pictures, too,” said Robert.

“You can see some pictures on television,” said Betsy.

“The radio reports football games and other games *while* they are being played,” said Harry. “It is the quickest way to get all kinds of news.”



“Television shows pictures of games, too,” said Betsy.

“That’s true. But some people can’t watch a telecast at a certain time. They can read the story in the paper any time,” said Robert.

“Robert, you will make a good editor,” his grandfather said. “You will have to learn how to plan a paper.”

“I’m going to learn the whole business, Granddaddy. I want to be as good as you are. I know I’ll have to work hard.”

“I’d like to see how a newspaper is printed,” said Harry.

“My father will let us watch,” said Robert. “I’ll take you to see it.”

“People have made many things that help us get news, haven’t they, Grandfather?” said Robert.

“Yes,” said Grandfather. “It is very important for people to know what is going on in the world today.”

Thoughts to Talk About

1. There are many ways for people to get news today.
2. A good newspaper helps a community.



3. Newspapers and radios help people to know more about each other.

Things to Do

1. Is there a paper printed in your community? Plan to visit the plant. While you are there, find out all you can about the first newspaper in your community.
2. Make a newspaper for your room. Plan what you will put in it. Choose a name for the paper. Choose an editor. Have everyone in your class write something for the paper.
3. Copy the following paragraph. From the word list, fill in the missing word that makes the right meaning in each sentence.

cables editor reporter radio telegraph

A collects news. News from Europe in your morning paper may have come to America by or by It came to your community over wires. The man who plans your paper is the

4. Pretend you have a radio station. Plan a radio program telling how you help (1) your school, (2) your home, (3) your community.



A Town Meeting

The next time the children came, Mrs. Foster had cool lemonade ready. When the children were ready to listen, Grandfather Foster began his story.

This story happened when I was about sixteen. Lee and I went into Grant's store.



“Do you know any news, Mr. Grant?”
I asked.

“I certainly do,” he said. “Mr. Sanders was here yesterday. He is from Sea Town. He wants to build a railroad from Sea Town through Tioga.”

“Build a railroad?” I asked. “Would trains stop here the way they do in Sea Town?”

“They certainly would,” said Larry Grant. “The trains would carry people and whatever a person wanted to send.”

“Is Mr. Sanders coming back?” I asked.

“Yes,” answered Mr. Grant. “He will be here on Friday. There will be a town meeting at the Town Hall. We want everyone there. Will you tell people near you? Be sure to tell your father.”

“I know my father thinks we should have a railroad,” I said.

“I hope we can have a railroad.” Mr. Grant look worried. “Mr. Badger and Mr. Murray will fight it,” he said. “They just don’t want a railroad here. Mr. Camp is our best talker. I hope he will come. But this is a busy time for him.”

Lee and I left the store. Lee was thinking hard. “Mr. Camp might not come,” he said. “Let’s go to see him.”

We went to the old Camp farm. We found Jim Camp cutting hay.



We told him about the meeting. "They don't need me," he said. "Everyone knows we need a railroad. No one will stop it."

"Mr. Badger doesn't want it," said Lee. "Neither does Mr. Murray. They will talk against it."

"I don't see how I can come," said Mr. Camp. "These are busy days. I don't have as much help as some other farmers do. Badger and Murray have good sense. They will surely see how a railroad would help Tioga."

"Will you come if we help you with your haying, Mr. Camp?" I asked.

"Yes, boys, I will," said Mr. Camp.

We went to ask our fathers if we could work a few days for Mr. Camp.

"Yes," said my father. "Mr. Camp is a good friend to other people. I am glad he will let you help him."



Lee's father was willing to have Lee help, too. So we helped Mr. Camp rake his hay. Then we helped him load it and put it into the barn. We wanted that railroad very much.

On Friday evening, the Town Hall was filled. Mr. Badger and Mr. Murray were right down in front. My father, Mr. Collins, Mr. Rogers, and some other men sat on one side of the room. A few women sat on the other side. We boys sat back near the door.

Larry Grant was down front at the speaker's table. Mr. Sanders was down in front, too. But Mr. Camp was not in the room.

People around us were talking. Larry Grant stood up. The room grew still. "I guess we'll begin," said Mr. Grant. "As you know, this meeting is about the railroad. Everyone will have a chance to say what he thinks. Mr. Sanders, will you tell us about the plans for the railroad?"





Mr. Sanders stood. “We would like to have the right-of-way to build a railroad through Tioga,” he said. “Men are cutting lumber up north. We need this lumber to build homes in Sea Town. We want to build a railroad to carry the lumber.”

Mr. Badger stood. “A railroad will spoil our town,” he said. “Trains will pour smoke all over our houses. The sparks might set fire to our homes. They might burn up our crops.”

“Trains do make some dirt,” said Mr. Collins. “But they will help our business.

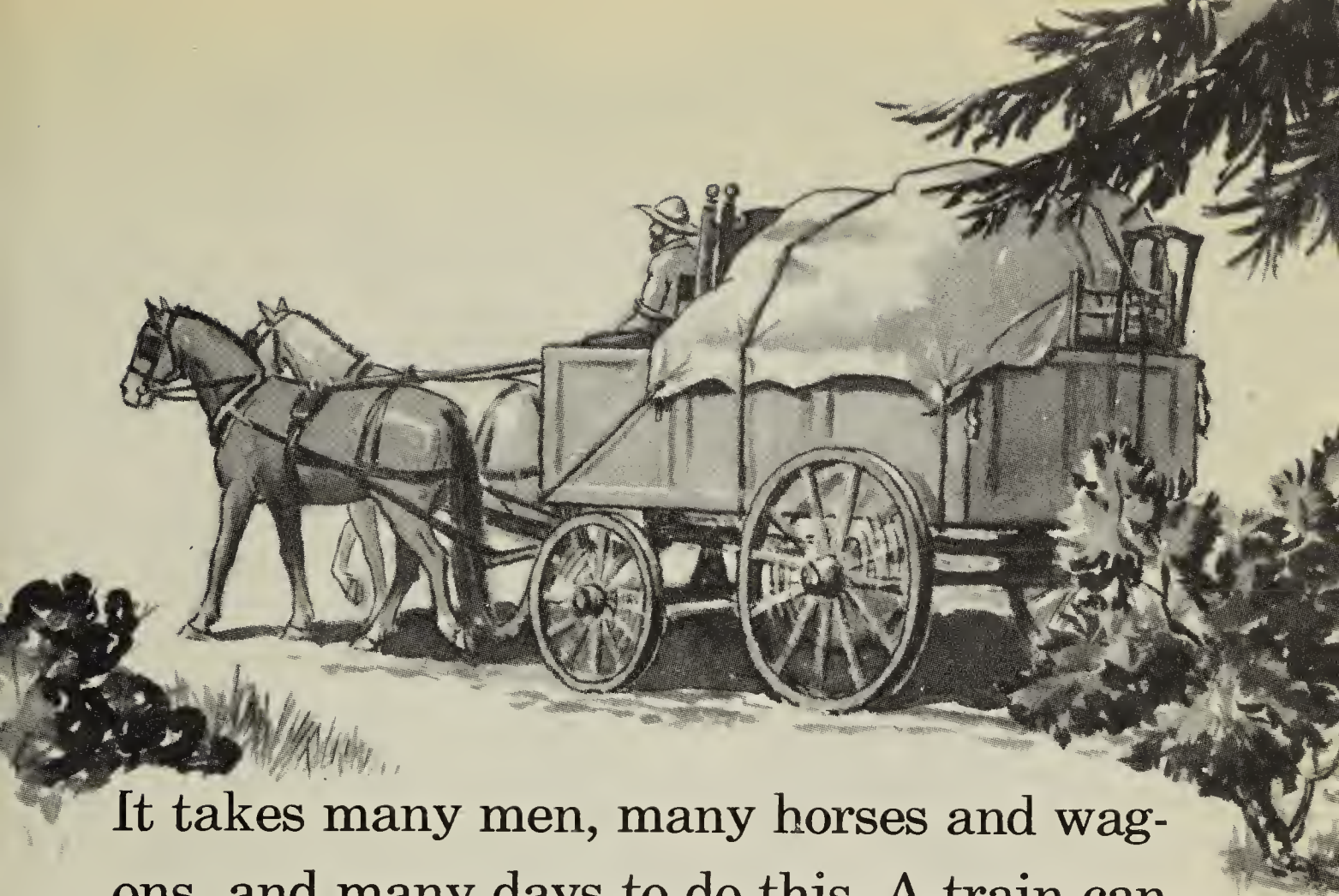
Wagons take my lumber to Sea Town now. It takes about two days to go down, and two days to come back. A train could make the trip in a half day."

"The trains would carry letters, too," said Mr. Grant. "I could send a letter for things I need. The train would bring them. This would save me many trips, and a lot of time."

"Trains are noisy," said Mr. Murray. "Besides, they are not safe. Horses and wagons are good enough."

I kept watching the door. "Why doesn't Mr. Camp come?" I whispered to Lee.

Just then the door creaked. There stood Mr. Camp. "I am sorry to be late," he said. "I heard what John Murray said. John, you know a railroad would help our town. It would help in many ways. We send flour, wool, lumber, and leather to Sea Town now.



It takes many men, many horses and wagons, and many days to do this. A train can carry all of these things.

“We haul food, clothing, and furniture from Sea Town. These could come on the train. That would make them cheaper. Every family in Tioga would be better off. I am in favor of building a railroad through our community.”

Mr. Murray did not say a word.

“I just don’t like the noise they make,” said Grandpa Bane. “They scare the cattle.”



“Well,” said Mr. Sanders. “Our railroad must go north. We can go *around* Tioga. But we’d like to go *through* it.”

People talked in low tones. They didn’t like to think of not having the railroad.

“Where would it run?” asked Mr. Grant.

“We would like to build it near the river,” said Mr. Sanders.

“How much land would you want?”



It was my father who asked this question.

“We would need a strip about two hundred feet wide,” answered Mr. Sanders.

“Why do you need so much land?” asked Mr. Rogers.

“We need to own land on both sides of the road,” Mr. Sanders said. “Sparks fly and sometimes make fires. If we own the land, we will have our men keep the brush cut.

This will prevent fires that might be caused by sparks.”

“Much of that land has not been cleared. It is still forest,” said Mr. Collins.

“We will clear it,” said Mr. Sanders.

“Some of the land belongs to people who live on the farms,” said Mr. Dodge. “How much of it still belongs to the village?”

“Most of it belongs to the village. Mr. Rogers owns the land where his gristmill stands,” said Mr. Grant.

“We would move the houses that are in the way,” said Mr. Sanders. “We would not need to move the gristmill. The railroad would not run that close to the river. We would pay you well for the land.”

Mr. Grant turned to the people. “What do you want to do?” he asked.

Everyone became quiet. People looked at Mr. Camp. They looked at Mr. Badger.



They looked at Mr. Murray. They looked at Mr. Sanders. I thought no one would ever speak.

“Let’s vote,” said Mr. Rogers.

“Yes, let’s vote,” said other voices.

“Will those who want a railroad please stand?” asked Mr. Grant.

One by one, people stood. “One—two—three—four—I count sixty-eight. Be seated.

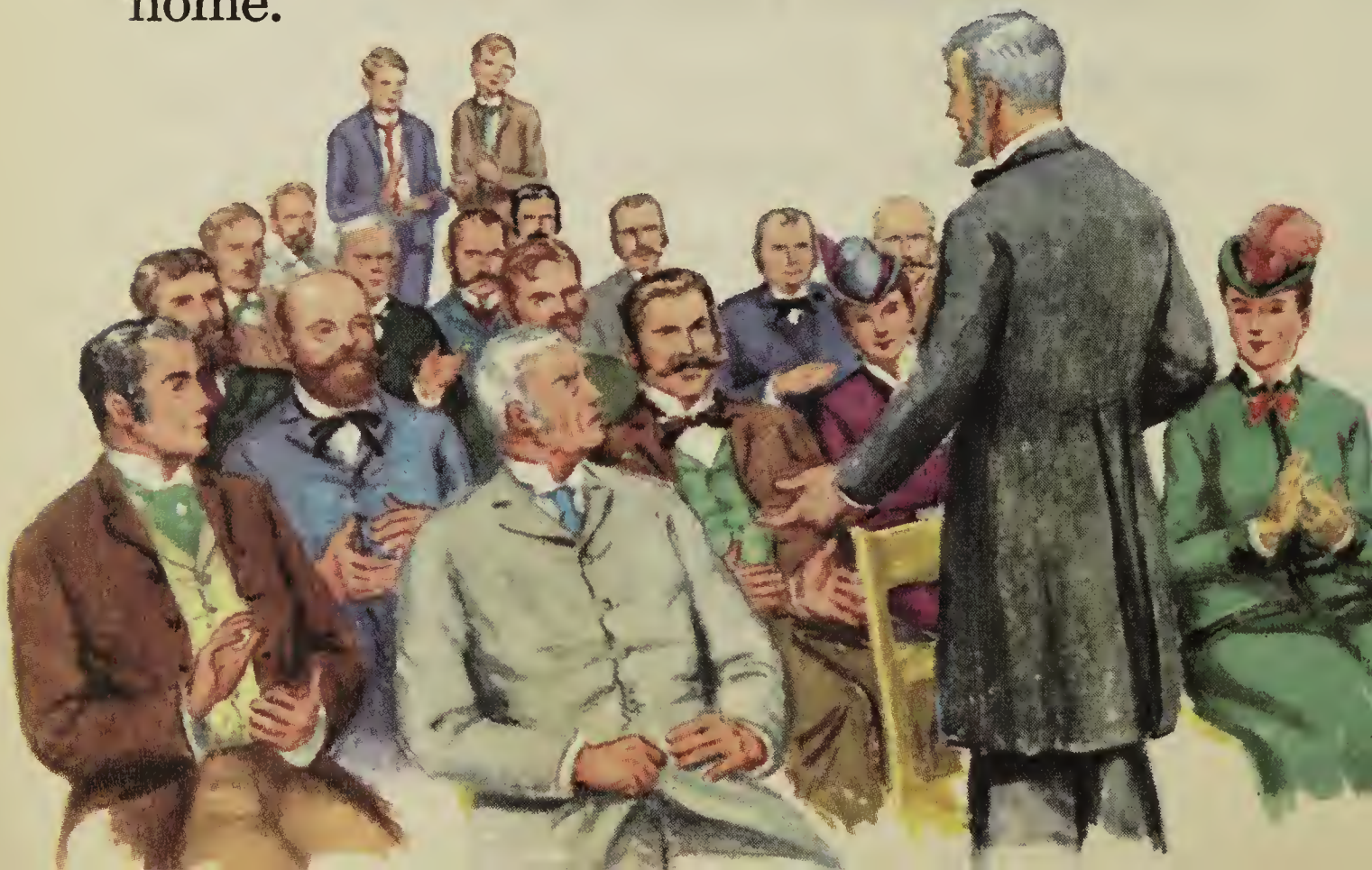
“Will those who do not want a railroad please stand?” asked Mr. Grant.

“One—two—three—four ——— sixteen. Be seated.”

Mr. Badger stood. “If the town wants a railroad, I’ll be glad to help,” he said. “I don’t want to be contrary.”

That was just like Mr. Badger. He spoke his mind, but he never stood in the way of things the people wanted.

We all clapped. Everyone seemed happy. The meeting broke up, and the people went home.





A Train Whistles in Tioga

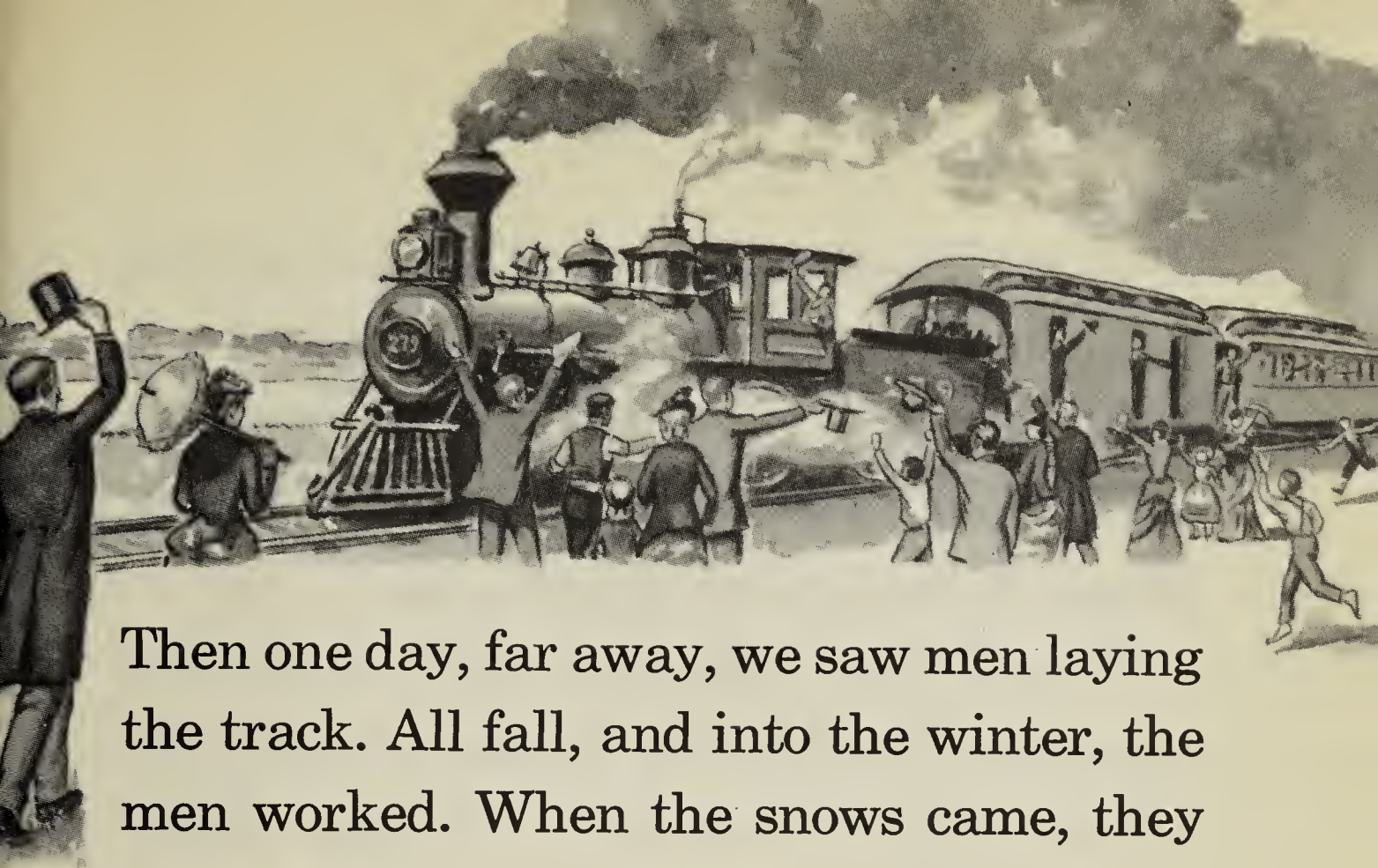
The children were ready to listen to Grandfather Foster's story. "Tell us about how the railroad was built, Grandfather," said Robert.

"Yes, I want to tell you the rest of the story," Grandfather Foster said.



Work on the railroad began. The land was surveyed. Trees were cut. Brush was burned. Rough places were smoothed. The roadbed was made level. Sometimes we went to watch the workers. Some of them spoke a language we could not understand. They laughed and sang as they worked.

Clang—clang—clang—clang—pound—pound—pound—went the axes and the hammers. The ties were put into place.



Then one day, far away, we saw men laying the track. All fall, and into the winter, the men worked. When the snows came, they stopped.

Early in the spring, the railroad was finished. All along the track people waited to see the first train. At last, far down the track, an engine whistled. Who—hoooo—hooooooooo—came the welcome sound. Chug—chug—chug—it was like music to the people of Tioga. Smoke and sparks flew from the smokestack.

Soon we could see all of the train—the first train to run from Sea Town to Tioga.

The people began to cheer. The town band began to play. Another wish had come true.

“Did the railroad ever run to the lumber camps in the north?” asked Cal.

“Yes. The workers kept right on making the roadbed and laying tracks for miles and miles,” Grandfather said. “It was a sight to see the flatcars go through Tioga piled with logs.”

“That must have been exciting, Mr. Foster,” said Betsy. “Is it the same railroad that is here now?”



“Yes,” said Grandfather, “but the trains run by electric power now. There are two tracks now. Trains go south on one, and north on the other.”

“Mr. Field lives near us,” said Harry. “He is the station agent. He invited me to visit him at the railroad station. Perhaps we can all go.”

Thoughts to Talk About

1. How did the boys in this story help Tioga?
2. How did Mr. Badger show that he was fair?
3. How did the people like the idea of having a railroad?
4. Did the town meeting give all a fair chance?
5. How do people in towns decide things today?

Things to Do

1. Make a play: *How the Railroad Came to Tioga*.
2. Dramatize the town meeting in Tioga when they decided to let the railroad come through.
3. Hold a school meeting to learn how to decide important things.



How the Railroad Helps

Grandfather had just finished his story. The children were getting ready to go home when the telephone rang. The call was for Cal.

“Cal,” said his mother, “you, Betsy, Pat, and Harry go to the railroad station. Aunt Beth is coming. I am driving down to meet her. I will bring all of you home. Robert may want to go to the station, too.”

Robert did go with them to the station. “I will walk home,” he said.

Mr. Field was at the ticket window. "Hello," he said, when he saw the children. "Are you going somewhere?"

"No," said Betsy, "we have come to meet someone."

"Our Aunt Beth is coming on the five o'clock train from Sea Town," said Cal.

"Your train is not due for fifteen minutes," said Mr. Field. "This is a good time to show you the station, Harry. Do the other children want to come, too?"

"We'd like it very much," said Betsy.

"I'll show you the tickets first." He showed the children the rows and rows of tickets. Some were marked, "Tioga to Sea Town." Some were marked for other places.



Some were not marked at all. Some were long strips to be filled in for people going far away. People came to buy tickets.

“Ned!” Mr. Field called to a young man. “Please take care of the ticket window for a while.”

They went through the baggage room. Several suitcases and trunks were there. Mr. Field looked at the checks on one trunk and a suitcase. “These are going to Chicago,” he said. “They must go to Sea Town first. Then they will go on another railroad to Chicago.”

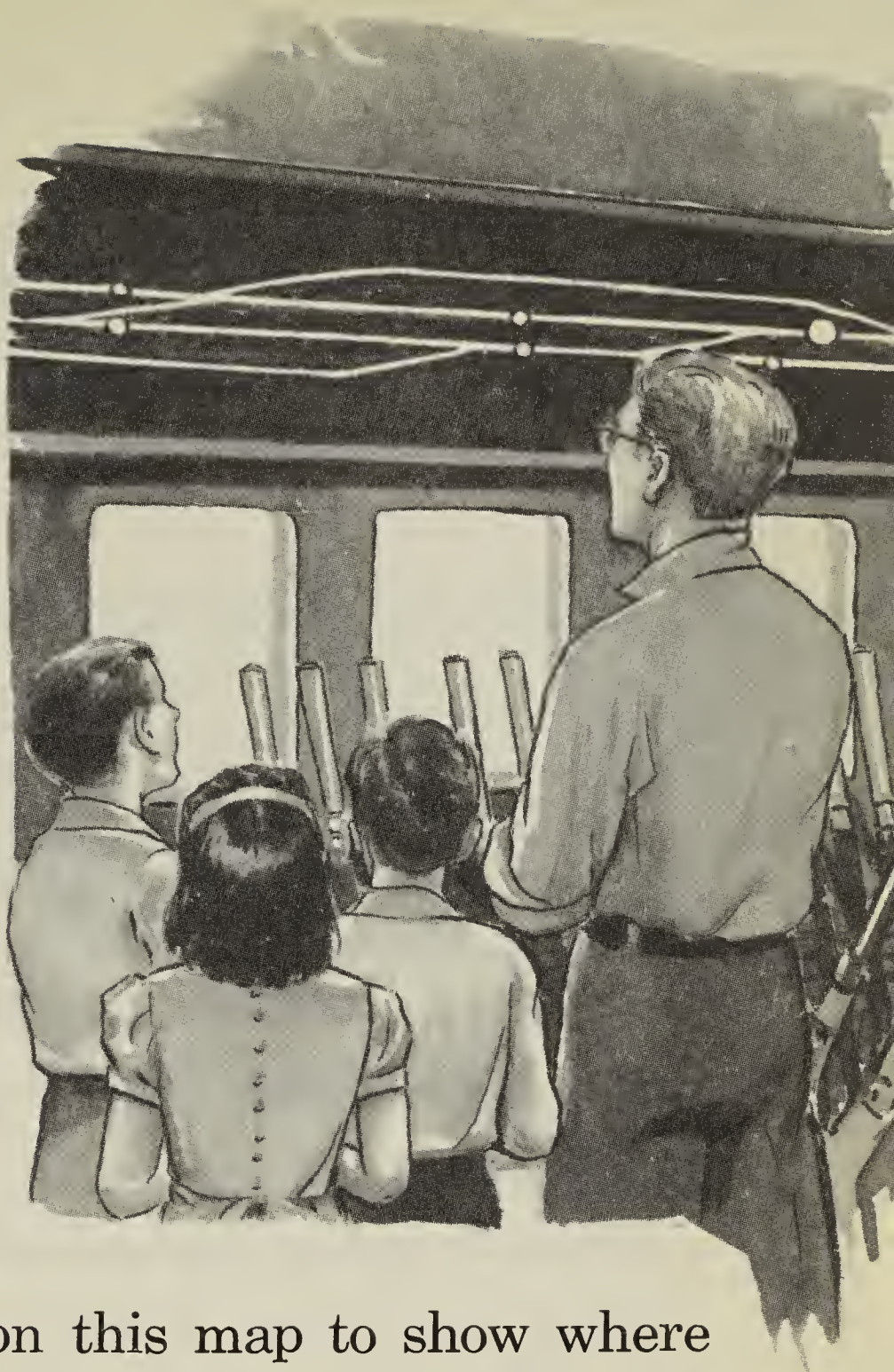


Mr. Field took his visitors to a building nearby. An elevator took them upstairs.

“This is the signal tower,” said Mr. Field. He showed them a large electric map.

“Lights flash on this map to show where the trains are. When a train is near, green lights along the track help it come in safely. A red light flashes at the street crossing. You know what that means.”

“Red signal lights tell people not to cross the tracks,” said Cal.





A light flashed on the map. At the same time, green lights flashed along the railroad track.

“Your train is coming,” said Mr. Field.

They went down to the station platform. Mrs. Miller was there.

“Why are the wires above the tracks?” asked Pat.

“The trains are run by electricity from the wires,” said Mr. Field.

“Do all trains use electricity?” asked Pat.

“No, some use steam. They burn coal to change water into steam. Some burn oil.”

“The first trains must have been dirty,” said Betsy. “Are electric trains dirty?”

“Electric trains are clean,” said Mr. Field. “Here comes the train. Stand back and watch.”

“I’ll meet Aunt Beth,” said Mrs. Miller. “Then we will come for you.”

The baggage man came out of the station. He pulled a cart with the trunk and suitcases. Then he pulled an empty cart down the platform. Another cart held two bags of mail. A few people came out of the station.



“The railroad brings many things to Tioga,” said Mr. Field. “Fruits come here from almost every state. Vegetables come from different places in winter and in summer. Dresses, suits, coats, gloves, hats, and shoes come from many places. Medicine, hospital supplies, mail, newspapers, and many magazines come on this railroad.”

“What does Tioga send away on the trains?” asked Betsy.

“People!” said Mr. Field. “And the railroad brings them back again.” He laughed.

“Don’t we send away lumber and other things?” asked Cal.

“Yes, we ship a great deal of lumber,” said Mr. Field. “Our farmers send milk and eggs to cities. Meat is shipped in refrigerator cars. Our tannery sends leather to the shoe factory in Sea Town.”

“It is good business for Tioga to have a railroad,” said Harry.

“Yes, it surely is,” said Mr. Field.

“There’s Aunt Beth. Thank you, Mr. Field,” said Betsy.

“Thank you,” called the other children, and they ran to meet Aunt Beth.

Thoughts to Talk About

1. There are many ways for people to travel.
2. There are many ways for products to be carried from one place to another.
3. Railroads, roads, and airplanes have helped to change ways of living.
4. Many different workers help to take things and people from one place to another.

Learning About Your Community

1. Find out how many ways there are in your community to send products to other places.
2. Visit the airport, the railroad station, or the bus station in your community.



3. Make a map showing a railroad or a bus route that goes through your community. Show also some nearby cities and towns.
4. Make a chart showing things that trains or airplanes bring to your community.
5. Make a chart showing as many things as you can that the railroad takes away.
6. Find out how the railroad workers try to make travel safe for people.

Fun with Words

Choose five words from the story which have something to do with railroads. Write them on paper. Be sure you know what they mean.

When everyone has done this, divide into several groups. Select a chairman for each group. Give him the papers with the words on them. Have him call out the words. Take turns telling what they mean. If you do not know a word, find it in your book. Decide what it means. Put the word back with the words whose meanings have not been given. Keep score to see which group knows the most words.



Telephones in Tioga

“Grandfather,” said Robert Foster, “when did Tioga first have electric lights and telephones?”

“Well,” said Grandfather, wrinkling his forehead. He was trying to remember. “Let me see—the telephone came first,” he said. “Electricity came a year or two later. The first man in Tioga to have a telephone was my father.”

“Do you mean my great-grandfather?” asked Robert.

“Yes. I can still remember the excitement.”

The children sat on the porch steps, and Grandfather began his story.

Father went to Sea Town on the morning train. He said he wanted to look at a hay mower. I drove the buggy to the railroad station that evening to meet him. When he stepped off the train, he was carrying two mysterious-looking boxes and a big roll of wire.

“Carry a box for me, Peter,” he said. “It’s heavy. Don’t let it fall. It is a secret.”

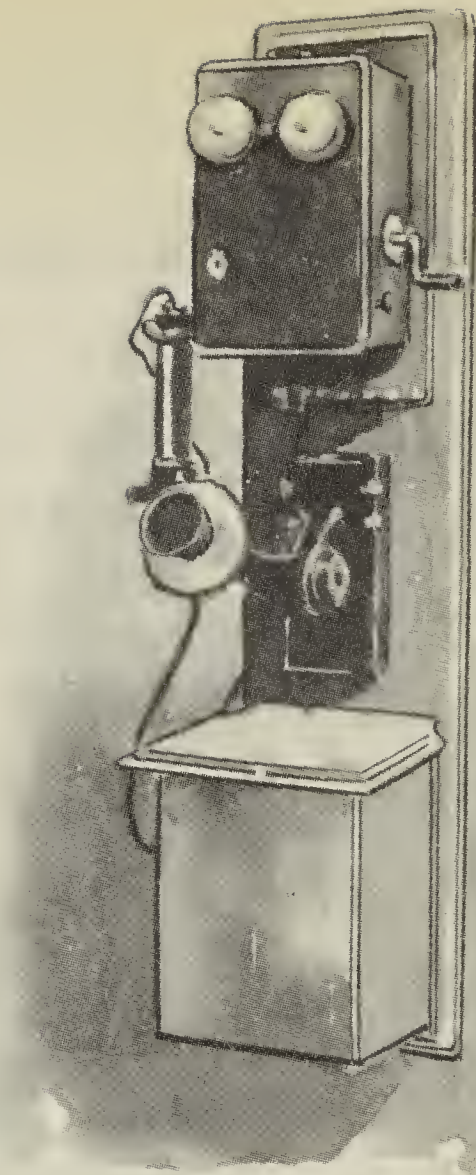
As we got into the buggy, I asked, “Is the surprise for Mother?”

“It’s for all of us,” he said. “It is a telephone.”

“A telephone!” I said. I had heard how wonderful they were.

“Yes. Mr. Camp and I talked it over. I went to town today to see them. We are going to try them to see if the things will actually work. The men in Sea Town told me how to put them up. We will do that tomorrow.”

The next day was very busy. Mr. Camp came over right after breakfast. We put one telephone on our kitchen wall. The wires from the telephone were strung over to the doorway. They were tacked along the side of the doorway and were run through holes bored above the doorway.

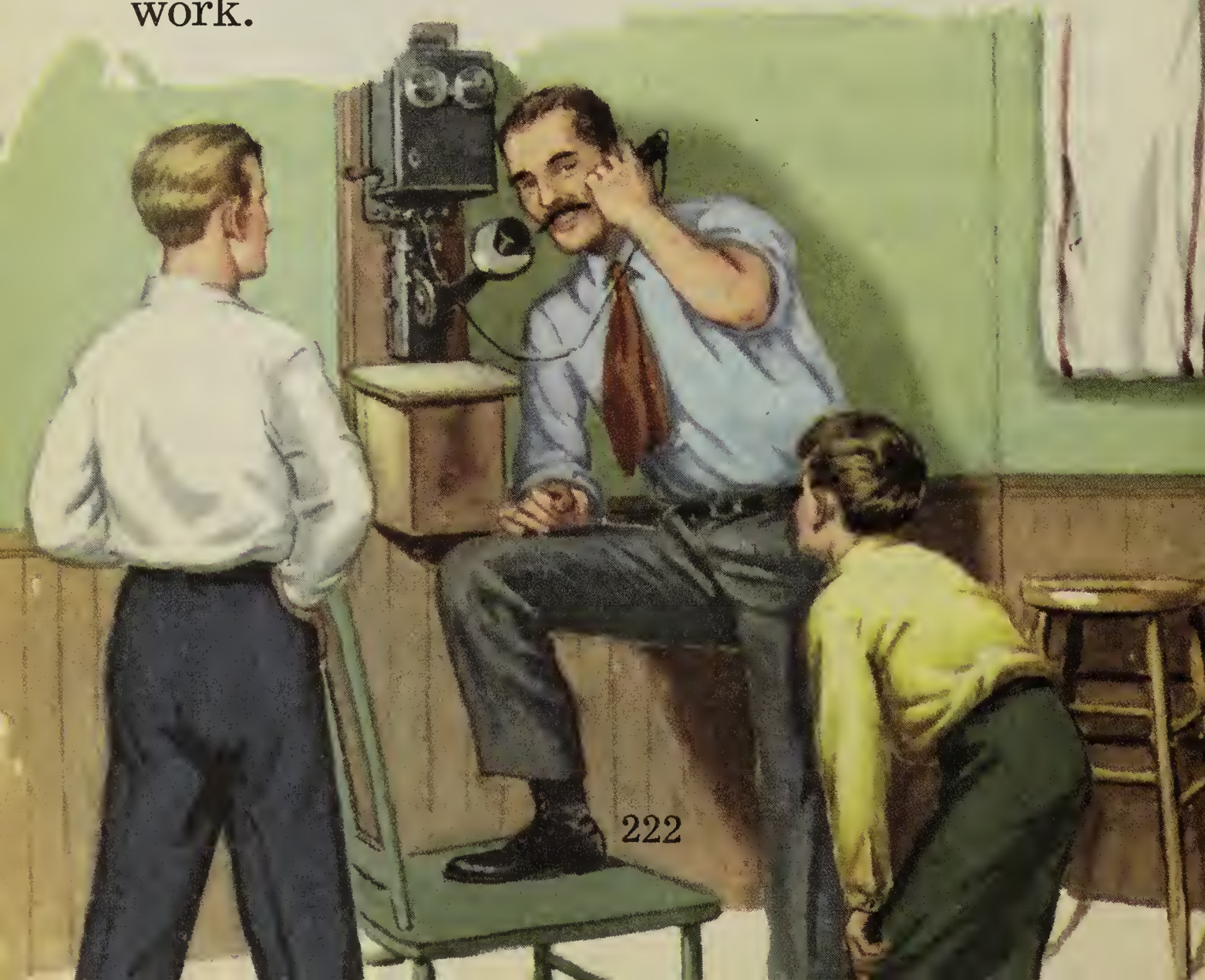


Then the wires were outside ready to be connected to Mr. Camp's telephone.

Then we put a telephone into Mr. Camp's house. We connected the wires of the two telephones.

"Now," said Mr. Camp. "Let's try it."

Father, Don, and I hurried home. We went straight to the kitchen. We could hardly wait to see if the telephone would work.



Mother stopped her work and came to watch, too.

Father turned the handle. A bell rang. Then he took the receiver from the hook. He put it to his ear. Father said, "Hello, hello! Is that you, Mr. Camp? . . . Yes, yes, I can hear you. I know you are a mile away, but your voice sounds as if you were right in this room." Then we all tried it. Mrs. Camp talked to Mother.





After that, Mr. Camp came to the telephone and asked for Father.

“We ought to let people know about our telephones,” he said. “We ought to share good things.”

Father sent me to the store to tell Larry Grant.

“That’s something!” said Mr. Grant.

“I’ll come to your house today.” I stopped to tell Mr. Rogers and Mr. Collins, too. Lee and Ed went home with me to try the telephone.

For several days, visitors came from far and near. They all tried the telephone.

Mr. Murray had not seen anyone use the telephone. He walked straight up to it. He yelled, “Hello! Hello!” Then he turned around and said, “Stuff and nonsense! I don’t hear a thing!”



Mr. Grant showed him how to use it. When he heard Mr. Camp's voice, his eyes popped wider than I'd ever seen them. "It is hard to believe that you can hear what people say over a wire," Mr. Murray said.

"It is wonderful," said Larry Grant. "I'm going to have one in my store as soon as I can get one. I hope others will get telephones. Then people can telephone when they need something."

"All business places will need them," said Mr. Rogers.

Grandfather Bane came. He was cross. "Homes don't need them. Women will talk all day. They won't do their work," he said.

"Grandfather," said Martha Bane, "we do need them. It would keep me from being lonely. Besides, if you get sick, we could call the doctor more quickly."

“Perhaps that’s so, Martha,” said Grandfather Bane.

“Mr. Foster, this telephone wire connects your telephone to Mr. Camp’s,” said Mr. Collins. “Could you put up more wires so that I could talk to you and Mr. Camp?”

“Yes,” said Father. “I think you could join your wire to ours. We could ring once when Mr. Camp is being called. We could ring twice for you, and three times for my house.”

The men talked. The women went into the house. They called us to come in for coffee and gingerbread.



By the end of the year, many of the families and businessmen of Tioga planned to have telephones. They ordered them from Sea Town. When they came, my father, Mr. Camp, Don, and I helped put some of them up.

Larry Grant was busy all of the time now. People just telephoned and told him what they wanted. Every day his men delivered groceries and other supplies to almost every family in town.





“I had good news for the paper those days,” said Grandfather Foster. His eyes twinkled as he remembered it.

“People must have liked telephones, Grandfather,” said Cal. “Nearly everyone has a telephone now.”

“Yes,” said Grandfather. “Many people wanted them. They are much improved now. People can talk to anyone who has a telephone. The telephone operator knows just how to connect one phone with another.



I can go to our telephone, and in just a few minutes, I can talk with someone on the other side of the world. Robert's father called us from a train yesterday. News reporters telephone from all over the world."

"You can telephone to people on ships," said Robert.

"Some automobiles have telephones, too," said Cal.

"Do telephones keep women from doing their work?" asked Pat.

“Not at all,” said Mrs. Foster. She had come out on the porch quietly. No one knew she was there. “In fact,” she said, “telephones help us do more work. We do not always have to go and get everything we need. We have more time to sew, to clean, or to garden.”

“I can’t think what Tioga would be like without telephones,” said Harry. “They certainly help our community.”

Things to Do

1. Make a play showing how Tioga got its first telephones.
2. List telephone courtesy rules.
3. Find out how to care for a telephone.

Learning About Your Community

1. Find out when your community got telephones.
2. Visit the telephone office. Ask the operator to show you how she “connects telephones” for people who want to talk.



Electricity Makes Life Easier

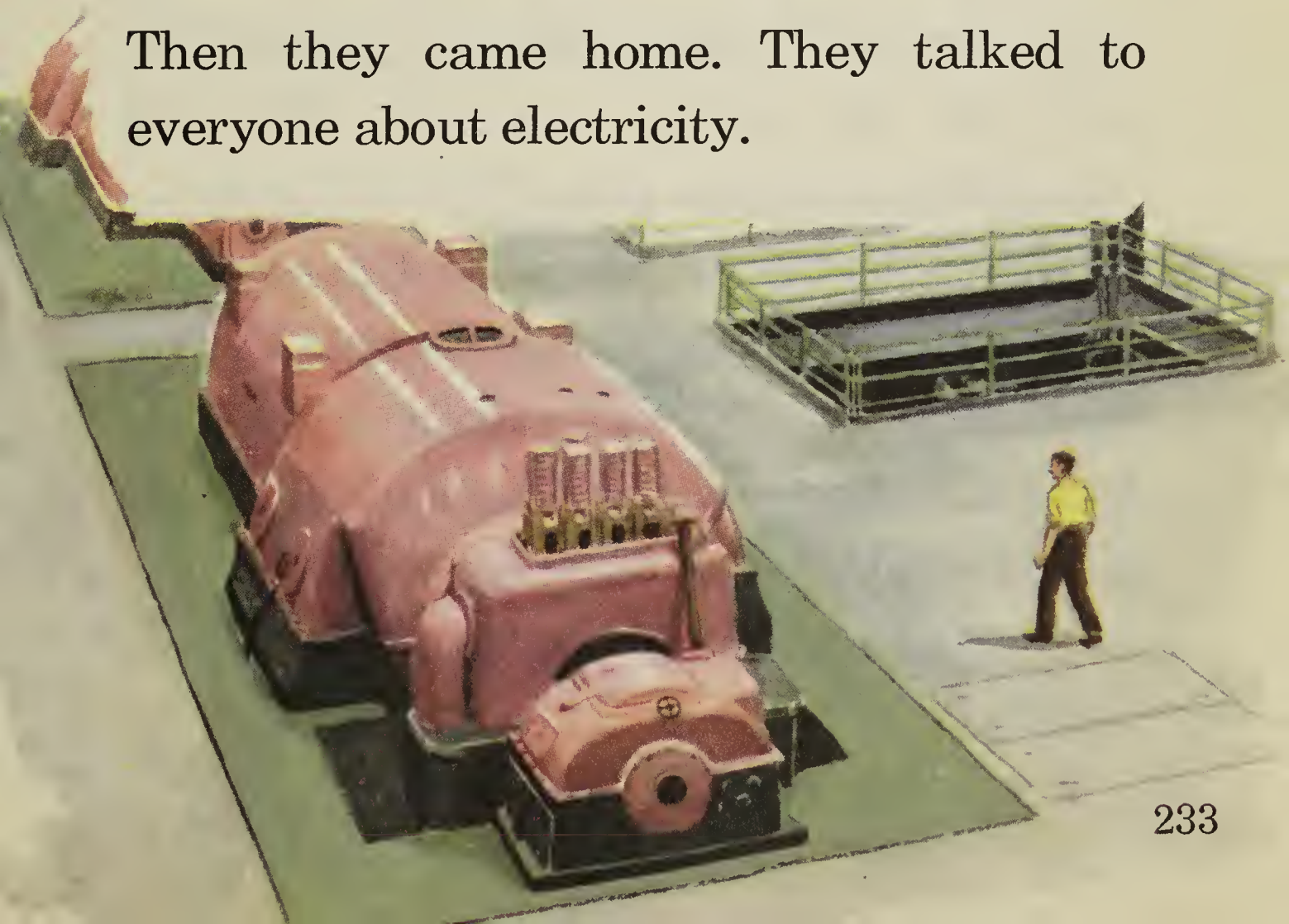
The children were waiting on the porch. Grandfather Foster came up the walk. He looked at his watch. "You are early," he said, "but I am ready with my story."

By the time I was twenty years old, Tioga had grown out to the edge of our farm. We had sold some of our land to newcomers. They had built many homes.

Fred Ralston lived in one of the houses on this land. "I'd like to see this town have electric lights," he said to Ronnie Easton. "I'd like to have electric lights in my home."

"So would I," said Ronnie.

Fred and Ronnie visited several places that had electricity. They found that some places used water power. The water power turned wheels that made electricity. Ronnie and Fred learned how it worked. Then they came home. They talked to everyone about electricity.



“If we could build a big dam in our river,” said Fred, “we could make electricity. Then we could have electric lights in our homes and stores.”

“We could have street lights, too,” said Carl Rogers. “People would be safer at night.”

Finally, six men agreed to work together on this power project.

“Each of us will give a share of money,” said Fred Ralston. “When the dam is built, we will make electric power. We will sell the power to people. We will share the money we earn.”

That is how they carried out their plan. Fred Ralston was president. Ronnie Easton was treasurer. It took about a year to build the dam and the power plant. A big sign was painted on the plant—

THE TIOGA POWER PLANT



Larry Grant's store was one of the first places to have electric lights. The day the lights were put in, Grant's store stayed open late. Many people came to see the lights. They seemed as bright as day. Before long all the business places had them.

One day, my father went to see Ronnie Easton. "What can I do to get electric lights in my home?" he asked.

"Do all the families on your road want them?" asked Ronnie.

"I don't know," said Father. "Mr. Camp wants them, and so do we."



“Find out how many families want them,” said Ronnie. “Cut your poles and put them up. Our company will put up the wire. Then you will pay us for the electricity you use. We charge for the number of lights you have in your home.”

Next day, Father went to see everyone on our road. Six families wanted lights. All the men helped with the poles. We soon had electricity. What a change it made in our home!

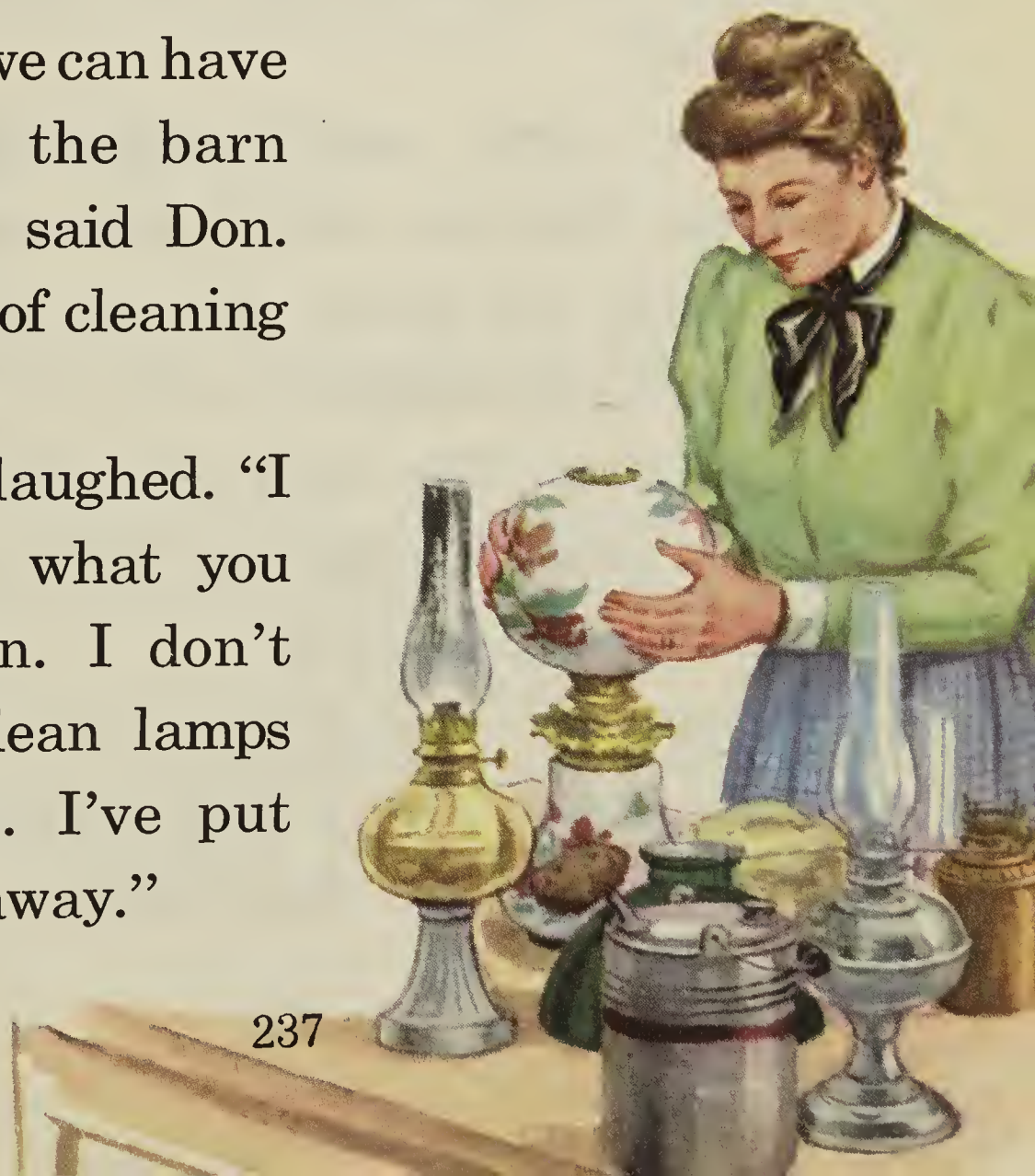
“I can’t sleep in the evening now,” laughed my mother. “I can see to mend, and I can’t rest until it’s done.” But she liked the lights.

“It seems good to have bright light for reading,” said Father.

“Yes,” said Mother. “When I go into a dark room, it is good to flash on a light quickly.”

“I hope we can have lights in the barn someday,” said Don. “I’m tired of cleaning lanterns.”

Mother laughed. “I know just what you mean, Son. I don’t have to clean lamps any more. I’ve put them all away.”



Grandfather stopped talking. The children knew he was thinking of long ago.

“When did Tioga get street lights?” asked Cal.

“The very first year,” said Grandfather. “That was a big night! Tioga had a celebration. People shot off fireworks. The band played. The night was like day.”

“Did Mr. Bane like it?” The children laughed.

“Not very well,” said Grandfather Foster. “But he didn’t say much about it. Today the power we use is made far away. A big company makes it at a much larger dam. The electricity comes in big, heavy wires. It costs less to bring it to us than for us to make it.”

“I’ve seen the old power plant down on the river. But I didn’t know what it was,” said Harry. “It is falling apart.”



“Yes,” said Grandfather Foster. “Things change. When something better comes along, the old ways change. Life is made easier.”

Thoughts to Talk About

1. Old ways change when something better is invented.
2. Electricity is very important in our lives today.

Things to Do

1. List all the things in homes that use electricity.
2. List other ways that you know electricity is used.

Learning About Your Community

1. Find out how your community gets electricity.
2. Talk with older people to learn what lights were used before electricity.



A Horseless Carriage

“When I had my own paper, finding news was not always easy.” Grandfather waited while the children made themselves comfortable. Then he went on with his story.

“Lee,” I said one day, “we need something exciting for our paper.”



“News can’t be exciting all the time,” said Lee. “You are only supposed to print what really happens.”

“All the same, I wish something exciting would happen,” I said. “Let’s go see Larry Grant. He always knows some news.”

Just as we closed the door of the office, there was a strange sound.

“Will you look at that?” said Lee. “It’s a buggy. But where is the horse?”

“Sure as shootin’, that’s a horseless carriage, Lee!” I said. “It’s just like the one Mr. Nelson owns in Sea Town.”

Putt-putt—putt—a-PUTT—went the carriage as it came near. It looked like a two-seated buggy, but there was no horse. A man was sitting in it. He was driving the carriage by a rod that came up through the floor.

“Watch him shake up and down,” laughed Lee.

Some children were running along behind the horseless carriage. They were laughing. The carriage reached Grant’s store. With a jerk and a puff of smoke, it stopped. The man got out. A crowd gathered quickly.

“What in the world is *that*?” asked Grandpa Badger.

“It is a horseless carriage,” said the man.

“How does it run?” one man asked.

The driver took a can from the buggy.

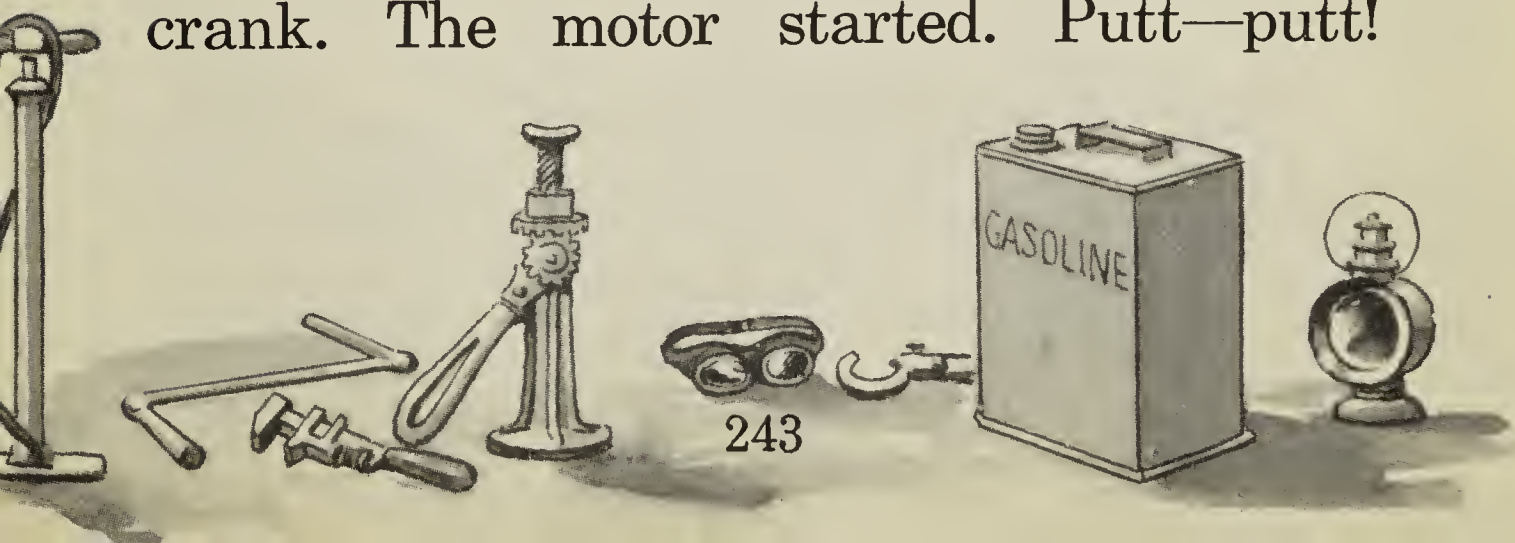
It was marked *Gasoline*. “You just put gasoline into it.” He opened the tank on his car. He poured in the gasoline. “Next you crank it. Then the motor does the work. I’ll show you when I’m ready to leave.”

He went into Grant’s store. In a few minutes, he came out again. Larry Grant followed him. Larry walked right over and got into the buggy!

“You’ll get killed, Larry!” shrieked Grandma Davis.

Larry laughed. “I’ll be back in fifteen minutes, Grandma,” he said.

The man took the crank from the car. He put it into a hole in the side of the buggy. With all his might, he turned the crank. The motor started. Putt—putt!





Putt—putt—a—PUTT—it went loudly. The buggy shook and shook. The man put the crank away quickly. He jumped into the buggy. He took off the brake and turned the rod. The buggy leaped away.

“How fast does it go?” screamed Bill Evans after it.

“Twelve miles an hour!” screamed the man.

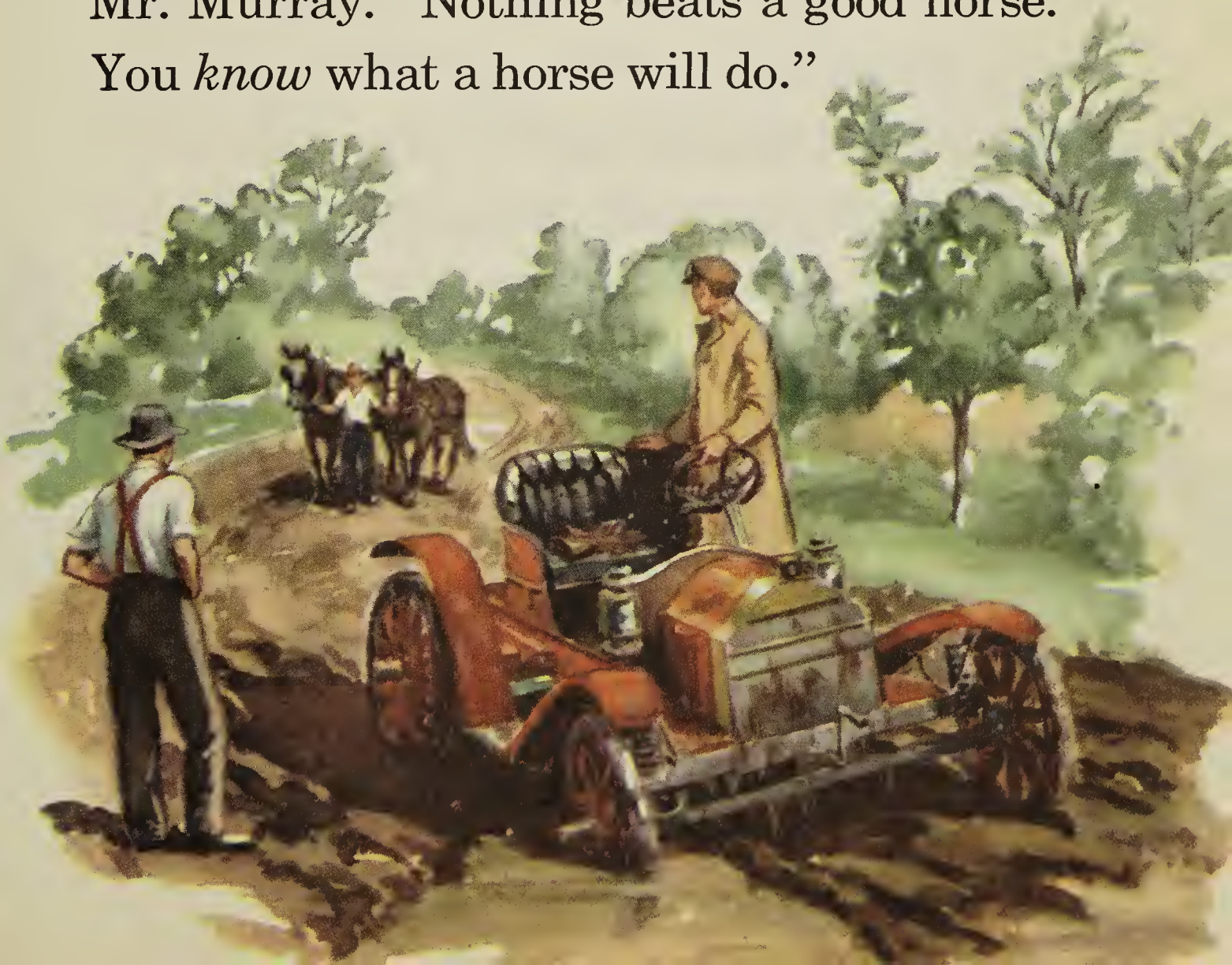
“He’ll scare all the animals,” said Grandpa Badger.

“Larry will be sorry,” said Mr. Murray.
“The thing isn’t safe. Nature never meant anything to go that fast.”

“Who would want anything that smells like that?” Mrs. Marsh held her nose.

“They say they break down on the road. Dan Smith’s horses pulled one off the road last week,” said Grandpa Bane.

“Give me a horse every time,” said Mr. Murray. “Nothing beats a good horse. You *know* what a horse will do.”



Pretty soon they heard the buggy coming back. Larry and the driver were shaking up and down, but they were back safely. The buggy jerked to a stop, and Larry got out.

“Are you going to buy one, Larry?” asked Mr. Murray.

“I think I am,” said Larry, as soon as he got his breath. He looked straight at Mr. Murray. “Tioga wants the best. Someone should try new things. I’ll be the first to try a horseless buggy.”

“I’ll have one soon,” said Dan Jones.



“Exciting news, Peter!” said Lee. We dashed away to write the news story.

“When did you get an automobile, Grandfather?” asked Robert.

“I had one soon after that,” chuckled Grandfather. “I couldn’t let anyone get news faster than I could. I rode in Larry Grant’s horseless buggy, and I couldn’t rest until I owned one. I was married then. Your grandmother liked to ride in the buggy, except that she didn’t like the dust from the roads. She wore a big hat with a veil tied under her chin. Her coat covered her to her ankles. Well—I have never been without an automobile since.”

“Did you ever own a truck?” asked Pat.

“No, I never needed a truck,” answered Grandfather.

“How did you get the paper for your newspaper?” asked Harry.

“Mr. Sanders sent it out on the train. Now that we print so many papers, the paper mill sends a truck right here.”

“The truck drives right up to the door,” said Robert. “I’ve seen it.”

“Did the automobiles change things very much, Grandfather?” asked Harry.

“Oh, my, yes!” said Grandfather. “The changes came so fast it was hard to keep up with them. First, there had to be ways to get gasoline. There had to be places to sell gasoline. There had to be garages to repair automobiles.



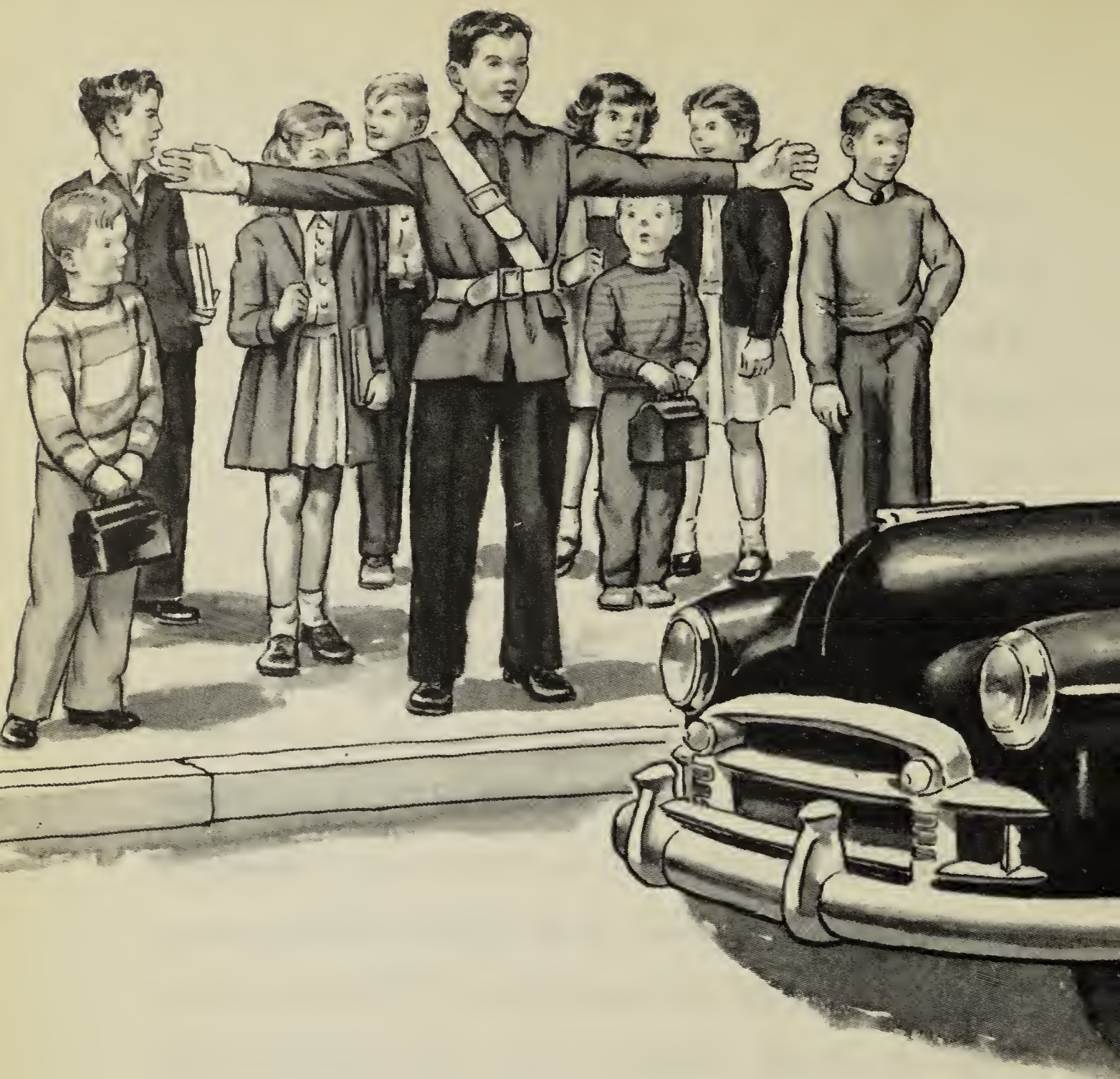
“Then roads had to be wider and smoother. Next they were hard-surfaced. When cars were made that would go fast, people traveled to more places. People from the country homes came to town more often.”

“People could visit other communities, too, couldn’t they?” asked Pat.

“Yes, they began going all over the country. Buses are just big cars. You know how much buses help the people of Tioga.”

“Machines make our lives dangerous, too, don’t they, Grandfather? We have to learn to walk safely, to ride safely, and to drive safely,” said Robert.





“Yes, and you children obey the rules,” said Grandfather. “We’ve not had an accident for a long while. Your Boy Patrol has helped.”

“Your stories help us to understand many things, Grandfather,” said Robert.

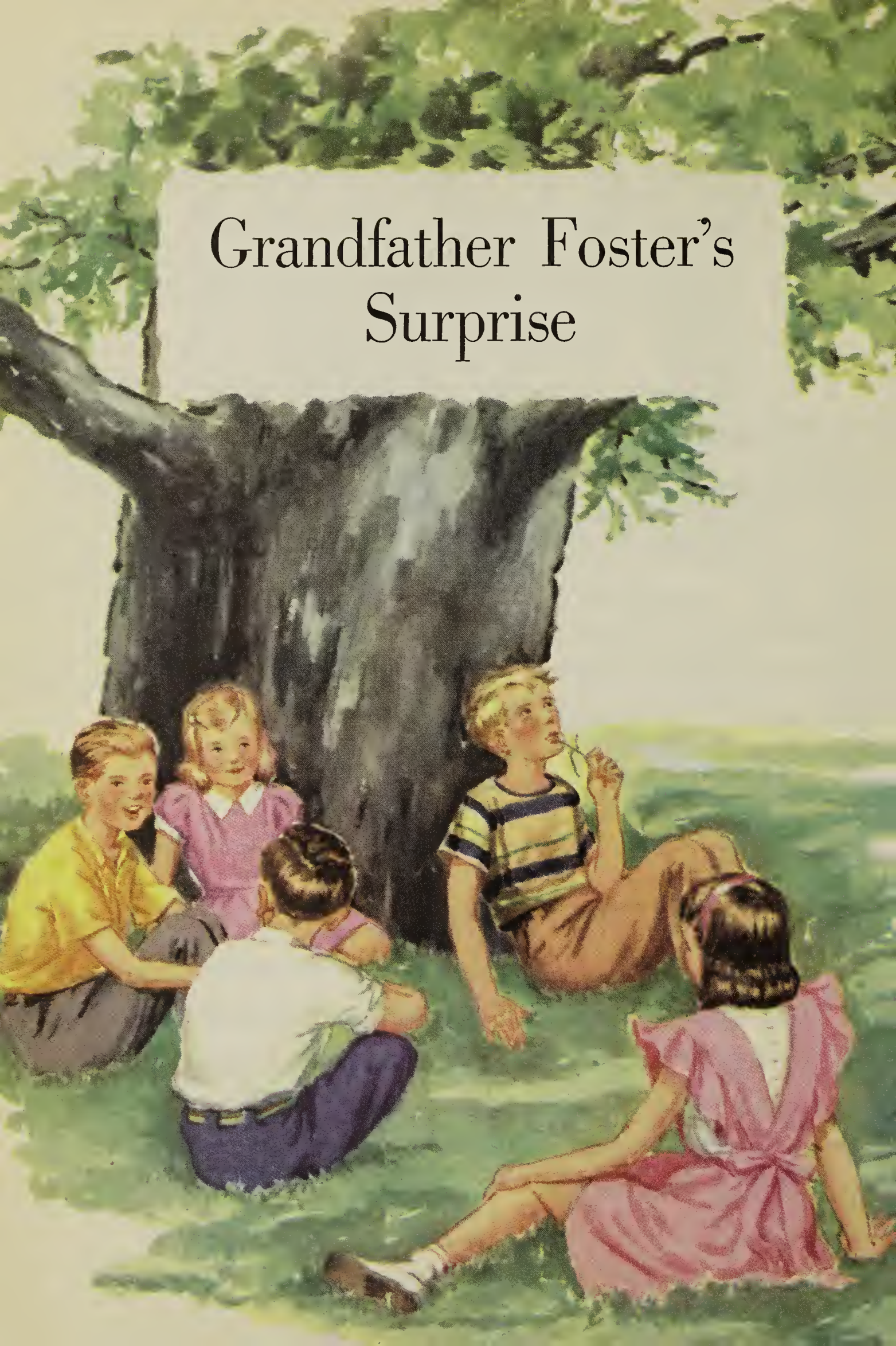
“Most of all, we have learned how exciting it was a long time ago.”

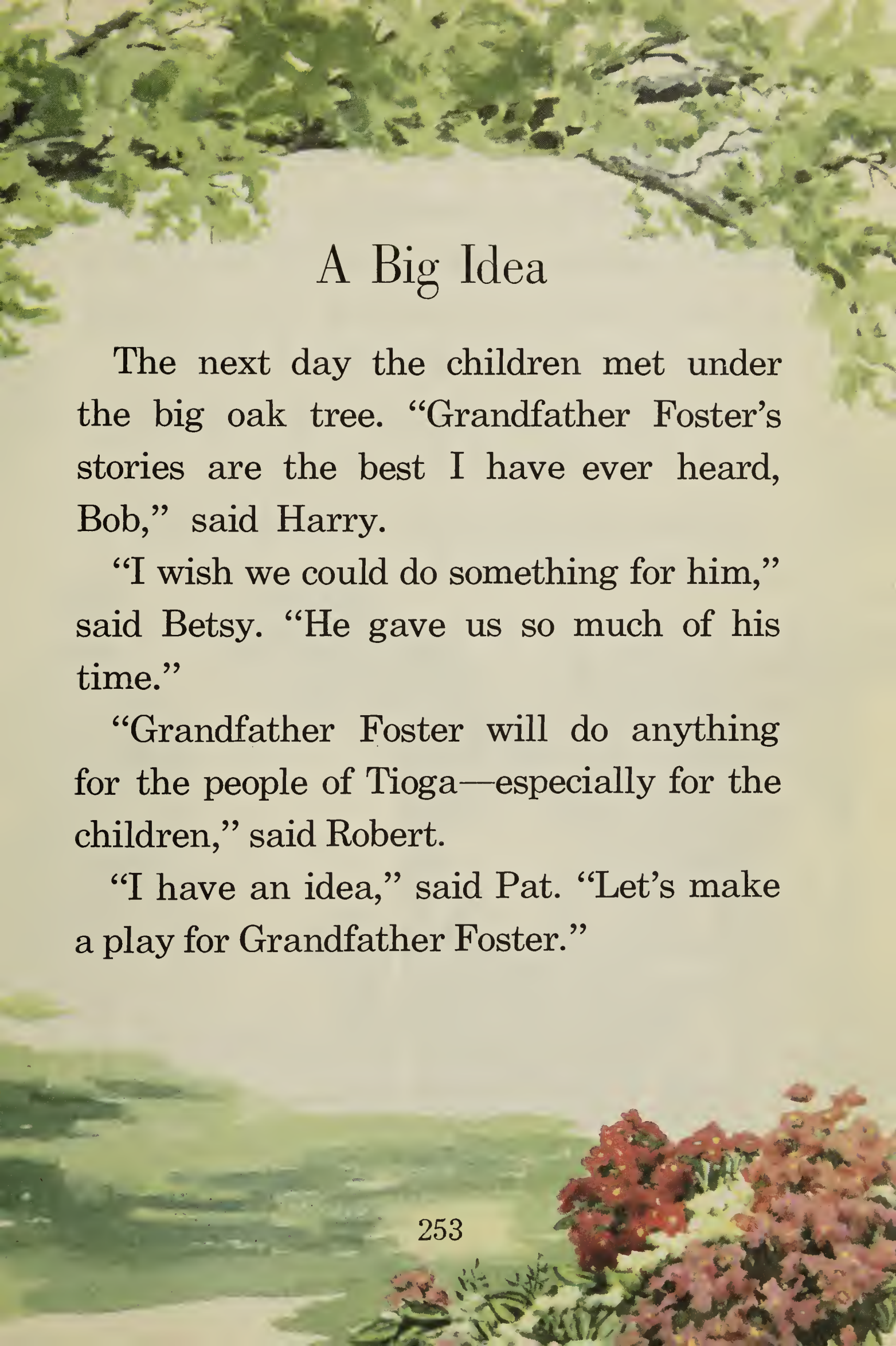
“It is exciting now, too,” said Grandfather. “Things never stop changing. Well, I think I’ve told you about all the important stories I remember. It’s been fun to tell my old stories again.”

Things to Do

1. Find some pictures of the first automobile. Also, ask some older people if they ever rode in one that had to be “cranked.”
2. Find some pictures of the first bicycles.
3. Talk about ways automobiles help your community.
4. Talk about how bicycles help your community.
5. Talk about things that automobile drivers and bicycle riders must do to help make people safe.
6. Boys and girls often ride in cars and buses. Talk about things they can do to help the drivers.
7. Make pictures of all the ways people travel in your community.

Grandfather Foster's Surprise





A Big Idea

The next day the children met under the big oak tree. “Grandfather Foster’s stories are the best I have ever heard, Bob,” said Harry.

“I wish we could do something for him,” said Betsy. “He gave us so much of his time.”

“Grandfather Foster will do anything for the people of Tioga—especially for the children,” said Robert.

“I have an idea,” said Pat. “Let’s make a play for Grandfather Foster.”

“A play! What about?” asked Cal.

The children thought a while. Then Robert spoke. “You remember Grandfather’s slogan is *Anything that will help Tioga*. Let’s make a play about that.”

“Do you mean that we would show how people help Tioga?” asked Betsy.

“Yes, and we could show how things help, too,” said Robert.



The children thought for a long time. Finally Mrs. Riley came over. "I just wondered why you were so quiet," she said.

"Mother," said Pat, "we are planning a surprise for Grandfather Foster. We want to have a play for him."

"Miss Morris could help you," said Mrs. Riley. "She always helps the Woman's Club with their play. Why don't you talk to her about it?"

After lunch, the children met at the library.

"Miss Morris," said Pat, "we want to thank you for suggesting that we talk with Grandfather Foster. He told us many interesting things. Now we want to do something for him."

The children told her about their idea for the surprise.



“Plays are always fun,” she said. “But it is hard work to prepare a good play. Do you want it to be a good one?”

“We want it to be the best play we can make,” they said.

“Where will we have it?” asked Pat.

“The library lawn is a good place,” said Miss Morris. “Let’s go out and look at it.”

They went out the side door. The green lawn was like a velvet carpet. It was flat for a long way. Then it sloped sharply for about ten feet. Below the slope was another stretch of flat land. At the edge of this flat land was a brook. Low trees and some bushes grew along the bank of the brook.

“Some of the land is level. The flat land below the slope can be your stage,” said Miss Morris. “Your audience can sit above and see the play. The brook can be part of the scenery.”

“It is a good place,” said Pat.

“People will like our play,” said Cal.

“If it rains, you can use the library,” said Miss Morris.



“We’ll need some other people,” said Harry. “I know some children who would like to be in it.”

“Let’s plan it first,” said Miss Morris. “Then we’ll know how many people we need.”

They went into the library. “There is no one else in the library,” said Miss Morris. “Let’s sit down and make plans.”

When someone came to get a book, they stopped planning until the person had gone.

“We don’t want anyone to know,” they said, “at least—not yet.”

Late in the afternoon, Betsy said, “I must go home soon. I always help Mother get dinner.”



“We’ve made some good plans,” Miss Morris said. She read the plans. “The play will be in three acts. The first will show the coming of the first white settlers to Tioga. Pat will have charge of that act. I will help her if she needs help.

“The second act will show how the people work together to help Tioga. Harry and Robert will have charge of that act.

“The third act will show how the people of Tioga get their recreation. Cal and Betsy will have charge of that act.”

“I wish we could make more plans now,” said Cal.

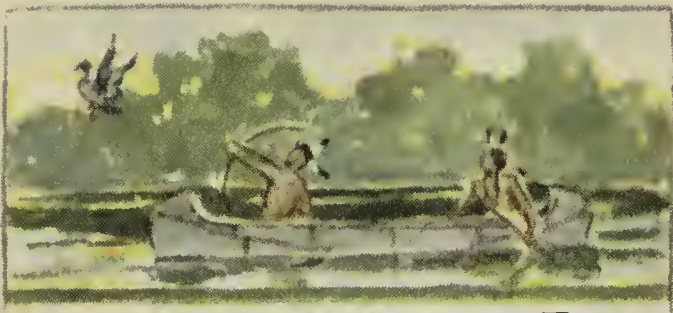
Miss Morris thought a moment. “Well,” she said, “I am not busy this evening. I’ll pick Robert up in my car. We’ll come out to your house, Cal, if your parents are willing. Then we can plan until bedtime.”



“That would be a good idea,” said Cal. “I know it will be all right with Father and Mother, but I will call you.”

That evening, the Anderson family and the Riley family went to the Miller home. Miss Morris brought Robert and his parents to the meeting.

“May we help?” asked the parents. “Maybe we can help to plan a community play.”



SEPTEMBER

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“Oh, yes!” cried Robert. “Grandfather would like that, too. But we must keep it a surprise.”

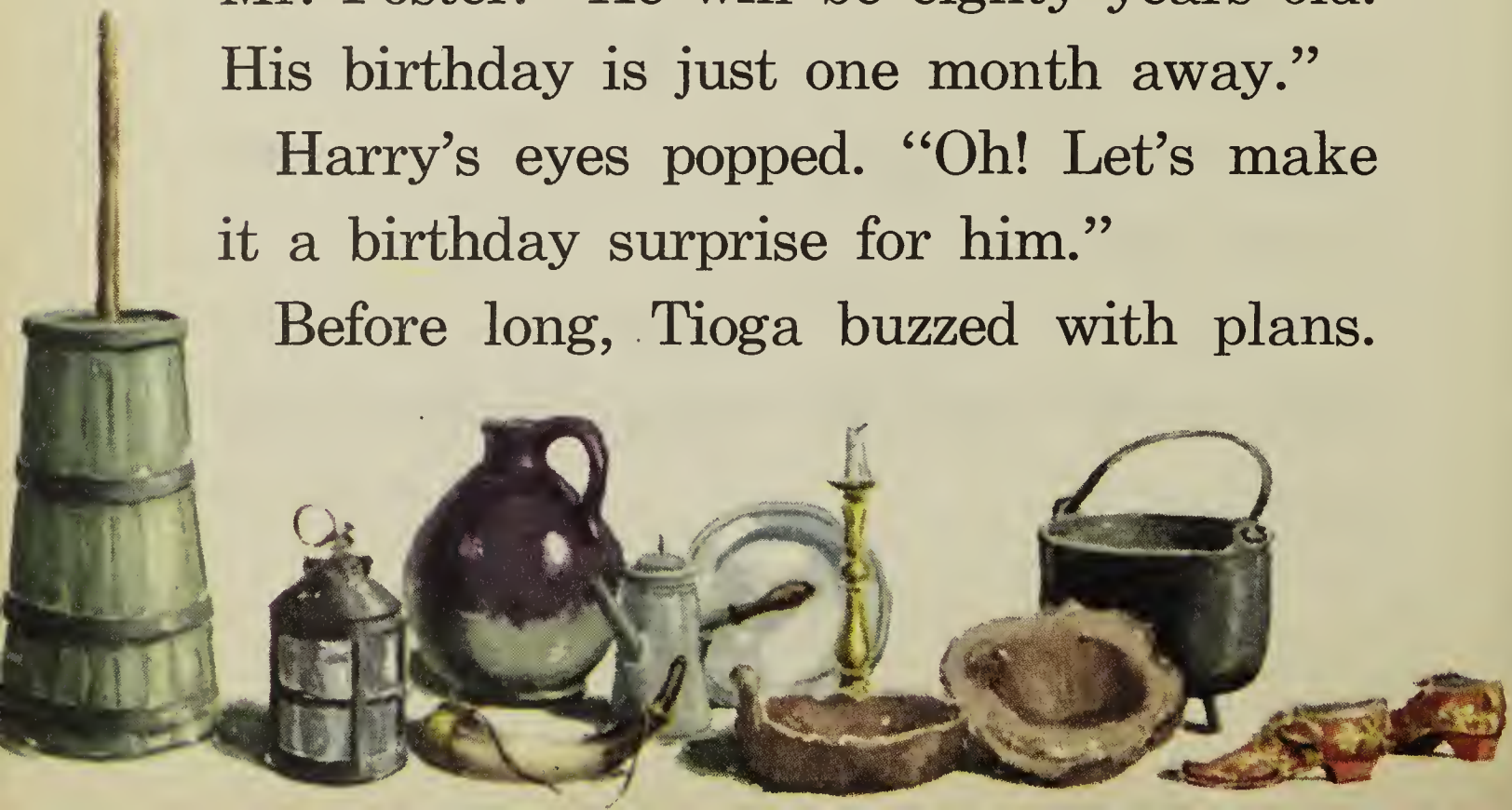
“Grandpa Foster always finds out the

news. He will find out that we are planning to have a community play,” said Mr. Riley. “But he won’t need to know that it is in his honor. When is his birthday, Mr. Foster?”

“It is on September second,” answered Mr. Foster. “He will be eighty years old. His birthday is just one month away.”

Harry’s eyes popped. “Oh! Let’s make it a birthday surprise for him.”

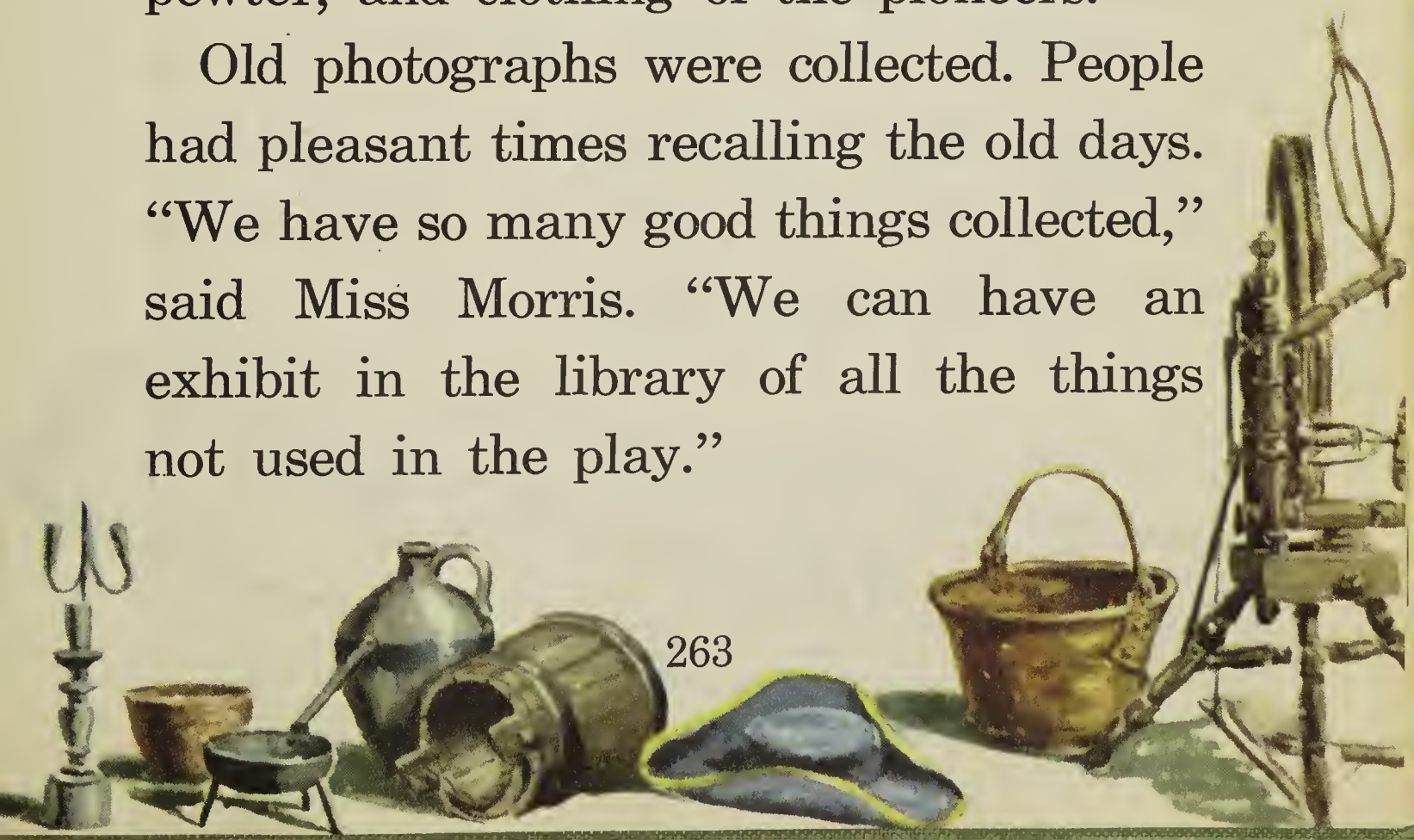
Before long, Tioga buzzed with plans.



The children met at the library during the day. In the evening, they were at someone's home. Even Grandfather Foster helped plan, but he didn't know he was helping with his own surprise. Everyone kept the secret.

Everyone was glad to help. The children practiced their parts and ran errands. Some of the fathers made scenery. Mothers searched in attics and cellars for pioneer things. They found rugs, pottery, copper kettles, spinning wheels, wooden bowls, pewter, and clothing of the pioneers.

Old photographs were collected. People had pleasant times recalling the old days. "We have so many good things collected," said Miss Morris. "We can have an exhibit in the library of all the things not used in the play."

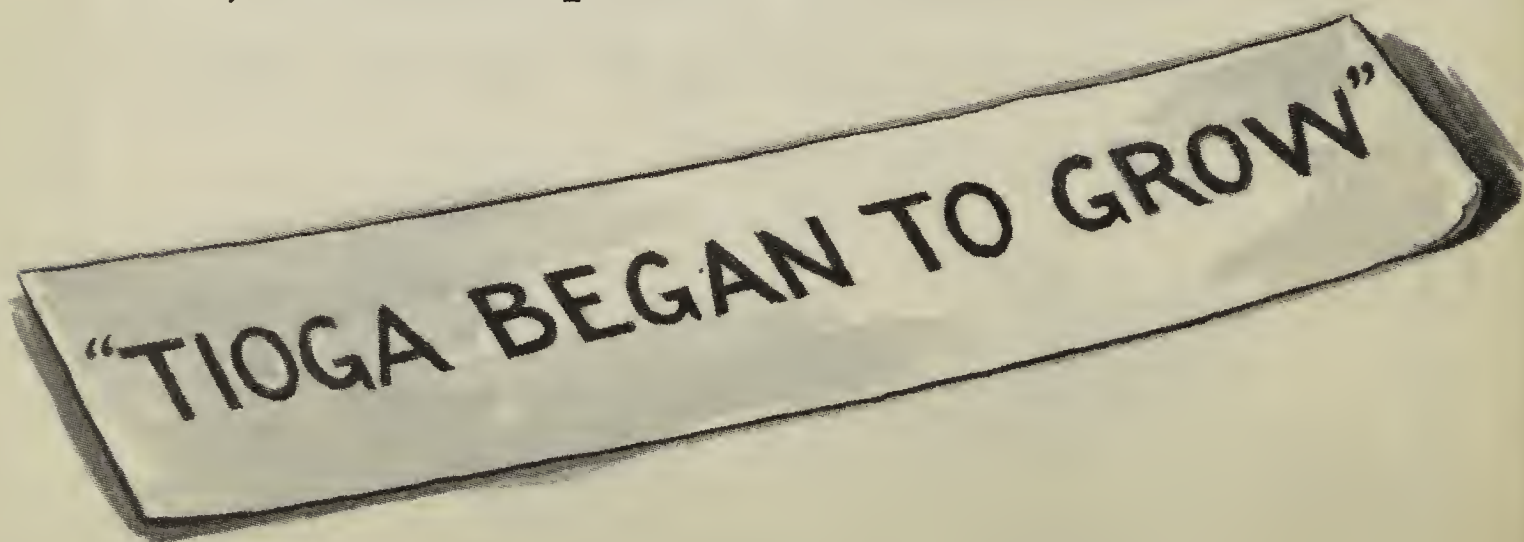


On September second, not a cloud was in the sky. From early morning the library lawn was a busy, busy place. Hammers, saws, and trucks were kept busy all day. Men, women, and children were busy placing scenery. They practiced and practiced, again and again.

Robert and his committee were busy inside the library. They were arranging things and were making labels.

“TIOGA—LONG, LONG AGO. Indian things and things the early settlers used” was on one label.

“TIOGA BEGAN TO GROW” was on another label. This section was divided into Schools, Churches, Homes, Communication, and Transportation.



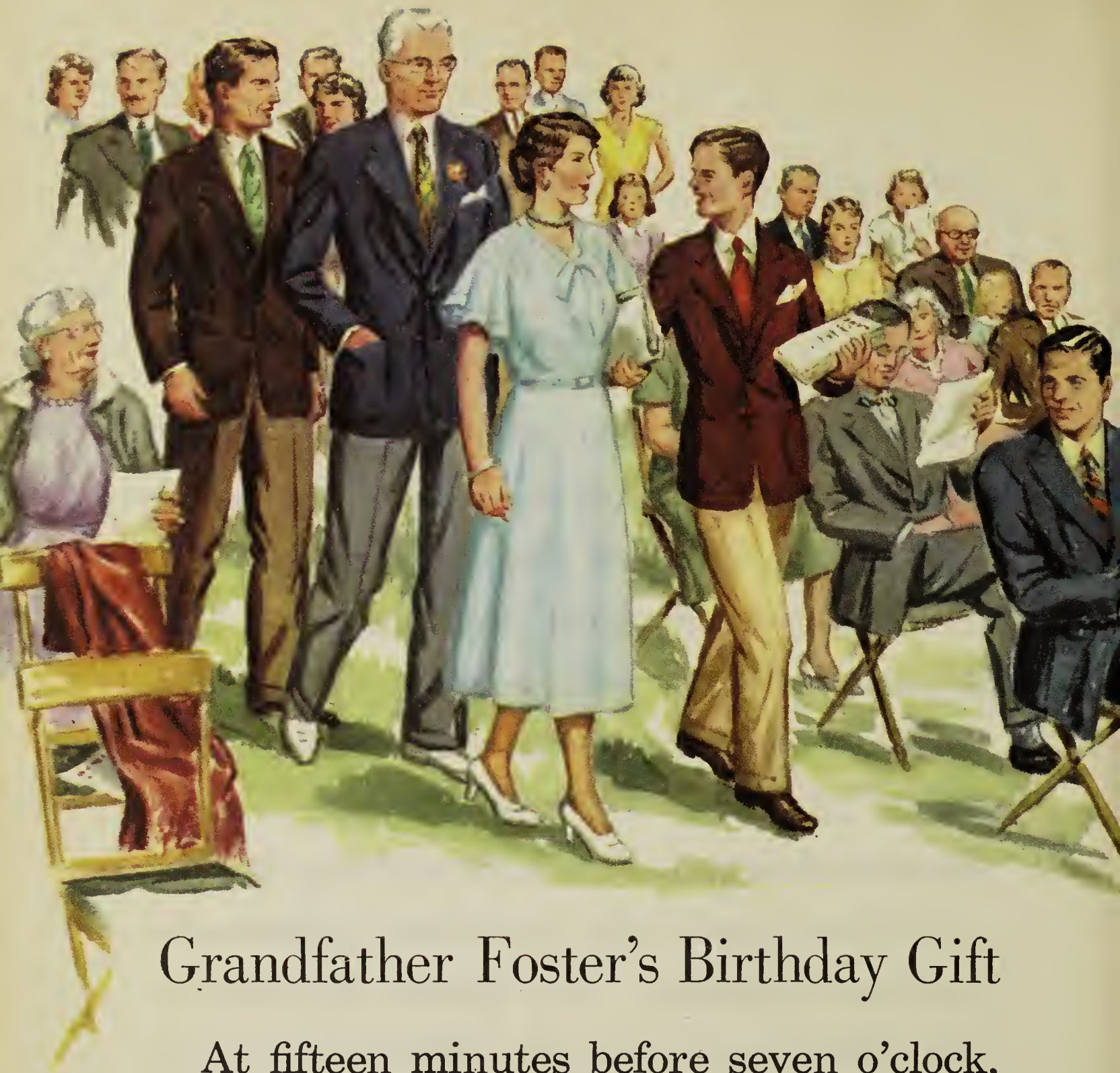
“People will like this exhibit,” said Robert’s friend Bill Hyde. “These old things look strange now.”

At noon, the Woman’s Club served sandwiches and orangeade. “Can you spare time to eat?” called Mrs. Foster.

“I don’t see how we can,” laughed Mr. Boyd. “But we will!”

The workers sat down on the cool, green grass. But they did not sit long. They were too eager to have everything ready.

At five o’clock, Mr. Anderson spoke over the loud-speaker. “No more excitement this afternoon,” he said. “We’re all going home now to rest. If you live too far to go home, nearby churches and schools are open. You may rest there. All players and helpers be here at fifteen minutes before seven o’clock.”



Grandfather Foster's Birthday Gift

At fifteen minutes before seven o'clock, everything was nearly ready. The actors were sitting on the grass waiting to begin. The band was playing as the men, women, and children came and found seats.

Suddenly a hush fell over the group.

Mr. and Mrs. Foster and Grandfather were coming through the crowd. The usher led them down to some front seats. Everything was now ready. The band stopped playing, and the musicians turned their chairs so they could see the play.

Mr. Jackson, the mayor, rose. He stepped up on the small platform before the audience. A radio man put a microphone before him. Mr. Jackson spoke slowly and plainly.

“We are here today,” he said, “at the invitation of some of Tioga’s best citizens.

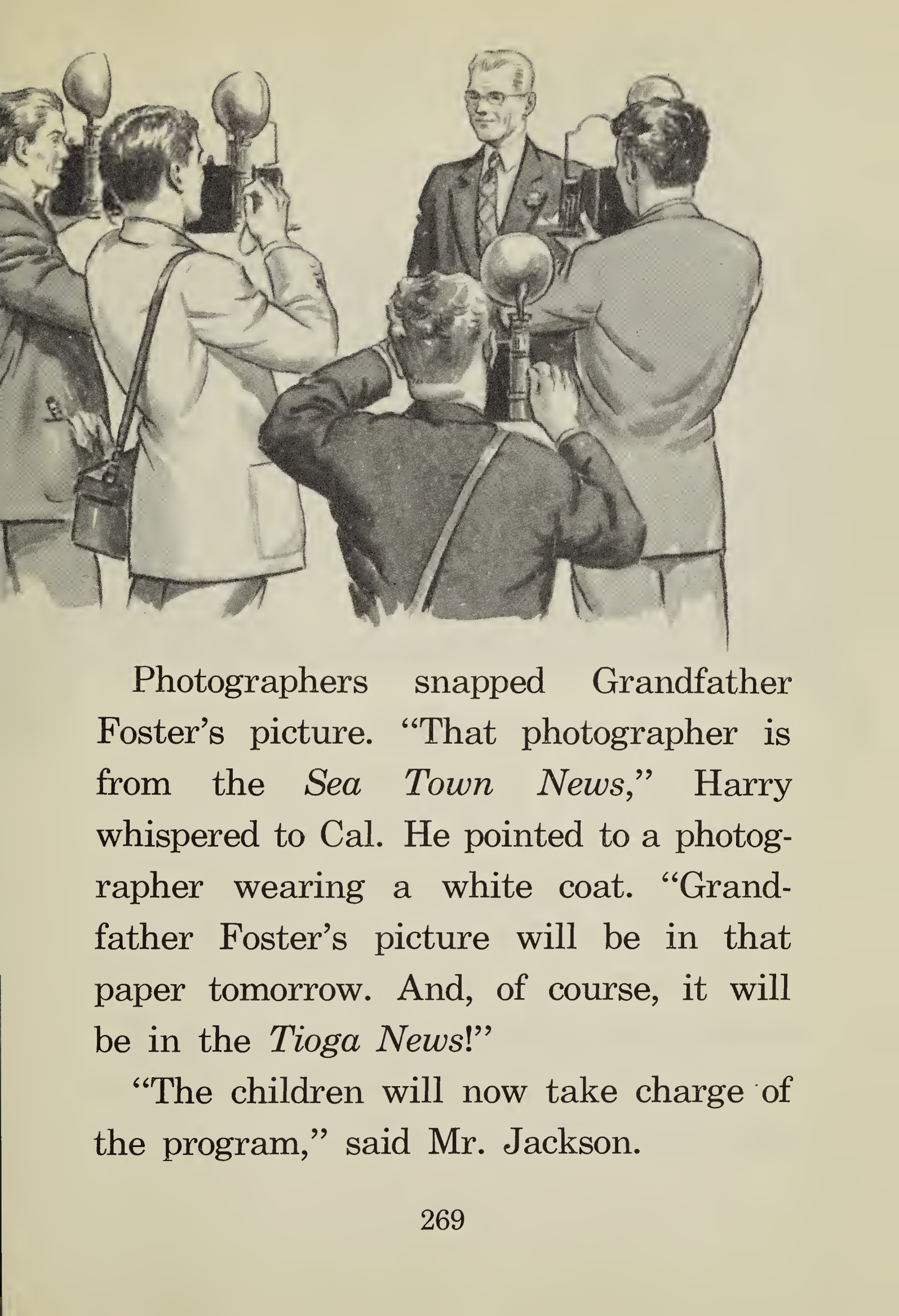


The people who planned this evening of pleasure are Harry Anderson, Patricia Riley, Robert Foster, and two newcomers, Cal and Betsy Miller.” He motioned to the children to stand.

The children could hardly believe their ears. The people clapped and clapped. When they stopped, Mr. Jackson went on. “These children planned this program as a birthday gift to a man who for more than sixty years has done much for Tioga. That man is Mr. Peter Foster. He is one of our outstanding citizens. Mr. Foster, will you please stand?”

Peter Foster’s tall, lean figure towered above the audience. The people clapped and clapped.

“This *is* a surprise,” he said. “I didn’t know anyone but my family knew it was my birthday.”



Photographers snapped Grandfather Foster's picture. "That photographer is from the *Sea Town News*," Harry whispered to Cal. He pointed to a photographer wearing a white coat. "Grandfather Foster's picture will be in that paper tomorrow. And, of course, it will be in the *Tioga News*!"

“The children will now take charge of the program,” said Mr. Jackson.



Over a loud-speaker came Robert Foster's voice. "Nearly everyone in this audience has helped with this program. Some have helped by lending costumes. Some have shared the things they have saved from long, long ago. Many have helped with the planning and the work. Our committee has asked me to thank you.



“There is an exhibit in the library. If you do not see it tonight, you can see it later in the week.

“Act One will now begin. It will show you how Tioga started.”

On the grassy stage below the slope was an Indian village. All eyes turned to it to watch the story of the far, far distant past.

They watched the white men come to make their homes. They saw how people helped each other build homes, carry water, get food and clothing. They saw how people visited each other just to talk. They saw why people need to be friendly.

The Indians and early settlers left the stage. The band began to play. New scenery was moved into place. Fathers moved the heavy pieces. There were some stores, a doctor's office, a bank, a post office, a newspaper stand, and some other places. The audience saw that they were in Tioga, today. There was also a home of today with the mother, father, three children, and a grandfather.

“Act Two shows how people work together in Tioga today,” boomed Robert's voice. “Act Two will be in two parts.



The first part shows how workers help families get the things they need. The second part shows how the town plans for things we all need.”

All eyes turned toward the stage. The audience saw a family working together making plans. They saw the father working to earn money for his family. They saw the mother shopping and how she saved some money. They saw the businessmen and many other workers helping the family.



The audience enjoyed most the baby in the family. They laughed at his capers, and at the other children, too.

In the second part of Act Two, some men and women sat around a table. They were the Town Council. Mayor Jackson sat at the head of the table.

The audience heard these people talk about plans for a new road. Each person said what he thought about it. Some gave reasons why the road was needed. Some gave reasons why it was not needed. After a while, one of the women said, "Let's have a committee study the case. The committee could find out how many business people in Tioga and Farville would send trucks over the road."

"We could use an electric eye to count the cars that go in that direction," said one of the men.



“All those who think we should have a committee to study this, say ‘Aye,’” said Mr. Jackson.

All the people said “Aye.”

“Those who do not think so, say ‘No,’” said Mr. Jackson.

No one spoke.

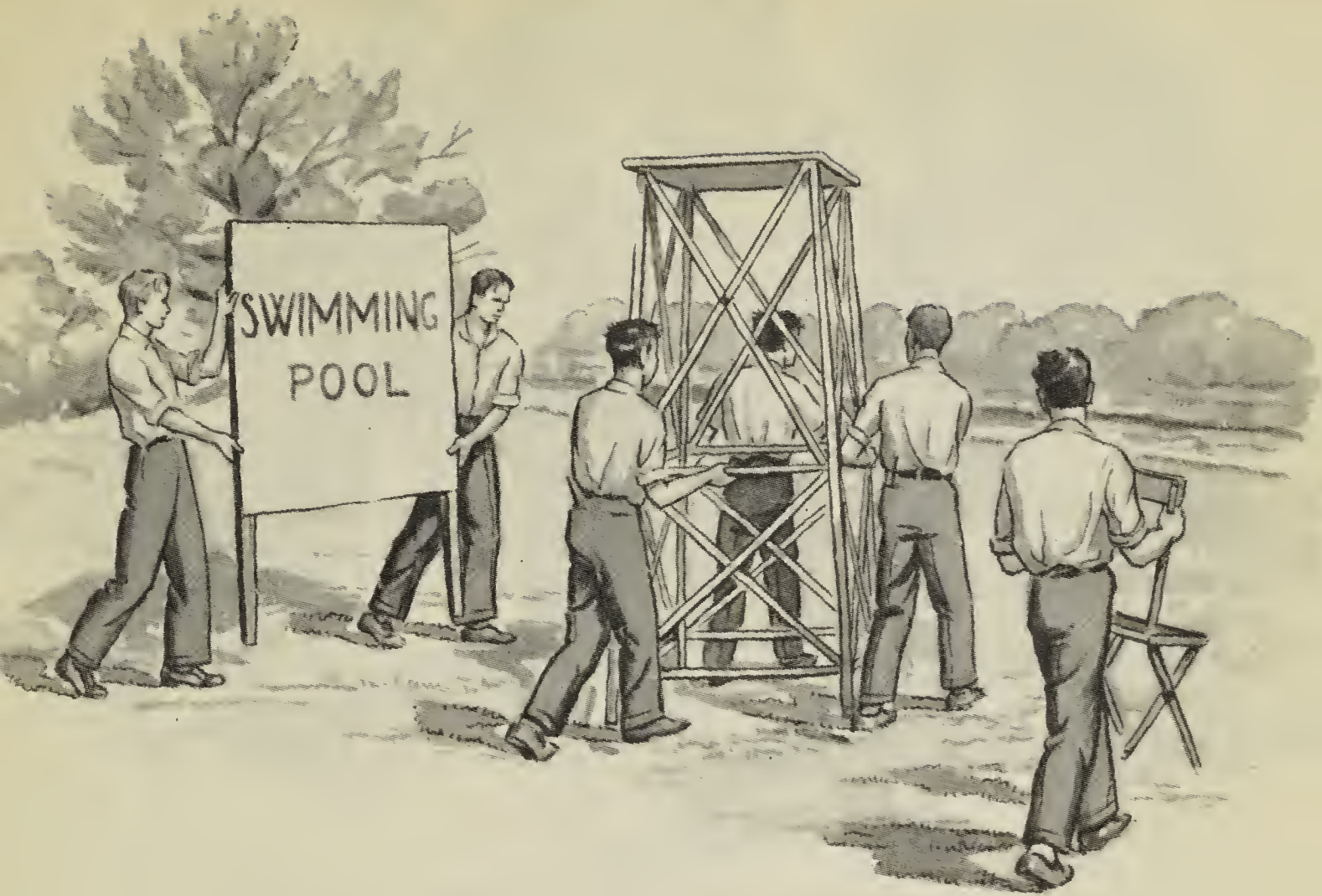
Together they named people for the committee. Harry remembered that this was a real meeting of the council. He was pleased when his father was named.

When they finished, Mr. Jackson said, “Mr. Carson, will you be chairman of the committee?”

Mr. Carson agreed.

“How long will you need for this work?” the mayor asked.

“Well, we will have to do it in the evenings after our own work is done. We’ll need about six weeks,” said Mr. Carson.



“Then we’ll expect your report at the November meeting,” said Mr. Jackson.

Act Two was over. The band began to play. The scenery was taken away, and new scenery was moved in. A sign near the brook said, “Swimming Pool.” A life-guard sat on a high platform above the diving board.

Some men drove stakes into the ground.



Then they stretched ropes to mark off playgrounds.

“This act shows how Tioga plans recreation for its people,” announced Robert Foster.

There was much fun in this act. The audience laughed when swimmers appeared in old-fashioned bathing suits. Next, high school girls modeled new bathing suits.



“Every child should learn to swim well,” said the lifeguard. “Send them to us, and we will teach them.”

Robert went to the loud-speaker. “Now we will show you how people use our playgrounds,” he said. “Tioga’s three playgrounds are roped off. These are North Playground, West Playground, and South Playground. The children will go to the one where they usually play.”

The children who were helping dashed to the playgrounds. A playground teacher was with each group. In a few minutes, children were playing games, or modeling, or weaving. Mothers came, too. They sat on the benches and watched their young children play.

Everyone was watching the children. They did not see Grandfather Foster get up. They did not see him until he was over where the boys were playing softball. He picked up a bat and stood ready to bat the ball. Robert was pitching.

“Coming,” yelled Robert, and he pitched the ball right toward Grandfather.

Grandfather drew back the bat. He took aim. He swung. He drove the ball right over second base. He ran toward first base. The outfielder chased the ball.

“Go!” called the crowd.



Grandfather trotted to second.

“Stay there!” screamed the voices.

The fielder had the ball. He threw it toward a baseman. The baseman missed it. The ball rolled over the bank into the brook.

“Go-o-O!” yelled the crowd.

Grandfather trotted on to third. He huffed and he puffed as he ran.

“Go home!” screamed the crowd.

Grandfather trotted and trotted. He knew he could not get to home base in time.

The ball whizzed by.

“I’ve lost. But,” he thought, “a good player does not give up.” So he went on until he touched the base. The ball had gone over the catcher’s head. Grandfather had made a home run!

A loud cheer went up from the crowd. The boys quit the game and gathered around Grandfather Foster.

“Grandfather,” said Robert, “we didn’t know you could play ball!”

Grandfather laughed. “I didn’t think I had it in me,” he said. “It was lucky for me the ball went into the brook. And it was lucky, too, that the field was small.”

The band began to play, “Take Me Out to the Ball Game.” Everybody sang.

People stayed for a long while talking, singing, and playing.

“This is the best birthday I ever had,” said Grandfather Foster. “The best part of the whole thing is the way everyone helped. The children helped; men and women helped; even the babies helped! We are all important in our town. Tioga is a great community.”

Thoughts to Talk About

1. Planning makes it easier to do hard things.
2. Working together makes it easier to do worthwhile things.
3. Everyone should know how to be a good friend.
4. Everyone helps in a good community.

Things to Do

1. Plan a program showing how people help your community to be a good community.
 - a. Plan the acts.
 - b. Choose a committee for each act.

- c.* Choose what each act will show.
 - d.* Decide what you will need. (Suggestions: people, scenery, music, and other things.)
 - e.* Collect what you can get from homes. Then make a list of what you need to make.
 - f.* Plan some time every day to work on the play.
 - g.* Plan what people you will invite. Make your invitations.
 - h.* Do as much as you can for yourselves. Ask older people to help you if you need them.
2. Make a scrapbook of events in your community.
 3. Make big pictures showing important buildings in your community.
 4. Make a mural showing the history of your community.
 5. Make a mural showing how people in your community help each other—in families, in stores, in schools, on the streets, and in other places.
 6. Make a list of ways that boys and girls can help to make a better community. Decide in which of these ways you will help.
 7. Invite someone to your room to tell you about government in your community.

Vocabulary List

VOCABULARY LIST

BUILDING OUR TOWN is the third book in the SCRIBNER SOCIAL STUDIES SERIES. The words listed in this vocabulary are social studies words of especial importance in this text and other words which may be unfamiliar to children in the third grade.

8 Millers	17 Shoemaker	35 ocean	45 dugout
Tioga	19 leather	rushed	canoe
9 furniture	weave	rushing	hatchet
10 Betsy	20 ought	36 Algonquin	46 shoulders
tongue	21 invited	wigwam	47 island
Terry	22 electricity	37 circle	48 willow
Smoky	connected	wove	grapevine
maple	refrigerator	deerskins	bait
shaded		38 gleamed	50 Clever Trader
11 movers	23 packages	scraped	51 news
unload	market	silver	
barrels	24 owners	wooden	52 soil
piano	dairy	stirring	squaw
12 measured	telephone	39 stew	53 squash
13 collie	community	40 black-haired	54 hollow
sandwiches	25 museum	papoose	Sachem
14 pitcher	27 Morris	42 leggings	chief
Anderson	librarian	moccasins	55 wampum
Harry	shelves	43 frighten	strange
Riley	28 join	odor	56 spirits
Patricia	29 sign	spruce	beaver
15 husband	borrow	birches	raccoon
uncovered	30 shady	44 quiet	58 strawberries
poured	31 village	touched	raspberries
lemonade		foam	cherries
16 guests			

59 paddling	85 flint	112 Martha	136 unhitched
60 tribes	sparks	Judge	pry
61 figure	spread	Sawyer	138 reins
62 swiftest	copper	114 rumble	139 shovel
63 prepare	pewter	115 grooves	141 worry
kettles	87 guard	118 flecks	142 plodded
salmon	88 rapids	119 interested	porridge
shad	92 spices	121 Samuel	145 Sears
succotash	93 stools	Dodge	survey
acorns	halves	122 instead	gravel
64 wrapped	95 trundle bed	124 molasses	146 corduroy
messages	97 woven	idea	147 holiday
65 borders	98 voted	125 lantern	148 speeches
eagle	supplies	127 skinned	154 charcoal
66 reddish-brown	yarn	128 venison	156 Granny
neatly	thread	customers	Randall's
beards	99 England	chocolate	158 extra
69 fuel	100 settlement	raisins	161 benches
73 Foster	107 Rogers	bacon	harvested
74 cabins	Evans	130 depend	162 dipper
75 notch	grinding	honest	164 college
fireplace	woolen	citizen	minister
76 coarse	108 offer	132 Jordan	166 introduced
78 Faith	gristmill	Norton	167 twinkled
Jonathan	Daniel	swamp	168 certainly
Sarah	109 grain	134 chores	173 Collins
79 bundles	power	chain	Flora
83 bow	110 committee	yoke	
	111 oxen	135 probably	
	floodgate	Half-Way	
	factory		

175 business	208 exciting	238 celebration	263 searched attics cellars pioneer collected exhibit
176 buggy	209 station	240 horseless carriage comfortable	
179 report	212 baggage suitcases Chicago	243 gasoline motor shrieked crank	264 practiced arranging section communication transportation
183 musician	213 elevator tower	245 nature	265 Hyde loud-speaker
184 France service	214 platform	247 married veil	267 usher mayor microphone
185 Europe stretched cables telegraph	216 medicine hospital magazines tannery	248 garages repair	268 motioned
186 broadcast	219 wrinkling forehead	249 hard-surfaced dangerous	269 photographers
187 announcer yodel signal television	220 mower mysterious- looking	250 obey Patrol	270 costumes
188 telecast editor	221 actually	253 especially	271 distant
192 Sanders railroad	223 receiver	254 slogan	274 capers Council
193 Badger Murray	225 nonsense	255 suggesting	275 Governments
196 chance	228 delivered	257 lawn audience scenery	276 aye
199 haul favor	229 improved operator	260 settlers recreation parents	277 lifeguard
202 prevent	233 Ralston		278 old-fashioned modeled
204 contrary	234 finally project president treasurer		279 usually
207 smokestack			280 outfielder

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